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AS IT IS IN ENGLAND

ALBERT B. OSBORNE

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AS IT IS IN ENGLAND

BY

ALBERT B. OSBORNE

Author of *Picture Towns of Europe, Finding the Worth-While in Europe*, etc.

NEW YORK
ROBERT M. McBRIDE & COMPANY
1926

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First Published, November, 1913
Third Edition, Revised, May, 1923
Fourth Edition, July, 1924
Fifth Edition, January, 1926

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PREFACE

I have not written an account of any one journey through England, nor have I made any attempt to describe the scenes along any one route. I have omitted London because it is too vast and varied a subject to be combined with any other, and I have made no reference to other cities, because cities such as are Liverpool and Manchester do not interest me.

I have, however, gone where can best be found those places that give England her individuality, that are expressions of her difference from the rest of Europe in landscape, in tradition, and in ancient or modern life.

In her islands of the Channel are strange survivals of the laws and customs of a remote Norman time; in Cornwall are curious monuments from a yet earlier day, and an atmosphere that at once differentiates it from any other spot; in the remoter villages is a singular charm, and a persistence of medieval ways, that make them, for both reasons, unique in the world; and most of all is she a land apart in the complete and tranquil beauty of her soft flowing rivers and in the peaceful serenity of her open country.

It is in such as these that are found the fascina-

tions and the differences of England. And to some of these places that are different, and are either interesting or beautiful I have tried to take the reader.

It is a pleasure to acknowledge the courtesy that I have always met with in England, and particularly the kindness of Sir John Dryden, and of the firm of C. J. Mander & Sons of London, on the occasion of my latest visit.

ALBERT B. OSBORNE.

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AS IT IS
IN
ENGLAND

As It Is In England

I

CORNWALL AND THE SCILLY ISLES

NOT far from Penzance, where the pirates came from, in the little hamlet of St. Paul, there is a monument bearing this inscription, "Cwra perthi de taz ha de mam." It marks the grave of one Dorothy Pentreath, who died in 1778, distinguished in no way above her fellows except that she was the last to use in daily speech the Cornish language, a good specimen of which is the inscription quoted, and that became with her extinct. Can you realize that for long years after Shakespeare made classic the English tongue, there remained a great section of England where the people not only understood but little English, but spoke and wrote and thought in words like that quotation?

Just as in France the whole province of Brittany is occupied to this day by more than a million people who are not French at all, and whose native tongue is not the speech of France, but who preserve with Celtic customs the Celtic language, so in Cornwall

and partly in Devon, those two westernmost shires of Great Britain, the Celtic race that lived there from beyond the edge of history spoke for centuries their own language.

From before the beginnings of things, and down to a time so recent as to be called the present, Cornwall was a land apart, in England but not of it. When Phœnician sails were spread to the breezes of all seas, Phœnician sailors came this way and in Mount's Bay on the shores of which Penzance now lies, they set up their trading post and bartered strange products of the East for tin that from prehistoric mines is still exhumed.

Now if you go to Cornwall next summer you will be served clotted cream, a delicacy delicious beyond words to portray, a something utterly different from anything you have tasted before. But clotted cream is made nowhere else in Europe save in these Celtic regions. Why? Mr. Lewis Hind quotes an answer from "Cornish Notes and Queries" as follows —

"It seems likely that the Cornish learned to make Cornish cream from the Phœnicians, and it is a strange fact that this cream is made to-day in what was the ancient land of Phœnicia, and nowhere else in the world save Cornwall, Brittany and Devonshire."

Devon acquired the art from Cornwall. Baring-Gould points out that not only is this true, but that the yellow saffron cake given you with afternoon tea

in Cornwall is found to-day, made apparently from the same recipe, in the old Phœnician lands.

Wherever the imaginative and poetic Celt has gone he has left among the people who followed him a rich inheritance of legend and folklore, so Celtic Cornwall is an abiding place, even in the midst of twentieth century civilization, of beliefs and customs fraught with vague reminiscences of forgotten pagan creeds, superstitions that are a surprisingly vital part in the life of the fisher and miner. This dominance of superstition is not only a matter of inheritance, but of environment, for all over the country are "mounds and barrows, and mystic circles, and holed stones and rude altars, still telling of the past." And more than this, there is something in the somber landscape, in the atmosphere of remoteness and desolation, the atmosphere that always accompanies great empty, wind-blown spaces, that impels to the acceptance of uncanny tales and makes the stoutest of us shiver at shadows. Thus there are rocks piled high above graves filled deep with bones of the Druid killed where, on drear nights when the autumn equinox goes screaming over the brown moor, wet with the brine of the booming sea, Satan sits and whistles for the souls of dead men who died in sin, and they come to him through the dark from their new-made graves, and woe to the living who chances in their path. Best be within doors on nights of storm. Mermaids dwell in the shallow

coves and Pixies on the moors. The old Druid remains, everywhere abounding, still echo on moonless nights to the screams of tortured victims dead two thousand years, and around the yet more ancient graveyards of a Neolithic race pale shades flit at moonrise.

The fairies still live on the moors; they call sometimes, and there be folk that hear them, but it is not well. And these fays set the signs in the skies and the winds, and the flights of birds, and in the fall of ashes on the hearth, and in the dreams of night. And it is a mystic and a haunted land with the spell upon it of the dead past that lies beneath the stone circles and in the lonely, treeless waste of gray and empty fields, and in the wide sweep of sky that spreads above it.

The best way to explore Cornwall is to take up headquarters in Penzance where there are two first-class hotels, one good and the other better. But the good one is by the sea which really makes it the better. As if to emphasize still further its unlikeness to the rest of England Cornwall has a climate all its own, so mild that in the gardens at Penzance palm trees grow in the open to a height of twenty feet, and frost and snow are but seldom experienced. The undoubted mildness of the climate is, however, greatly exaggerated by the guide books which continually speak of the "sub-tropical" vegetation of Cornwall in such a way that the traveler is

View from the Gate of Arthur's Castle

The Logan Stone in Cornwall

led to expect an intense and vivid color, with a luxuriance of flowers and foliage equal to that of the Indies. But the fact is very far from this, for while it is true that there is little cold, it is equally true that there is never any heat, and that while palms grow in the gardens, the general effect of all the land of Cornwall is bleak and barren, very far removed indeed from the rich spread of color of the tropics. Only in the valleys do the trees reach the height that so distinguishes them elsewhere in southern and in central England, and even in the valleys they lack that density of leaf that makes the English verdure look fairly massive.

The color scheme of the world is here a pallid one. The dawn comes upon one unawares, unheralded by flash of crimson or of gold; a dawn of pale, soft hues and a still earth and a sea that quietly holds the fragile opal tones of the sky. The land is in silvery grays and cold greens, unrelieved by yellow walls or roofs of red, and all day long there is a thin wash of white over the blue sky, which reflects in a chilly way upon the sea, except when at times a deeper blue comes up from the depths as they are stirred by the southwest wind.

Penzance is the end of the railway, and spreads in a rather commonplace way around Mount's Bay. Far to the east flashes the light of the Lizard, the land where the huge Marconi poles lift into the air, and that looks so invitingly mysterious from the

liner's deck, and ten miles to the west is Land's End, beyond which the vague shapes of the Scillys show across the sea, the uttermost land of England. In the sweep of the bay proper lies curious St. Michael's Mount, a cone shaped pinnacle of rock, strangely suggestive of Mont St. Michel off the Norman shore of the Channel. Fishing is the one great industry along the coast, and back on the hills the farms are devoted to grazing and the making of butter and cheese, while under those hills, and burrowing even out beneath the sea the miners delve for tin.

Just to the west of Penzance are two of the most charming villages in England, not green and flower-decked like those of Devon and Kent and the Midlands, but bare little hamlets of gray stone on the edge of the sea. And they seem so a part of the place, so expressive of the somber soul of the land, and withal do they come so beautifully down to the water's edge, and are so obviously of the life of the sea, with their upturned boats, and their sloops at anchor and their brown piers and their bronze-faced fisher people, that artists have adopted them as their very own. At Newlyn some two hundred pictures are painted annually by a large colony of artists who make it permanently their home, and at Mousehole, a little farther on, are other artists who remain there throughout the year.

The streets in these tiny hamlets are fit settings for the interesting life that moves upon them. By

the side of one that comes sharply down from the hill side, a brook foams its way, and across it to each front door a broad slab of stone is laid. Another thoroughfare descends in steps, like the famous street in Clovelly. Farther on, an old, slate-covered building is built across the sidewalk, supported by great pillars in precisely the same manner as some of the houses of Dinan in Brittany. Along the quay that hugs the tiny harbor with its encircling arm, fishermen are reeling their nets, or sitting on long benches at the tavern door smoking and talking. The tide is out, and many sloops lie heeled upon the brown sands while others ride close in line in deeper water; from the outskirts women come carrying their newly-made pies to be baked in the ovens of a public bake shop; groups of boys lounge on upturned boats, and smaller bare-legged children pother about in the still shallows. The work is at night, and with the evening breeze the boats put out to sea in long and beautiful procession. These are a pious people, and though favoring breezes sometimes take the fishing fleet far from home, Saturday's twilight sees the sails making swiftly for the harbor, and Sunday morning finds the fishers, cleanly shaven and stiffly dressed in black, sitting quietly in their Wesleyan chapel. The Church of England has few adherents in this western country, where the Wesleyans flourish as nowhere else.

The drive to Land's End lays bare the strange

heart of Cornwall. The tall trees that so grace the fields to the eastward have vanished. Hedgerows still divide the pastures, but the few stone farm houses are bare of vines, and their massive walls, and small, deep-set windows seem built to stand against the winds that sweep in from the Atlantic across this vast plateau. The thatched roofs, too, are gone, and the slate shingles come square with the walls, leaving no leverage for the storm. By and by there comes a naked, gray old village, empty of life, save for the face of some old woman at a window, and with an outlook over the slope of the bare land to the distant sea. In the desolate square a Celtic cross holds aloft its worn circle, and by its side are four hollowed steps of stone where the horseback riders alight to enter the ancient, storm-battered church. Surely here in the loneliness may witches work, and I don't believe the hollow steps are for those who come on horseback, but for the crones to mount who ride in the dark on Satan's broomstick.

Off by the sea another village lies, and here you leave the carriage while a guide takes charge of you for the walk through the fields to the Logan Rock, and a climb to its top. The little town is typical of the dairy villages to be found in Cornwall. While the land for miles around is all owned by one estate, it is cut up into small holdings which rent for a few dollars a year, and with which the farmer does very well. These small farmers all live

in the village, for the ruin haunted plain is a lonesome place to bide, and during the day the cattle graze at will. About seven hundred and fifty cows are owned in the village, and the dairy is a community affair, operated by all for all. In the winter, life becomes even more stagnant and isolated than in summer, for the tourists are no more, and only the excitement of some ship beating its life out on the rocks varies the even routine of the days. Not a season that the sea does not take toll of the passing ships by catching a dozen or so on the sharp spurs that bristle all the way from Land's End to the Lizard. And before the railway came and Cornwall was still in all its long abiding isolation of situation, race and language, grim things happened here when false lights lured trusting ships to death, for by wreckage and by smuggling lived many a wild Cornishman in days of old.

Now in the party following the guide across the fields to the Logan Stone is a man who thrills with interest at sight of things old and full in his eyes of romance and mystery. And it chanced that in the midst of the field was a square stone pillar like to a Druid stone, whereupon the Sentimentalist exclaimed: "Behold the bones of a buried past! Think how vested priests chanted service 'round yon cromlech before there was an England." And said the guide, "That ain't no — what you said; it's a post wees put up for the cows to scratch their backs

on. Trees don't grow here, and they has to scratch on something." Whereupon was much irreverent laughter and a tale was that day born ever after to plague the Sentimentalist. But it *was* a Druid stone put to present uses, just as all over Cornwall you find other Druid and Celtic remnants built into walls and steps and fences. Presently you come to where the fields end and the sea begins, and just here a wild and rocky promontory juts out into the surf that booms far below, and across the narrow neck of land that leads forth upon it are still remaining vast earthworks of a pre-historic time, Castle Treryn is it called, and it is thought that here was the last stand of the Britons against the Saxon invaders. But the folk hereabouts will not have it so, but that this was a castle made by magic for the home of one of that race of giants who in the old days lived in Cornwall. For you must know that before the Druids and the Britains this lone land was the dwelling place of giants. Jack the Giant Killer lived in Penzance, and tales and legends of these great people and their strange doings are told everywhere, and all over the Duchy are Giant's chairs, Giant's steps, Giant's chimneys, Giant's basins, Giant's caves and the like. Cormelian was the last giant who lived on St. Michael's Mount, and he was killed by Jack the Giant Killer. Now the father of Cormelian warred with the giant of Treryn, and to defend himself the latter hired Merlin, who had lived, you know, for-

ever and ever, to build this great fortification we clamber across to-day to reach the Logan Stone. And to the castle was a magic key which Merlin hid in a hole of a rock over which the green water sweeps at high tide, but which at the ebb you can go to if you walk carefully, and you can put your hand in the hole, and there is a loose, round stone, and underneath the loose, round stone there is the key, and all you have to do is to lift out the little stone and take forth the key, whereupon all the rocks whereon the castle was will sink into the sea, and there will be upon the sand a great iron chest, and the key you have will fit the great iron lock, and inside the chest will be gold and jewels, and a necklace of pearls and a ruby crown, and you will be rich forever after. But you can't get out that little, loose round stone. It seems a simple thing to do, but it just doesn't come, twist it and turn it as you please. But now who knows, maybe you're just the one to break the spell, and a boy's hand is smaller than a man's anyway, so if I were a boy, and happened over that way I'd try.

But whether built by Merlin's magic, or by the wild Britons in their last mad struggle to keep the land God gave them, certain it is that here where now nothing moves but the wind and the sea and the gulls, there were wild fierce times, and breaking hearts in those dim faded days of a forgotten past.

This Logan Stone itself is the largest of many

another to be found in England, and is merely an immense rock weighing many tons, and so curiously balanced that the pressure of a hand will rock it. To the summit where it stands is a dizzy climb, unsafe without a guide, with the sea boiling below and the precipitous rock above. Bleaching ribs of a stranded steamer lie on the sands to the east, and underneath the cliffs at the west is the white beached cove where seven trans-Atlantic cables come up out of the deep. One hundred and seventy young men are employed in this lonely spot, and the cable company maintains a regular settlement for their use, with tennis court, golf links, and dining hall, and a school where beginners may grow proficient in the service. But the cables that speak of far-off places, and a white lighthouse with its whiter fringe of foam, that shows seven miles out at sea, intensify the remoteness of this strange place of legend haunted ruins. A century ago, and nobody knows for how long a time before then, the belief was firmly fixed in the minds of Cornish folk that Merlin himself had planted this Logan Stone upon the cliff, and that no mere human power could ever rock it from its place. Then arose a scoffer, a young naval officer, one Goldsmith unknown to fame save by this mad exploit of his, and to prove the error of tradition he took his men and many great ropes and they pulled and pulled until finally the impossible was accomplished, and the sacred stone

was toppled down. Then said the Navy Department, "Who told you you might do that?" And getting no answer they said: "Put it back." And this young Goldsmith had to do though it took nearly all the King's horses and all the King's men that were available, and cost the gentleman ten thousand dollars. And we hear nothing more of Captain Goldsmith, but the Logan Stone still stands, and its many tons rock back and forth just as when Merlin or nature put it there.

On towards Land's End even the shrubs and the hedges peter out, and only the heather holds on against the winds that here are ever moving. Bleaker and bleaker grows the way, and finally, where a handful of houses guard the steep, England plunges into the sea. It is a wild and solitary scene as you look out into the sunset, against the blaze of which, dim as lines of mist the Scillys show, where the land struggles once more to the surface before its long and final dip beneath the big Atlantic rollers.

All this region of, say, the ten westernmost miles in England, is thick set with strange remains that are well worth going out to see. There are great round stones set up on edge with a hole in the center, through which, scientists tell us, the sun squarely looked as it came upon the horizon on the longest day of the year; there are slabs resting on upright stones like gigantic altars; and there are single columns of rock that stand apart, and other col-

umns that form huge circles amid the brambles of deserted fields. Even the highway avoids the waste and solitary places where these uncanny stones are found, and as for dwellings, no one would think of living near these haunted spots where evil ghosts do wickedly at night. So you must find them by long tramps up grass grown lanes, and over parched and naked moors.

Wildest, weirdest of all are the Nine Maidens. Young girls they were who danced on a holy day and thereupon were turned to stone. But not nine, but nineteen tall slabs I found standing in a perfect circle about another stone in the center, like some forgotten graveyard in a tangle of bracken. Now they took the pipers who piped for the wicked maidens to a distant hillside, and there did they turn them into stone, and there you may see them to this day. And on the way thither you will pass a Celtic cross, not a few of which are standing here and there, bringing into this strange land the suggestion of a time more recent but still forgotten, than when Druid priests ruled early Britons.

All the way to St. Ives on the north shore of the peninsula one looks in vain for the "sacks, cats and wives" of the old tale. No, not all the way, for in the midst of the journey you leave the carriage and go out alone upon the moors if you would really have borne in on you the mystery of the land. I wish I could make you see the intense, the utter lone-

liness of it, and feel the sense of mystery, of strangeness that comes as you move over these great empty places, where men walked long ago in a shadowy past intent on mystic missions of worship and of sacrifice. Over the hills no paths lead save those the cattle make, no shrubs, no trees, only the straggle of thick growing heather. No people, no houses, and as you take the summit where on the left the world falls away to the English Channel and on the right to the Bristol Sea, there are the great stones of a Druid altar. No one comes here; you seem alone in the world; and wandering on in the windy silence you come to an ancient mine, worked by skin-clad Britons before there was a Rome, and then at last to a bramble-covered ruin on the hillside, with bits of ancient masonry and mounds and a pit. I know not what this last might be and inquire as I might, I could not learn. Though I described it to the driver afterward and to the people at the hotel, no light came to me regarding it.

A few miles more, and crossing a barnyard, and with the farmer's man as guide, you find a crumbling earthwork within which are outlined little streets and the conical huts of an early British village, possibly pre-Roman, surely pre-Saxon. No mortar was used to lay the stones, but the walls on the outer side are covered with earth, and the floors are dug below the surface. Curiously enough the Cornish farmer to-day builds the walls that divide his fields in pre-

cisely this same manner. The stones are loosely laid atop the other, and then against one side is raised a sloping bank of earth.

And thus you come at last upon St. Ives, a city of terraced streets, beneath which the old fishing village lies, a criss-cross tangle of lanes and alleys built upon a narrow peninsula and around the edge of a bay, like some Italian town white in the sun against the pale blue of the sea. Along the water front a curious, narrow street follows around the harbor, and here boys idle in the sand and old men chum with each other. At frequent intervals lanes plunge under archways or beneath the houses and seek the higher thoroughfares beyond in true Italian fashion. In these ancient precincts the lower stories of the houses are used for stables or storage, and outside stone steps lead in most picturesque fashion to the dwellings on the second floor. I noticed, tacked on the telegraph poles and bill boards, black banded funeral notices, one of which read, "The funeral of the late Mr. Benjamin Green will take place on Sunday, September 8th, leaving the house at 3:15 P. M. Friends kindly accept this invitation."

St. Ives is a study in black and white, for picturesque as the town undeniably is, it certainly lacks color, a deficiency not only of the slate and stone houses, but which extends to the sweep of the cliffs and even to the sea itself. It is of the northern type of beauty, a type that can never be as appealing as

a landscape clothed in all the seductive softness of charming color with which the southland paints itself.

As may be imagined, Cornwall retains many curious customs, and a wealth of folklore unequaled anywhere. All over England the past is very closely connected with the present through ancient customs that still survive into the life of to-day, and nowhere is this truer than in this western country. In many instances the source and meaning of these survivals is long ago forgotten, gathered as they are from down so many channels of history — Druid rites, Roman processions in honor of Jove or Bacchus, Saxon observances of pagan creed, early Christian ceremonies, concessions to superstitions pre-dating advancing civilization, celebrations of great events, all these things have lingered on into the present of rural England, and tinge the village life of the remoter places with a color and interest that is elsewhere lacking.

Here in America to-day we hang mistletoe at Christmas, but the custom has traveled a far journey to reach us. Bequeathed by our English ancestors, it came to them from the Norse invaders. Baldur, of Scandinavian mythology, was killed by a mistletoe spear, whereupon as compensation to his mother the mistletoe was dedicated to her, " and the kiss given under it is the sign that no longer is it an instrument of mischief." But it must never

touch the earth, which belongs to Baldur's slayer, so that is why we hang it up.

Now in Cornwall on a Christmas eve the "Carollers," or men and boys who sing the old Christmas songs, go the rounds of the village, and standing within the living-rooms of the little cottages, under the suspended mistletoe, they sing their Christmas songs of "Peace on earth, good will to men," and with a few added coins in their pockets repeat the ceremony at the next house.

At St. Just, near St. Ives, there still exists a very curious custom of the miners burning with great ceremony the hat of a man who has just become a father. I had read of this queer practise before I left America, but nowhere have I been able to find any explanation whatever. The custom has prevailed so long that the reason for it seems to have been lost.

Both at St. Ives and at Penzance there is celebrated what is known as "Allen Day," though why "Allen" I cannot tell. This is always the Saturday before Hallowe'en. If on this day you put an apple under your pillow when you go to bed you will dream of your future wife or husband, and to eat quantities of apples on this day will bring good luck for the year.

Near Penzance is a "Holy Well," Madron by name, and on Holy Thursday many a Cornish girl goes to this well and throws a stone into the dark

water. If bubbles rise her sweetheart will prove true, but if none appear, then will he be false.

At St. Ives a curious custom has been practised for centuries. On the Monday following Quinquagesima Sunday all the boys named Tom, Will and John play against boys having other names, a game known as "hurling" which is described as "a game of Rugby football without kicking the ball."

A "rising bell" was formerly rung every morning in St. Ives, and though the custom is now happily discontinued, the bell, put to other uses, still bears the inscription, "Arise and go about your business."

Every fifth year sees a very queer ceremony at St. Ives. (The next takes place July 25th, 1926.) In 1782 there died one John Knill. During his life he erected upon a hill overlooking the town a very pretentious monument under which he now lies buried. He left his property in trust to the Mayor and Vicar of St. Ives and their successors forever, and provided that on St. James day of every fifth year ten little girls should be employed, who, dressed in white, chaperoned by some elderly woman, and accompanied by a fiddler, should go in procession, headed by the Mayor and Vicar, to his monument around which they should dance to the fiddler's music while singing the one hundredth psalm. And so is it done to this day.

Nearly everywhere in Cornwall May Day is made

the chiefest festival of the year, though each locality has its own peculiar method of celebration, and in some villages May 8th is observed instead of May 1st, and occasionally the evenings of the first three days of the month are celebrated by the children who parade the streets beating on kettles and tin pans and shouting and singing. It is pointed out by Mr. Ditchfield in his "Old English Customs" that this is probably "the survival of a heathen rite, intended to scare away demons from the homes and properties of the inhabitants." And as I have said before, there is even yet a very general belief among the Cornish miners and peasants in the present existence of fairies and spirits, not all of whom are benign.

A whole chapter could be devoted to the curious customs of Cornwall, but enough have perhaps been indicated to show the mental relationship between these people of to-day and their medieval forefathers, and the subtle harmony between life and environment in this far-off part of England.

All the mystery, all the romance of Cornwall seems to culminate in Tintagel. It was late afternoon when we came upon this land of King Arthur, and the manner of that land is this: From Camelford where the railway pauses, out to Tintagel where his castle looks to the sea, a road leads for seven miles over the bleak downs, bare of trees as is all the country round about, a country scarred by

The North Devon Coast near Lynmouth

mines, with but few homes and those plain, and of black rock, from which the winds that always come and go across the uplands have swept the vines and banished the flowers. Hedgerows there are, but there be many miles hereabout where the sheep wander over empty moors and the low stone huts are far apart. Near the cliffs a church stands alone with only the dead and the black slate grave-stones for company. A half-mile away a few gray houses cluster along a dusty street. This is Tintagel and its church. If you listen you can hear the sea, for, going on for perhaps a quarter of a mile, the land breaks sharply to the waves, land that is bound with great ribs of rock that show through the thin green grass where the sheep feed. Between the broken, massive headlands a cove creeps up the shore with a narrow bit of beach. Giant rocks and imperious cliffs surround the cove, and through the walls of granite on either hand great caverns lead to daylight on the other side, caverns wet with the ceaseless drip of water, and where are strange sounds from the sea; caverns Merlin made, they say, in those dim old days of the world where in the blurring mist of many centuries we can see but vaguely the great figures of Arthur and his knights moving upon strange business that we cannot understand.

One great piece of land has been torn from the shore and stands among the waves, its almost precipitous sides rising two hundred feet or more. It

was here King Arthur's stronghold lay, and here are yet the crumbling walls that loom so large in romance and so small in fact.

Getting the key at the keeper's cottage by the cove, you cross a connecting causeway and clamber up steep and narrow steps hewn in the rock, and stand finally before a door cut through the wall at the edge of the cliff. And now, think of it, you take the key and unlock the door of King Arthur's castle! Within is but the grass grown summit of the rock. In the midst a chapel stood, and all about are sunken graves, and no one knows who lies buried there. But the fishers will tell you that in this leveled graveyard ghosts dance of nights to the piping of the wind and the chorus of the sea. The loneliness is incredible, and the splendid savageness, the fierce naked strength of the land and sea and rock make fit setting for the romance that is centered here.

But was there a King Arthur, and was Tintagel in reality his stronghold? These questions have been given very careful and very scientific study by Dr. W. H. Dickinson of Cambridge, who publishes his conclusions in a little book, "King Arthur in Cornwall," which conclusions we may accept as held to-day by those best qualified to judge. Dr. Dickinson weighs in very judicial manner the evidence both pro and con, and both of a positive and negative character, and he reaches the belief that

"Arthur was as real a person as Julius Cæsar or Cromwell."

In the early days of the sixth century the invading Saxons had pushed back the Celtic Britons to the north and the west of England; Wales and Cornwall being yet unconquered ground. As is well known, Christianity was not introduced into Britain by St. Augustine, but had come much earlier, in its Celtic form from Ireland, to the Celtic peoples of the western shore. Arthur then was a British Christian king, fighting as leader of the neighboring British princes against the heathen Saxon invaders. While Saxon literature is without reference to the name or deeds of Arthur, yet in the seventh century Welsh bards had already begun to weave around his memory those romances and traditions that in the Middle Ages had penetrated every land of Europe.

Here at Tintagel Arthur was undoubtedly born and here his castle walls were set, though of that castle Dr. Dickinson does not believe the present ruins ever formed a part, ascribing them to a date much later than the first half of the five hundreds when Arthur lived and reigned. In those remote and primitive days personal bravery was an essential element of kingship, and this bravery Arthur must have abundantly possessed to have justified his selection as a leader of his fellow British rulers. This bravery would naturally result in the doing

of many deeds of picturesque daring, word of which would quickly pass throughout the countryside, losing nothing in the telling, and yet having a foundation of fact for the fabric of fancy.

As a leader he was brave, as a Briton he was a patriot, as a Christian he was moved by ideals loftier than those of his pagan adversaries; and around him the movement of events flung the glamor of a lost cause. Small wonder, therefore, that when centuries later chivalry was blending Christian beliefs with personal heroism and seeking the sanctification of war through the romance of individual bravery, the people and the bards who sang to them found in the memory of a brave, Christian, patriotic but unsuccessful Arthur a fit subject for their glorification. Now, as a boy in love is not really in love with her personality, but with his own ideals which to his imagination she personifies, so these medieval singers invested Arthur, not only with the merits he really did possess, but with all those others which, in that fanciful time, incarnated the aspirations of their age, and thus Arthur has come to us, not so much the fact of the fifth century as the ideal of the thirteenth.

Of the first, the real Arthur, I have sketched the outlines of the little there is to tell; the Arthur of the song and story of the Middle Ages is less a man of flesh and blood than a symbol of what those Middle Ages sought from life.

On a cliff from which you look across to the ruins that stand at least where Arthur's castle stood, there is now a great hotel where come in summer time many great and important people, some for a week, some for the season. But when the summer passes so do the guests, and a great quiet settles down upon the little village. The rector, and the doctor, and the family in the big manor house a few miles away see each other frequently and tramp together across the frosty fields; but among the villagers life is even simpler. There are but half a dozen young people whose doings can furnish gossip and whose future can afford speculation. No visitor ever comes, and the stage to Camelford goes back and forth empty save for the mail and the needed supplies. Sometimes there is a wreck off shore; sometimes a birth or a death. Before nine o'clock the lights go out and the village sleeps. Such is life to-day where I like to believe there came and went long centuries ago Arthur and Guinevere, Launcelot and Galahad, and where Merlin pitted his magic against Morgana de le Fay.

But the romance of Arthur is not the only tradition that haunts these Cornish shores. Once upon a time, the old tales go, the land of Lyonesse reached on from where the shore now ends to beyond the last speck of rock that fringes the isles of Scilly, and here cities and villages flourished, and 140 churches lifted their towers in peace, and men

and women came and went by thousands. Then one night when tempest and thunder shook the world there was a great earthquake and the land and all that was thereon sank down and down, and in upon the horror of it all raged the sea, and when another morning came, the watchers on that shore that had withstood the storm saw but miles and miles of waves and a few far specks that ever since have been the Scilly Isles. Now all this happened, so some writers assure us, in 1099, and there are yet Cornish fishermen who will tell you they have heard from beneath the keel of their boat the sunken church bells ringing when the deep sea swell was rolling; and certain it is that on still days you can look down through clear waters in Mount's Bay and see the tops of a forest below you, and that after days of steady storm, trunks of long buried trees are washed upon the shore from Penzance to Land's End.

These islands lie some forty miles due west from Penzance, and their number is put at anywhere from fifty to two hundred, but only five are inhabited and on these there is a population of about two thousand. These people live in a world apart, for as the sea holds them close on every side, so does it circumscribe the life that is lived there, and limit the interests of that life to the things of the sea. Even the flowers, that in late winter and early spring are shipped by the ton to London and the Continent, are the gift of the warm sea currents, and the rais-

ing of these flowers and the work of the fishing fleets bring to the islanders their only revenue, for the tourists do not yet come to England's remotest, loneliest corner in sufficient numbers to be of importance to the people.

The color is no more varied than the life. The low and huddled islands are all done in yellow and gray, for the ocean winds have swept the trees away, and no vines venture to contend for life. The few little towns seem bare and dull as Nebraska villages. From over the edge of the world far off liners send thin columns of smoke into the clear sky of the horizon, and on the blue welter of the sea a white-sailed fishing boat drives for home; to the east a vague blur shows where England lies, but all else is an emptiness of sea and sky. There are no factories, and profound stillness, accentuated by the steady undertone of sounding surf, adds to the sense of loneliness that comes at evening with the dark.

The wretched little steamer that takes its ever seasick passengers across the storming currents that always strive in the Channel, lands them at Hugh Town on St. Mary's, largest of the group, and from here a launch that carries mails and passengers circles, when the weather admits, to the other of the greater isles where people live.

Such charm as the Scillys have, and to some it is a very potent one, rests wholly in their atmosphere, for beauty apart from this they have none.

Not only in the clear and brilliant air that lies over them, but in that much more subtle atmosphere of surroundings, and tradition, and customs, and life and the ways of living it. Many of these two thousand people have never crossed to England, and their life and its interests reflect the simplicity of their environment. On a Sunday there is service in the chapel; there is always the uncertainty of the fisher's catch giving spice of speculation to the day's talk; there is the arrival of the steamer to bring the folk to the pier; there is often in times of storm or fog the wild excitement of a wreck; and then there are the months of January, February and March, when the days are crowded full of work, for in those months the islands are turned to masses of the white and yellow bloom of daffodils and lilies, and every one is busy either picking the superb flowers or tying them in bunches, or packing them in the crates in which they are transported to market. In the height of the season more than one hundred and fifty tons of blossoms, estimated by one writer at three millions and a half of separate flowers, are carried away each week. Then are the schools closed, and old men and little children take their part in the work.

In the still summer weather, when the harvest of flowers is finished, and settlement has been made, then come peddlers' boats, taking the place of the peddler's cart of the country road. Running up

into the little coves that serve for harbors these merchants of the sea spread out before the good wives of the islands their varied store of silks and calicoes, of ribbons and of pins.

Quaint customs of Christmas and of May Day still survive. On Christmas eve the lads will dress as girls and the girls as boys, and go a-dancing down the streets and out upon the country roads. On the first of May the garlanded pole is raised in the square at St. Mary's and round it circle the white clad children. But the real excitement of life on these little islands has ever come from the wrecks that each year pile up upon the rocks. The *Schiller* went ashore here in the seventies and three hundred graves were added to the cemetery at St. Mary's. The *Thomas H. Lawson*, largest of sailing ships, ended her days and those of her crew upon these reefs, and even in 1910 a big Atlantic liner came surging through the fog into the clutches of the Scilly rocks. No lives were lost that day, and after a week of waiting a great tide lifted her clear, and back and forth between New York and London she began again to follow her steady way.

At Tresco, an island just across from St. Mary's, there is a very curious walk, for it is garrisoned by the figure-heads of lost ships, strange images looking uncannily at the visitor through their wooden eyes. But it was in the days that are no more that breaking ships brought not only excitement but profit to

the islanders. And in those days, so the dark tradition has it, struggling vessels were helped to doom by untrue signals that the wreckers might pilfer the hold, even as was done all along the Cornish coast. To this day old fishermen near Penzance tell the wild story of how, a hundred years ago, the wickedest wrecker of all these parts met retribution. He lived all alone, and he plundered the dead and he murdered the living, and the cliff on the edge of which stood his cottage counted many wrecks and many dead men's bones on the rocks at its base. Now it chanced that he fell ill, and he sent a passerby to ask the neighbors to come as he feared to die alone, and as they came to him along a path that led by the sea they beheld upon the water a monstrous black cloud, and upon the cloud a ship that was alight with flame, and with a great noise the frightful thing moved on toward the wrecker's cottage. And as they paused and watched, it swept in from the sea and up the cliff and upon the house where the wrecker lay dying, and there was a mighty roar of thunder and then the cloud and ship returned unto the waves, but on the deck the devil stood and in his arms he carried the wrecker and he was alight with fire like the ship itself, and he screamed to the men upon the cliff for help, but they could not, and when they came to the house it was as if none had ever stood there.

It was in these days that the women of the island

of St. Agnes used to go to a sacred well and there make their prayer:

"Good night, father; good night, mother;
Good night, friends and foes;
God send a ship ashore before morning."

II

SOME ENGLISH VILLAGES

IF asked to name the one thing of peculiar and distinguishing charm to be found in England but not elsewhere in Europe, nor for that matter in the world, I should answer without a moment's hesitation that this unique feature was the exquisite and gracious rural landscape and those beautiful, picturesque little villages that form of it such an integral part. There are several causes that have produced this result. In the first place, no other people so love the country as do the English, and it is not an acquired but an inherited taste that has ever distinguished them from those early days when William the Conqueror, in order to bring defenders within his walled towns, offered freedom to every rural serf who should flee the farm and remain within the city for a year and a day. Back in 1509 a British author published a quaint dissertation on the joys of the country, and this inherent instinct for rural life is noted by many a more recent writer, one of whom puts it, 'The genius of the Anglo-Saxon was ill-adapted, or rather wholly unsuitable to urban life. . . . In a parish, in a hundred, the

Englishman was at home." Always have Englishmen, though doing business in town, lived in the country, which they have loved and have made beautiful beyond any other country on earth.

Life on the Continent, to be lived in any degree of security, had of necessity to be passed within the guarding walls of cities during all those Middle Ages when misrule was loose upon the earth; without those walls was no protection of a fixed and settled law to which, in his helplessness, the countryman could appeal. Moreover, no land of continental Europe was free for any length of time from the presence of a foreign foe carrying fire and death to the peasants in the open.

On the other hand, the real Anglo-Saxon has ever possessed an abiding detestation of anarchy, and as some one has pointed out, the first instinct of an Englishman has been to establish a government and obey it. While elsewhere in Europe throughout the medieval period was continuous confusion, and utter unsafety outside the towns, in England was comparative security and a relatively certain procedure of law and justice, so that, at least as early as the twelve hundreds, the buying and selling of land, for instance, went on with much the same assurance as now, and men in dying left to trustees and their successors sums for charity or many another purpose in the consciousness that under English law those trusts would be safeguarded and perpetuated, as

indeed they have been; the numerous and curious trusts still effective in England, though created centuries ago, forming a very interesting study, and emphasizing the truth that human nature changes but little with the years.

Then, too, from the time of the Conquest, no foreign enemy waged war on English soil save on the borders (and during the late war, from the air), and there was no disposition on the part of those rival factions who from time to time contended for the throne, to visit destruction upon the non-combatants of the villages. Thus there was the opportunity, denied elsewhere, for rural and village life to develop in tranquillity and safety.

The correctness of these conclusions is, I think, demonstrated by certain exceptions to the rule. Up along the Scottish border, and down by the Welsh frontier, where invasion came from Scot and Celt, an alien soldiery swept the land with repeated destruction, and in those regions are noticeably lacking the ancient peaceful farmhouses and the quiet old villages that elsewhere so accentuate the beauty of England's fields and valleys, fields and valleys that have none the less been stained by bloody contests of warring barons.

This untroubled environment of the English village of long ago, still exists with but little change, and as that old environment seems equally suited to the needs of the village life to-day, it is only fair to

Old Forge at Cockington

assume that it is because that village life has changed but little, and that as we stroll through these streets that appear to us much as they did to men of centuries ago, the life that we come upon is much the same in thought and habit as was the life of those Englishmen now long at rest in the churchyard. The expression of life in these villages goes to support the argument, for all over England to-day life is made to appear romantic not only because of its setting of timbered cottage and stately hall, but because of the survivals of strange usages and customs elsewhere obsolete. These are interwoven with the pleasures and sorrows of the people, with sports, with courtship and marriage, and with death and burial. They are preserved in the forms of legal procedure, and of worship, so that the life of to-day is woven upon a woof of medievalism tingeing the present with the color of a romantic past, and fashioning events into the semblance of an ancient and picturesque pattern.

Some one has said that the history of England is written in her castles. This may be true, but the history of English life is written in her villages, and with the present acting as interpreter no other guide is necessary to its understanding. But where will be found the villages that are most beautiful and most typical? We shall never come to an agreement as to that. They lie scattered all through the midlands and the south, but must be sought off the line

of railroads, beautiful relics caught and held in a backwater of progress, away from the changing current of modern life. The tall and far-branching trees that have sheltered the thatched roofs for centuries still stand on the common, and it would be very easy indeed to become sentimental and fancy a certain tenderness in the way they stoop above the children at play in the shadow, just as once played their great, great grandfathers who have been but graveyard dust these many years. Everywhere is a wonderful mellowness of color; the gray of the church tower is softened; the bricks in the walls of the homes are dulled to a rich terra cotta in which there is not a little ocher; there is moss on the roofs, a blend of green and yellow; the vines that grow on walls and trees and wherever foothold offers are faded by early frost, and even the sunlight reaching down through the trees seems dimmed and softened; children are laughing on the grass; some old men are puttering among their flowers; in the quiet of the late summer afternoon these villages seem to belong to childhood and old age, where middle life and its stress and cares are without a place. But watching as the sun goes lower, you will see blue lines of smoke creep out from all the picturesque chimney-pots, and presently from the narrow lanes and hedge-lined streets that enter on the green, back from the fields beyond the village confines come

Middle Age and Care that have been out since dawn.

Now, of all these English villages, Clovelly is easily first, but of that has been made another story. In Kent are Chiselhurst and Lamberhurst, Leigh and Penshurst, Chiddingstone and Brinchley. And out from Maidstone on the drive to Leeds Castle I came, many years ago, upon a most fascinating little hamlet whose name I never knew. In Surrey there is Shere, and on the Thames are Goring and Sonning. In Devon are Cockington and Lynmouth, and in Cornwall, and differing from the others, the fishing villages of Mousehole and Newlyn. In Somerset is that rare little town of Porlock, and so might I go on and still omit the very one that he who is familiar with all the countryside loves best of all.

Kent and Devon are the most beautiful counties in England, although exception will be taken to that, and from Tunbridge Wells in Kent more typical villages can be conveniently reached than from any other one center, for here, within easy drive by carriage, are Kent's most beautiful hamlets. While these resemble each other in many ways, each possesses some distinguishing characteristic of its own, Chiddingstone being perhaps more individualized than the rest because of the circumstance to which it owes its name, Chiding-stone. There is nothing here save that where the road turns there is a row of

exquisite brick and timbered houses with red tile roofs mellowed by centuries to a marvelous color. Opposite is the church around which the dead are gathered in a shadowed silence made beautiful by yew and cedar and vine and a great magnolia growing in the shelter of the tower. Just in the elbow of the street is an inn, one of the fairest bits imaginable, built of wonderful old brick, its leaded casements opening among the roses. Around the corner is a forge which artists would love for the perfection of the picture it makes under the trees. Across a pond and a rising stretch of lawn, is the castle-like home of the village Squire. At one end of the street is the school where boys in Eton collars sit on low, backless forms and bend over long desks. And this is all — all except the chiding-stone. You take to a lane to find that, a lane that lets out upon a pasture where big elms are growing, and where a path goes on across the grass along the back of Chiddingstone's single street. At the edge of a grove with a wide outlook on the fields is a big boulder. Now, before the days when women asserted themselves in other ways, they were wont, in this little village at least, to grieve their husbands by speaking harshly to them, whereupon, instead of reporting her to court and having her ducked in the pond, as he might, or beating her with a stick no bigger than his thumb, as he might, he would, by the custom of the village, report her to the priest. And once a

month, of a Sunday after church, the priest would take his stand upon this rock, and with the offending wives kneeling before him, and all the congregation, and perhaps some more, within hearing, would he chide the naughty wives who had so harshly spoken to their husbands, and after they had promised to be good, then was said the benediction and they all went home. This must have been a very efficacious custom, for we find in these later days it is no longer resorted to, presumably, of course, because wives no longer speak hastily to the men whom they have promised to love, honor and obey.

While very much alike in the impression of peacefulness that these beautiful villages all produce, and while their charm of hedge and tree and green common, of luxuriant vines and flowers and cottage is very much akin, yet there is a well-defined difference in architecture, depending upon the locality. Some are full of old "black and whites," as the cottages at Leigh are called, where the timbers of the frame are brought out to the surface, and the spaces between are filled with mortar. Elsewhere are buildings of ancient brick, like the inn at Chiddingstone, and in other places, as at Porlock, the cottages are covered with plaster and washed in cream or white. Porlock, by the way, is a very keen delight in its beautiful valley, just where the road from Lynmouth to Minehead drops down from the hills, a village of such varied charm and such picturesque

grouping that I sometimes question my choice of Clovelly as the most attractive town in Britain. And the lives of the simple, law-abiding, church-going people whose homes are in these charming cottages that under the venerable trees stand round the village green, or spread along the village street, these lives, like the villages themselves, have very much in common, and yet the composite life of each village possesses its own individuality, inherited from those old days when each shire was as far apart as the countries of Europe are to-day.

In many a village the day of the Saint whose name is given to the parish church is celebrated by a fair, or at least by a day of sports, after the morning service is over. It is a great day; school lets out, and the girls in white and the boys in tight-fitting suits of black with the inevitable Eton collar, march round the village green and out to some convenient field offered by the man in the big house. There are games and races and likely a cricket match, and the vicar makes a speech. Five o'clock tea is given everybody, and everybody mingles most democratically and happily, and it is all very splendid and something to look forward to for a long time, and to talk about for a long time afterward. And, perhaps best of all, the day has been celebrated in precisely that way for many hundreds of years.

Another thing to lie awake about for many a night is the appearance of the "Mummers" at Christmas.

These are young men and boys of the village, and the mummery that they produce is a crude sort of play in which the chief characters are St. George, a Turkish knight, Father Christmas and the Devil, while there is a clown or two to add a certain amount of horse play. Century after century has seen this same play enacted by generation after generation of villagers, a direct descendant of the early "miracle plays."

There are not many of the very poor in any of these villages, but such as there are take full advantage of "Beggars' Day," which is generally celebrated, to use a rather inept word, on St. Thomas' Day, when the old and poor in the parish go a-Thomasing, or "Tommying" as it is sometimes called, and gather from every household toll of clothes and food and copper coins.

In Saxon days there was an annual pagan festival when all the men dressed as animals and marched around the village huts in the twilight. Gone is the Saxon deity these thousand years, but here and there you will find that the village youths still observe the day of the forgotten god, carrying in procession a wooden horse or semblance of some other animal, or else leading one of their number dressed to suggest a horse or bull.

The village boys and girls still can look forward to their "Carnival," not by any means so elaborate as the New Orleans festivities, but celebrated on

the eve of Lent. Pancake Day they call Shrove Tuesday, and occasionally can be found a town where "pancake bell" still is rung, its significance long ago forgotten, for in the days before Elizabeth it was the bell that called the villagers to confession. Now it is the signal for the children to parade the streets, stopping to serenade each house until a contribution is forthcoming.

Another eventful day for the village boys is Good Friday, for that is the day when the first game of marbles of the season may be played.

Many villages have their own separate celebrations because of some local event. "Biddenden, a quiet Kentish village, presents every Easter the same spectacle on a larger scale that it did on Paschal Sunday about the time of the Norman Conquest . . . two sisters, twins as were the Siamese twins, dying, bequeathed to the churchwardens certain lands the rents of which were to be devoted to the supplying of bread and cheese to the poor on every Easter." This was eight hundred years ago, and the rents now amount to two hundred dollars a year, and as there are but few parish poor, the sum is expended for food for all the village and for the neighbors from beyond, and the day is a great picnic, the very greatest day of all the year.

In the smallest villages boys and girls go to the same school, but elsewhere are taught in separate buildings or at least separate rooms. Now and then

you find a school quite up to date, with comfortable seats and little desks, but more frequently the pupils sit on long benches that have no back. There is a blackboard, and the usual paraphernalia of a schoolroom, and conspicuously displayed is generally found the master's cane for the older boys and the birch for the younger children, corporal punishment being much more frequent than in America. Nowhere are little children quite so lovable, quite so rosy, so plump and clean and sweet as in England, and to watch them at play at recess is in some odd way always suggestive of looking over a hedge at a garden of flowers. They play games whose origin is lost in remote antiquity, and many of which arose from imitation of some long-lost custom of their elders. Not thus dignified, however, is a game I watched one day in a tiny midlands village. A little girl sat on a stone and pretended to weep, and the boys and girls joined hands and danced around her, singing:

"Oh why are you weeping,
Oh why are you weeping,
Oh why are you weeping,
This bright summer day?"

Whereupon she replied:

"I weep for my lover,
I weep for my lover,
I weep for my lover
This bright summer day."

To which the chorus replied:

"Oh come choose another," etc.

The choice was a mad scramble, the boy when caught taking the weeping lady's place upon the stone.

In spite of the general belief to the contrary, primary education was always well-nigh universal in England even long before books were multiplied by printing, the schools being carried on under the direction of the church. Nor was this limited education confined to the upper classes, indeed the children of the latter were usually taught at home by private tutors, or in the great so-called public, but in reality private schools that came into existence in England very early in the Middle Ages. Away back in the days of Richard II, "a petition was addressed to the king demanding that villains [those farm laborers whose services went with the land] be restrained from sending their children to school, because the ambition to rise in life was taking so many workers from the land; but this request was refused, and, further, in 1406 a new enactment was made that every villain should have the right to send either son or daughter to school if he pleased." [1] That arithmetic was taught then very much as it is now, is shown by a problem quoted by Miss Godfrey from a manuscript school book of the middle of the fourteen hundreds and now in the British

[1] Godfrey's "English Children in the Olden Time."

Museum. "A swallow invited a snail to dinner; he lived just one league from the spot, and the snail traveled at the rate of an inch a day. How long would it be before he dined?"

The children of the rich, who did not attend these parish schools were taught dancing, riding, fencing and such other accomplishments as befitted their position. But there has ever been a great deal of latent democracy in the English character in spite of appearances that if to the contrary are often deceiving, and it never was impossible for even a serf to rise to high position, any more than in these days it is impossible for a schoolmaster's son to become Chancellor of the Exchequer. Instances are many during all the medieval period where, on payment of a small sum to the lord of the manor, some bright son of a serf was released from the bondage of birth that he might enter a university and eventually the ministry of the church. A very human incident is cited by Dr. Jessop in his wonderfully interesting book, "The Coming of the Friars," of one Ralph Red who, born a serf, managed to obtain his freedom and an education and who more than six hundred years ago was ordained a priest. But Ralph's ambition was not satisfied, and with money saved and money borrowed he bought his parent's freedom and that of his brothers and sisters. Now for the romance of it. In less than a hundred and fifty years one of those brother's descendants had himself

become lord of the manor where his ancestors were slaves, and from his daughter descended the Earl of Sussex and the present Lord Avonmore.

It seems to me that the most interesting parts of history are these little incidents full of human interest which serve to connect the human nature of the part with our own human nature of to-day, and that enable us to see and apprehend, not battles and conquests, but men and women and little children of long ago.

There is still preserved a letter written about the year 900 by a little German lad to his father from the monastic school where he was being taught, that I am going to quote from because it might just as easily have been written by an English lad, for it speaks a universal language, the language of childhood, the language of the heart. "It just asks for various little things, and its superscription is; 'To his parents, A, a weaned lamb, sends a loving bah.'"[2] Dear little boy; can't you see him; and his home which must have been a very happy one; and what is your idea — were father and mother quite dry-eyed when they read this little letter a thousand years ago? And don't you think "A" got the "various little things" he asked for?

Life is not hard in these rural communities, for the surroundings of the humblest homes are clean and comfortable and, what is equally to the point,

[2] Taylor's "Medieval Mind," II, 113.

beautiful. Thrift is everywhere in evidence. There are no broken-down fences speaking of shiftlessness as in too many of our American towns of the Middle West, but all the hedges are carefully trimmed; each tiny garden is rich with flowers; and each low-ceiled parlor has its treasured ornaments, and everything is immaculately clean. As a rule the people in the manor house take a very real and human interest in the people of the village, and very seldom is sickness or old age uncared for by the family who seem with their wealth and position to sense a personal responsibility for those whom fortune has less favored.

Even in the earliest and crudest days the village life in England was not only safer, but infinitely more comfortable and happier than anywhere else in the world. As Mr. Ditchfield points out, "There was much happiness in our English villages in those days, and 'Merrie England' was not a misnomer." In the first place there was the assured protection of the law, to which even the King was subservient, the records being yet extant of a case where Edward II sought to quarter his secretary upon the Sheriff of London without the latter's consent, and of his failure because the charter of the city forbade that very thing.

The villagers had the right of pasturing their cattle upon the common, so called because devoted to common use, and if the lord of the manor turned in

more than his due proportion of sheep or cows the villager finding them could appropriate them to his own use. Away back in the thirteenth century a lord brought action against a villager who had thus taken his cattle, but the court decided against him, for in spite of many a delusion to the contrary there never has been, and is not now, in any Anglo-Saxon country, one law for the rich and another for the poor.

In the fourteenth century there was a poor widow in one of these little villages who fell heir to a bit of property, subject to what in these days would be termed an inheritance tax. Then there came to her one Henry Anneys, and said he: "If you give me a cow I can arrange so you won't have to pay that tax." And she gave it him. But when it was noised abroad, the matter was brought to court, and Henry was ordered to return the cow and pay the tax himself. Of course the law was harder then than now, and its punishment infinitely more brutal, just as the amusements of the villagers were coarser and rougher than are those of to-day, but the fact remains that, as at the present, life in certain English villages approaches nearer the ideal than does the village life of any other country, not excepting our own, so from the day when there began an England, rural life has there been better, safer and happier than in any other land at the same period of time.

III

POPPY LAND AND THE HOLLAND OF ENGLAND

IT is with a feeling of a rather curious delight that one comes in his travels upon places whose names have since childhood held a romantic sway over his imagination, and, because ever associated with some fanciful thought, have seemed to belong wholly to the realm of the unreal. Who, for instance, could ever conceive of Norwich being a real town of brick and mortar? For always has it seemed to belong to the Never Was; a mere city of the Make-believe, where the "Man in the Moon came tumbling down"; the town where lived alone, eternally young, the children of Mother Goose. But Norwich, with its spired cathedral and venerable castle and quaint market-place is a very real town after all, where crowding teamsters swear in the narrow streets, and maids shake dusty rugs from windows, and naughty boys are whipped at school, just as in Kalamazoo and Troy. And Norwich lies on the road to Poppy Land, and Poppy Land is up to the north and east of London. And think of the wonder of coming, here in this northern place

where the shadows of the clouds move across the broad flowered fields that stretch over the uplands, think of coming here upon the real, the actual Garden of Sleep of the old, old song, that the mothers of some of us, and the sweethearts of some of us, sang twenty years ago. Who could have thought that a place so mystically sung could ever have been real? But here it lies, with the cold North Sea light above, and the ruined church tower waiting the inevitable undermining of the waves, yet still bravely sentineling the dead asleep in the graves at the edge of the cliff.

And besides finding a local habitation for these mere names, the traveler in this eastern England comes upon a strange, quiet region, where England hesitates and seems uncertain whether to be land or sea — the Norfolk Broads, a place of dykes and windmills all a-flutter, of stretches of wide lakes and narrow waterways, of little towns far from railroads and from life, of odd churches and queer folk, a place as different from the England everybody knows as are the empty moors of Cornwall or the far Scilly Isles.

Now it is to this eastern country that I want to introduce you. Not because every one will like it, for they won't, but because some few will love it, and to them will it prove a joy forever.

If you are wise you will take the astonishing train that flies from London to Cromer without a stop.

And Cromer prides itself on being the capital of Poppy Land, and on one of the most exclusive resorts in England. It is not for the tripper; no Punch and Judy shows enliven its strand; no formal park delights the soul of him who joys in things like that. But titled names are on the visitors' book of the clean and rather formal hotel, and the people to whom these names belong assert their class not in overbearing manners, for the Englishman at home is always either indifferent to you or charming, but in an utter obliviousness to appearances. And yet that may not be putting it just right either, for they all dress properly enough for dinner, but it is rather jarring to see them tramp into the dining-room for luncheon, red and blown from their golf or their miles over windy fields, all in corduroys and sweaters and suchlike gear. But again, it's not so much the things they wear as the racking colors of them. At Cromer there came to luncheon a young woman whose hair was tied loosely with red ribbons; she wore a mauve sweater and a magenta skirt; had intensely pink cheeks and looked happy and contented. And while this was at Cromer, there are women who can't come to Cromer who dress like that, or in similar trying and startling combinations.

The town, viewed merely as a town, and not as a comfortable center from which to go forth on joyous journeys of exploration, is dull — a stony beach

on which people sit contentedly in wicker chairs and knit if they are women and doze if they are men; a few grown folks wading in the water as children do; and a few hardy children bathing in the cold surf; a church in the market-square on the bluff, with a few rather commonplace streets, this is Cromer the town; but the sea is beautiful from the cliffs, and more beautiful than the sea are the miles of inland Poppy Land, more beautiful at least to those who feel the charm of the open country, nowhere except in southern England so beautiful as along this bit of coast. Miles and miles of yellow grain lie up to a far horizon, not a treeless stretch of dull monotony reaching to a level sky as in our west, but golden squares compassed with green hedges, and decked with stately trees, and made happy looking by red-roofed cottages beautified with vines and roses in a setting of hollyhocks. A land that rolls backward from the cliffs and is made somehow to speak of peace by the square-towered churches that here and there gather quiet villages about them. A land where even in far-off fields the poppy flame shows in the grain, and where all the rich and splendid landscape is flooded with a great light, the light of the sea reflected on the white clouds piled up across the water and thrown back on the slope of the hills.

If you walk three miles you come to the "Garden of Sleep." For years the North Sea has been dig-

A bit of the Holland in England. Here, as in Holland, the windmills pump the water out from the sluices between the fields.

ging at this eastern shore, and where the waves now roll once were fair fields and pleasant homes. Once upon a time there was a village on this bluff, with an old stone church and around it "the graves of fair women asleep." Then by and by the sea called the village and took it for its own. One by one the houses vanished down the cliff; then on some night of storm the church crumbled and was gone; but the tower still clung, and those in their graves slept on. Then the sea seemed satisfied and paused, and there on the edge of the cliff the tower still stands, the graves still shelter their dead. Up a silent lane you come out on this

". . . edge of the steep,
Where God planted a garden — a garden of sleep."

From the distant horizon of light and cloud the ocean sends long swells to roar in far beneath you. Landward, towns and villages and homes have drawn away, so you stand on the edge alone save for the tower and the score of sunken graves marked by broken, toppling headstones that lie amid the poppies and the silence. Just beyond are the fields of grain yellow and the wide landscape, and here is the Garden of Sleep where the poppies and death are alone, and where was written the song that in such magic verse so well describes the scene.

I had hoped great things from Norwich. Its

castle is a wonder, and the market-place a pleasant spot to loiter; but the great cathedral, ancient and dignified, has been spoiled beyond repair by liberal coats of whitewash applied all over what must have been, if left alone, a wonderfully impressive interior. There is something pathetic in the indecency of thus stripping this great church of all its beautiful color, and making it stand forth in its cold, bare nakedness, dressed only in whitewash, for all the world as if in tights. Why will those in authority do such a monstrous thing? Why will the people acquiesce in it? It will be a hundred years before the color comes back and Norwich cathedral is worth seeing!

So all my pleasure in Norwich was spoiled, and I was glad to find an early train to take me to Wroxham, the entrance to the Broads. This district is a vast, low-lying area in eastern England, where the only villages lie on hills lifted but a little above the surrounding lowlands, and threaded with many miles of narrow streams that serve to connect the broads proper, which are small lakes and ponds embracing a total surface of between four and five thousand acres. This entire country is, of course, but sparsely settled, and in the few villages, most of which are off the line of the railroad, life is lived very much as it was centuries ago, so that, added to its certain peculiar beauty and charm of isolation, is the pleasure of contact with an existence differing utterly from your own. Wroxham being on the railroad,

is a general headquarters for the country, where boats and guides can be hired for longer or shorter excursions, supplies provided, and all arrangements made for the journey.

When the day's work is over, young Wroxham comes down to the old bridge, built in 1614 across the little river, and here makes love in the dusk quite openly and unashamed. Down the river Japanese lanterns flaunt from the house-boats, and the tall-masted, red-sailed wherries lumber in silently from the open.

By and by, as the air chills with twilight and the night birds are winging, the Broads take on a mystery peculiarly their own. The sky arches so remotely overhead; the shadows lie so dark upon the water; the perfume of damp, woodsy places comes so subtly on the breeze you would not otherwise know was stirring, that then of all times do you want to take boat and make out into the lonesomeness. On such a night a small boy — he was but twelve — rowed me away from the lights of Wroxham and the lanterns of the houseboats. For a while the spell of the silence lay upon us, but after a time we got acquainted, and then did that young pessimist open his heart and make his dole on life. "I am a good boy," said he; "I do good to everybody but I have had bad luck just the same. I wash the dishes 'cause my mother be poorly — eleven children we have — and I don't steal nor do I smoke,

but me father won't let me join the Scouts. I go to church of a Sunday, but other boys have clothes when they wants 'em, and I has mine when I gets 'em. Thomas Cutting does everything bad, and he gets more tips than does me. Last Friday I had the toothache, and the dentist he only comes to Wroxham of a Thursday. I mind me own business I does, but the boys throws mud at me. Me father hides me at home, and the master canes me at school, and yet I be a Christian." And he was such a little chap!

It is characteristic of the English to want to keep things to themselves; their homes are hedged and walled about, and they have a way of taking possession of a landscape that is subconsciously suggestive of ownership, and has just a hint of resentment at the presence of others who are made vaguely to feel like intruders into a private domain. Thus the complaint is universal that "the Broads have been found." "Oh, I say rather," said one Englishman to me. "Why, don't you know they've quite spoiled the fishing with their beastly motor boats. Twenty years ago I could come here and never see a person, and now it's motor on the road, and it's motor on the water till a man feels as if he was really staying in town, don't you know." And yet to me the district seems utterly unspoiled. In the streets of the little villages the native touches his cap and wishes you good morning; moderate prices pre-

vail everywhere, on the water and at the inns. You can hire a launch that will carry eight people, with a man to operate it, for a few dollars a day. And you can stop where you like at unpretentious but comfortable inns for less money than anywhere else in England.

Then too, there is something about the atmosphere of the Broads that makes the Englishman, in spite of his complaints, more tolerant of the presence of people he doesn't know than he is elsewhere. He no longer hesitates at making advances, but sometimes greets the stranger as an old friend, and is as courteous and helpful as it is a well bred Englishman's instinct always to be, so that life is very democratic and very cheerful.

There is wonderful exhilaration in lonely exploration, and it was with keen delight that I took command of my launch and set forth upon the voyage which was to last as long as I liked and end where I pleased. Along the main waterways a good deal of life was stirring. Large motor boats with the family very much at home tie up for a day or a night where fancy wills. There are smaller boats with two or three boys in white flannels out for a fortnight's vacation, and big wherries with a dozen young chaps served by their cook and sailors, each boatload affecting some distinctive badge of costume, a red fez, a blue sash, a yellow blazer, a long, green stocking cap, or the like. Silent fishermen stand on

the reedy banks, and boys bathe in shadowed pools. Swans bend to their shadows, and in remoter places ducks skim the open, and all the wild life that moves on the water comes and goes in the lonely ponds. Sails seem to move across the meadows as the bends in the stream cut the water from view — at one time there were a dozen moving with stately grace to and fro across the landscape, where windmills, numerous as in Holland, waved their long arms as if in salute. With these boats across the fields, with cattle often pasturing below the level of the water which is held back by defending dykes, and with the great masses of tumbled cloud and the luminous light that always lies on broad and level places, it is Holland to the letter.

But the great charm of this independent travel is the power to explore all these remote lakelets and silent, solitary channels, and to stop at such of the hamlets on the shore as lay hold upon your fancy, hamlets that hide under the great trees and that are, in their unspoiled primitiveness, reminiscent of Elizabethan days, and where the men gather on the benches by the tavern door just as of yore. At Ranford, to select at random one town for illustration, the handful of houses are, in their grouping, and of themselves, extremely picturesque, many with roofs of red tile, but many more with the heavy thatched roof that makes even the humblest home effective. Ranford has a wonderful old church,

back a bit from the water, where over the chancel is the original thatched roof, looking up at which from the interior you can see how the straw is pleated upon the rafters in a sort of basket weave. Here, too, is a strangely slender pointed arch of a beauty of proportion equal to those which may be found in many a cathedral, and a fourteenth century screen of painted wood, unique in its way. And here at Ranford is a humble little cottage, the whole yard of which is aglow with a most remarkable collection of dahlias, of which a millionaire might be proud.

Acle is a little market town a mile or so from the river, and here, too, is a queer old church with thatched roof and a very unusual round tower, set in the midst of an ancient graveyard on whose worn stones many a quaint epitaph rewards the seeker of the curious. From these inscriptions one would think these people lived a most sickly, depressed and gloomy life and found keen delight in dying. All voice much the same sentiment, but one to "Mary," dead, by the way, these two hundred years, is as good a specimen as any.

> "Her languishing head is at rest,
> Her thinkings and achings are o'er,
> Her quiet, immovable breast
> Is heaved by affliction no more."

To judge from the obituary this particular lady must have been a compound of invalid, suffragette and

martyr. But I have no doubt that as a fact Mary danced with the rest on the green, and in later years had a fine time with the gossips of the village, and laughed and made merry until her time came to die, which event she thoroughly regretted, just as will you and I.

Not so prim and decorative as the Thames, there is none the less a charm and fascination about these miles of sluggish rivers, the silent lakes, the quaint and primitive villages, and the freedom and delight of driving your launch hither and thither in exploring them, that combine into a very pleasant memory.

As the last day of the journey wears to afternoon, the banks flatten out until the horizon ahead is the immediate tops of the rushes; gigantic windmills loom up with startling suddenness; far up the rivers the tide crawls and works its cleansing way among the reeds, and in and out of the shoal lagoons and shadowed backwaters; a gull comes in from the sea; the channel widens, and far ahead the chimneys of Yarmouth spoil the view. Presently we are among ugly barges, unsightly and ill-smelling factories, then rows of houses and the Broads are left behind and we come to Yarmouth and the journey's end.

IV

TWO RIVERS OF ENGLAND
THE THAMES AND THE WYE

"YES," said the Captain of the little steamer that spends two days in the journey down the Thames from Oxford to London; "yes, your Hudson is bigger and grander, but our Thames is liquid history."

And it is. When the shadows of an unrecorded time darken from our view the things that happened then, we may still be sure that the skin-clad Britons fished in its eddies. The armored Romans tramped its banks; the devastating waves of Norse invasion swirled across its narrow barrier; the conquering Saxons here came and went, and its waters were stained by the battles of their kings; upon its margins the Normans brought to a defeated people the settled order of an established tyranny; and upon the island meadows of Runnymede revolting subjects won the great charter of Anglo-Saxon liberty. To the north it makes beautiful that Oxford where for centuries men have learned how to think great thoughts and translate those thoughts into great deeds and the upbuilding of Empire; and to

the south its currents circle through the greatest city of the world, and thence onward to the sea bearing enormous burden of the ships of trade and war. The gilded barges of kings and queens have for centuries sailed its waters — a strange procession could we see it, from the motor launch of black-coated, silk-hatted George V, a long line ever becoming more picturesque as it dims. Sad-faced Victoria; the Georges, fat and fatuous; the great Elizabeth, imperious, resplendent, flashing by, barge and rowers and Queen a splendid gleam of color; plumed and armored men, some going to steal a crown and some to lose it. More and more faded the long line grows; red-haired Richard of the Lion Heart, who as a boy takes his pleasure on the river at Oxford; and then alien William of Normandy who from his heavy boat gazes curiously upon the conquered land. Fainter yet are the days when Alfred sailed the Thames, and then, just as the mists settle finally and closely, they part for a moment and in a vivid light of legend and romance Arthur looks out upon us and is gone.

This is the outline of what has gone before, of the part the Thames has played in the historic past of the English people. But to-day the uses of the famous river are almost startling in the sharpness of contrast. Tamed and curbed, its seasons of impetuous flood bridled and controlled, it is a national preserve of pleasure.

The government took no part in the management of the river until 1489 when its supervision was intrusted to the Lord Mayor of London, who concerned himself chiefly with the lower, or tidal Thames, which begins at a short distance above London, while the upper reaches of the stream were allowed to be impeded by abutting property owners who built obstructions for the purpose of exacting toll from the voyager, or dams for the operation of their mills. For succeeding centuries Parliament made successive and spasmodic efforts to control the evil, but with only approximate success. In 1886 there was created the Thames Conservancy with full and absolute power over the whole river, the maintenance and operation of its locks, and the regulation of its traffic by rules and by-laws. In 1908 the jurisdiction of the Conservancy, now consisting of twenty-eight members, was restricted to the upper Thames, the tidal waters being placed under the care of the Port of London. This upper Thames consisted of practically one hundred miles of navigable water, and unlike any other river in the world is maintained by the Government with but nominal tolls, practically as a place for national recreation.

Of course there is some commerce. A line of steamers for freight and passengers sends boats daily from Oxford and from London, but the company depends almost wholly upon its passenger traffic. The old tow-path, that has become a legal

right-of-way, still is used at intervals, and one still meets the brightly painted canal boats, with flowers a-bloom in the little windows, and yellow-haired children at play under the curious round canvas cover of the deck. But this traffic is really negligible and when all is said and done it is, if one may use such a term for a river, a national playground.

And it is splendidly maintained. There are thirty-one locks, with a combined drop of two hundred and forty feet, the passage through each of which is a separate joy. Generally the lock-keeper's picturesque cottage stands on a little island at one side the lock, at the other the silvery rush and tumble of the river as it makes across the weir, and always the cottage is clad in the greenery of vines that clamber to the roof, and is perfumed by the great roses that swing by the latticed casements. And always it sits in the midst of flowers, and always the banks that slope to the water are covered with close-trimmed turf. The Constituency offers annually a prize to that lock-keeper who grows the finest flowers, and the winner lives amid a mass of bloom and beauty that only an English gardener can produce.

At each lock, and at frequent intervals along the tow-path are boxes kept always full of sand to extinguish the flames if the gasoline on motor boats should chance to catch on fire, and at very short distances along the whole course of the river are

life preservers and life lines ready for the rescue of the man who rocks the boat. The lock-keepers really constitute a life-saving corps, one veteran wearing a medal from royalty for bravery he has so repeatedly displayed. With all their kindness and courtesy, these lock-keepers never hesitate to enforce rigidly all the rules governing the traffic, such as precedence of steamers over launches, launches over rowboats, etc., and with bated breath the tale is told how one spring the young Prince of Wales, who dearly loved to punt up and down the river, after ignoring the lock-keeper's orders and entering the lock ahead of an oncoming steamer, was peremptorily hustled out again by the indignant custodian who announced that the king himself could not disobey the law.

Halfway down to London, at one of the most charming spots to be found in all the length of river, the Constituency maintains a camping ground where any one whose respectability is properly vouched for, and who is willing to observe the reasonable restrictions imposed for the common good, can obtain a tent and its little plot of ground abutting on the stream, at a rent that is merely nominal. This is no ordinary camping ground. The tents are all commodious, with board floors well above the level of the ground, and around each grow many flowers; roses garland the tent poles and nasturtiums flame down the terraces that lead to the water.

The Englishman's love of outdoors and his intense appreciation and enjoyment of the calm, sweet beauties of a rural landscape, are proverbial. These English people are continually in the open; a walk of ten miles is no task to either men or women; to tramp briskly that far for four o'clock tea and back again for dinner is so common a thing that it is not even mentioned, but is everywhere accepted as the usual and the ordinary. Thus distance imposes slight restrictions on the enjoyment of the river. A young man with a towel hung around his neck will walk two or three miles to the water before breakfast, take his plunge and back again — and do it every day. And led by their love of the country, these English flock to the beautiful Thames by the tens of thousands from all over Britain, so that the river's summer life is both varied and picturesque. The wonderful variety of this life is probably its most conspicuous feature. All up and down the banks are "the stately homes of England," absolutely without parallel anywhere; ancient mansions of gray stone all hidden beneath the ivy, whose successive owners have for centuries helped in the making of history; or modern palaces half lost in the shade of great oaks and elms. Around these places are hundreds of acres of perfectly kept lawn; marble balustrades edge the water fringed by a wealth of flowers that is almost inconceivable, for England is a land of flowers. On the lawns, in unique as well

as conventional designs, are beds of the rare tuberous begonias, or many colored foliage plants. In the tennis courts that are always found on these great estates men and women dressed in white can nearly always be found at play, or, as the afternoon lengthens, can be seen seated at little tables placed under the trees, taking afternoon tea, served by trim maid-servants in black, with white cap and apron.

Near many towns, and particularly near Henley, are found the most beautiful houseboats in the world. Festooned with electric lights, with rare rugs upon the decks, the spacious rooms appointed with fittings of the utmost luxury, and with a retinue of those perfectly trained servants only to be found in England, life here reaches its acme of comfort. Many of these houseboats cost, with their furnishings, hundreds of thousands of dollars, and are maintained not only by Englishmen, but by wealthy Americans, and others from the Continent, for men of all nations feel the lure of the Thames. John Wanamaker once hired for the season one of the beautiful homes upon the banks, and so did Mrs. Potter Palmer, while the American flag has floated from the most sumptuous houseboat on the river, the property of one of the Vanderbilts.

This is one side of the river's life, but there is another and a much simpler one. In quiet nooks off the millionaire zone simple little houseboats shelter many an unpretentious but happy family. The

children sprawl on the decks, the head of the house swings in his hammock and smokes his pipe in peace, the wife sits in an easy wicker chair and crochets, always crochets.

Bungalows, many inexpensive, but always bright with flowers, are to be found literally by the thousand; and if a bungalow proves too costly, there are multitudes of tents.

An Englishman does not demand excitement as an element of pleasure, but he is willing to substitute contentment for agitation. This trait of the English character is nowhere more clearly manifested than in the summer life that moves upon the Thames. Over and over again the voyager comes upon a punt or big, comfortable rowboat moored for the afternoon under the shade of some overhanging tree, and within which are stretched at ease two stalwart young fellows, both reading, and stopping at times to gaze about at the gentle beauty of the smooth flowing river and the soft color of the misty English sky. A young woman will often go out alone in her canoe and while she crochets will drift contentedly with the sluggish current. The English are not afraid of solitude; in fact, they often court it, and there is nothing at all unusual in a young man, or an old one, spending his fortnight's holiday alone in making the trip in his boat from Oxford to London.

Punting appears the most popular form of navigation, and the punts, long, broad, flat-bottomed

boats, are often very gayly painted, carpeted and cushioned. We passed one very blonde young man in white flannels with lavender tie, and a broad silken sash of lavender, whose punt was carpeted in the same delicate hue, with a luxurious pile of lavender cushions in the bow.

The punter stands to his work and vigorously wields a long pole with which he pushes the boat forward, and if he is new at the task the boat sometimes goes on without him, leaving him clinging to the swaying pole.

Fishermen there are, of course, and a continuing procession of motor boats great and small, some hired for the day and some by the week; some with but a couple of honeymooning passengers, and some with a family on board; sailboats tack back and forth as they beat up the narrow stream; college crews in teetering sculls are at practice for some coming contest; and the whole world seems at play on the water. The contagion storms the villages along the shore and many a one is passed where the whole waterfront is gay with flags and lanterns, and the banks are massed with people to watch the regatta between the village crew and the oarsmen from a neighboring town. At such a time the whole place becomes infected with the carnival spirit, houses are decorated, prizes are offered for the best local swimmers; there are races between schoolboy scullers, negro minstrels perform by the wharf, and

often an oration in the market-place by the local member of Parliament brings the exciting day to a fit conclusion.

The river's season may be said to open with the Henley regatta, generally held during the first week in July. The best description of this event which I have read is found in Salter's Guide to the Thames, from which I quote:

"As a vivid and typical picture of English life, perhaps the Finals Day at this Regatta surpasses even the Derby itself. From the center of the bridge the long straight course can be seen as far as Regatta Island, and almost to the starting point. The central channel is kept clear by two long lines of white booms and posts hemming back the vagrant pleasure boats. On either side is every variety of punt and boat and canoe, often packed so close for a fourth of a mile beside the winning post that the water cannot be seen between them. Along the left bank are the houseboats and a long succession of club lawns, which seem to become more popular with every regatta. On the right is the grandstand, and then the fairs and booths and somewhat motley crowd of the towing path. The whole scene is vivid with bright dresses, cushions and sunshades, and the blaze of rich color is mirrored in the water and set off by the cool greens of the trees and lawns."

But the racing at Henley is not the only inter-

The Swan Inn at Goring

esting event to be seen on the river, especially if the traveler be fond of quaint survivals of medieval customs. From Oxford, clear down to where the great smoke of London begins to lie heavily upon the water, the stately white swans are a feature of the stream. All of these thousands of graceful birds are owned by one of three owners, the King, the Vintner's Guild, and the Dyers' Guild of London. The interesting history of these and other famous London companies is outside this story, but in the old times when life was picturesque these two guilds used to go forth on the river in gorgeous barges of state, and to add still further to the dignity of their appearance they procured many swans which were made to attend upon their progress. Finally, when prosaic days came to the world and the barges sailed no more, these swans were liberated to the freedom of the Thames, only each swan was marked upon the bill, a downward curve on each side of the beak for the Vintner's Guild, and a similar mark with four straight lines across it for the Dyers' Company. How the King came to own the rest I could not learn, but the swans of Royalty are indicated by a diamond cut upon the beak. Now annually, about the middle of July, an official body of men known as Swan Masters start out from London; they all wear white trousers, but the King's men wear red sweaters, the Vintner's men blue sweaters, and the Dyers' men white sweaters. Whenever a mother

swan is seen attended by her brood the family is captured, and with much ceremony the young are marked with the mark found on the mother's beak. This work is known as "swan upping," though why "upping" I cannot tell.

But what does this wonderful river look like to-day? Not the least like the Hudson, not the least like the Rhine. There is nothing stately or grand or sublime or magnificent about it; but it flows through the heart of England, rural England, and that means through a landscape that for sheer loveliness, for peacefulness and the beauty and charm of the open country, is absolutely matchless in the world. Ancient villages with the church tower above the trees, and the thatched and ivied cottages standing among the hollyhocks; Elizabethan mansions with stately sweep of lawn; wide reaches of flowered meadow land where the cattle stand knee deep in the water or lie under the wide branching trees that are everywhere; stretches of great forest whose mighty trunks have endured the storms of centuries; distant glimpses of faint blue hills; this is the country through which the river winds. Tall blue-green rushes bow their brown tufted heads as the suction of the steamer pulls at them; wild phlox in great bunches of purple bloom swing in the wind, and a tall growing flower trails long pendants of blue in the slow tide. Cedar trees that cannot grow with us make bits of landscape here and there look like Japanese prints;

and down below Henley you come upon a place where the blue hills put back their low tops for a splendid breadth of horizon and a great arch of sky, often piled with huge masses of crumpled cloud through which come rifts of blue, and shafts of sunlight that move across and light the broad picture of woods and fields and hills. When the engines of the little steamer stop you notice how silent falls the world, a silence that is peace and adds to the day's delight. And the river brings with every turn such dainty combinations of flower and cottage, of church and bridge and town, of shady banks and stately homes that if you love all this you will wish to linger long in the valley of the Thames. But if you don't, if "just country" carries no appeal, why, then will it bore you to death, and you will take a train and be in London in an hour.

But the man whose pleasure is in flowers and quiet and in the pictured story of other days that is to be found in the medieval villages by the margin of the stream, will break his journey more than once to look in upon these little towns that so urgently invite him by their very look. There are some thirty villages strung along the river from Oxford to London, any one of which holds many subjects for an artist, but from them all two or three stand out in a loveliness that makes them preëminent. About thirty miles from Oxford are the two villages of Goring and Streatley built up on opposite sides of

the river and forming a matchless combination of drooping trees, and thatched cottages of quaint outline and an ancient time, with roses clambering even to the chimney pots that rise in curious clusters. Over the very ridge pole of the venerable Bull Inn on the Streatley shore grow great masses of ivy. In a corner by the bridge, where weeping willows sweep the water, is an old mill with gable windows and long slant of roof. At Goring a splendid manor house holds itself aloof among the trees that grow everywhere in forest-like profusion, and from which, on either bank, rise gray church towers, square and massive, like castle keeps. Between the two towns the broad waters of the islanded river flow silently under the arches of the sixteenth century bridge that binds together the life of the villages. On the island is the lock-keeper's home in a garden that is a glow of marigolds and goldenrod. But it was not only the prettiness of it all that sent me from the boat, but because my Baedeker told me that here was an inn, centuries old, and known as "Ye Miller of Mansfield." Who would not want to stay at an inn with a name like that? And who would want to leave it in a hurry when they found it a presentment to the present of all the romantic charm of the past, with a garden that seemed to belong to the bees and birds, with odd nooks and corners, with swinging, leaded windows, with a black-paneled room, and best of all with a story for which

there could be no more fit and proper setting. It is a very old tale, and you have read it before, and whether it all really happened so, I cannot tell, but this is what the landlord told me in the black paneled room, and there I believed it, and any way belief is always so much a happier thing than doubt. And this is the story he told:

"Once upon a time the King's forest spread away from the river for miles and miles, and his deer lived in the wood. Now in those days Goring was known as Little Nottingham, because it was to all these parts even what Nottingham was to Sherwood Forest, and just as Robin Hood roamed there, so here in those old days lived a robber who hunted men, and what was worse, the King's deer. Right here did he live in this very inn which is hundreds and hundreds of years old, and hard by was a mill of his, for it pleased him to make believe he was honest, but he was not, for he stole, and with long-bow and arrow he hunted the deer under the great trees, some of which, as you see, grow even yet in the village. So because of his mill and because he came from Mansfield up in Sherwood forest, was he known as Ye Miller of Mansfield. But he was a thief and a robber and he shot — yes, I know, I am coming to that. And once upon a time King Henry came to hunt in his forest and a white deer came through the wood and he followed it alone. Hour after hour did he follow it and by and by the

dark came and the deer was gone, but through the trees the King saw a light, and it was a long way off and it burned right in this window, right there where your hand is, and the King was very tired and very hungry and he came through the wood and he knocked on that door, and the Miller of Mansfield said: 'Come in,' and the King opened the door and asked for something to eat and a place to sleep. And right on that very table, that black one in the corner, was some venison. And the Miller said: 'You may have some of this mutton.' After the King had eaten up all the venison and had had his fill of ale, then did they sit down here by this big fireplace and they told each other many good stories, for really they were both jolly good fellows, and by and by the King was sleepy, so the Miller told him he could sleep in the loft with his son, for that was all the place there was for him, for of course the Miller did not know it was the King; and that the King did.

"In the morning they were all talking and laughing together on the bench outside the door, when up came Henry's men and knelt before him. Then did the Miller know that it was the King, and he fell on his knees and begged that his life might be spared, for he knew he was worthy of death because he had killed the King's deer. But the King said: 'Give me a sword,' and the Miller begged harder than ever, but the King took the sword and

the Miller fell flat on the ground, and then the King touched him on the shoulder and said, 'Rise, Sir Miller of Mansfield.' And so the Miller became a knight and ever after lived an honest life. And that's why this old inn has ever since been known as Ye Miller of Mansfield Inn."

If you like this sort of a town you will want to stop at Sonning where there is another wonderful vine-covered tavern, and where roses grow as you never saw roses grow before unless you've been in California or Hildesheim. Out from Sonning a road leads into the back country, arched for two miles, and maybe more, with elms more splendid than any Sherwood Forest can show, and where over the hedges are wide fields of yellow grain, and coming out of the level land and processioning into the distance is a line of great trees lifted against the sky. Here in the wind, and the sunshine that moves now and then across the fields, is the uttermost joy of England, and when the twilight comes it seems to sin against humanity that it brings to an end such a day as this.

There are no rivers in England that afford so sharp a contrast in certain of their aspects, and so pronounced a likeness in others as the Wye and the Thames. At Monmouth, at Ross, and here and there along the upper valley of the Wye, the fair fields, the beautiful curving banks, the distant hills,

and everywhere the trees, recall the witchery of the Thames, but in all other ways the two are wide apart.

The English have a reprehensible trick of calling various bits of their country after certain places upon the Continent to which they fancy they can detect a resemblance. The Peak district likes to hear itself called the Switzerland of England (and by the way, there are several other "English Switzerlands"); certain picturesque and precipitous rocky heights in the lake district are known, at least locally, as the English Alps; and the Wye is termed "the Rhine of England." Now all this is misleading and unnecessary. If the traveler wants to see scenery like that of Switzerland he will go to Switzerland, and not linger among the little hills of Derbyshire or even the thousand-foot precipices of the Lakes. And if he wants such views as can be found upon the Rhine, he will not be satisfied with a near-Rhine. Moreover there is no need of comparison, for all these English hills and English cliffs and English rivers have a definite and compelling charm that is all their very own, a charm that delights and satisfies, not because it is a little like something else, but because it is unlike everything except itself. The valley of the Wye is beautiful with a beauty and atmosphere of its own, and no one can be said to know England who has not followed its winding course.

On the borderland of Wales the valley was for

centuries the scene of the wild forays of the untamed Welsh, and, as on the Scottish border, life long lacked that assured safety that permits a large and settled rural population. Here, as in the north, the people gather around the castles or in the fortified towns, and here as there, the traveler is impressed with the comparative absence of those ancient cottages and frequent hamlets of undoubted antiquity that elsewhere in England form a very conspicuous feature of the landscape. Its warlike past is thus written very legibly upon the valley, and emphasizes the sense of loneliness given at times by densely wooded hills and the wildness that in places characterizes the scenery.

The entrance of the Wye into the river Severn, which in turn broadens out into the Bristol Channel, is guarded by the ancient town of Chepstow, whose market place and narrow streets, full of an oldtime atmosphere, hug close to a castle now in ruin, that in extent and picturesqueness has few equals in any land. Right on the edge of a cliff that the river skirts, the great irregular pile of wall extends for seven hundred feet marked by crumbling tower and massive bastion. Twelve feet thick, these walls are threaded by dark, mysterious passages, and in the midst a moldy dungeon, for it was built, in part at least, in the days of the eleventh century when the lord of the castle was ruler of his domain even to life and death, only so that he furnished his over-

lord, the King, with his quota of men in time of war. Still can you walk the battlements, still can you trace in the great hall the carved work that made it beautiful, and still can you look within the roofless tower where Henry Martin lived for twenty years a prisoner in the days when Charles II was on the throne; for Martin was one of the "regicide judges" who had sentenced Charles I to death. The castle is unique in that it consists of four great courts, one after the other, each capable of a separate defense, but each united by the great outer walls. It is pleasant to walk here when the sun is sloping to the afternoon. In the first square, which you come upon through an ancient door, blackened, worm-eaten, iron-studded, grows a walnut tree, the largest tree in England, spreading its shadow into every corner of the court. A hundred and thirty-seven feet is the spread of its twisted branches, which are propped up at intervals by great stakes. On one side latticed windows, whose sills are banked with flowers and where white curtains hang, look strangely out of the place in the warlike wall. And here, in just a tiny corner of where life was once lived in so large a way, the caretaker has his home, and his little children play in the grim old places.

Northward from Chepstow the valley road stretches under enormous oaks and elms, screened from the river by the wood of a great estate but full of compensation in the broad and shadowed meadow

lands that roll upward on the left. Three miles of this white road amid the green shadows and you leave the carriage at a gate that lets upon a path through a jungle of forest. Low branches slap your face, rabbits scurry across the way, and the woods are full of the sounds of the disturbed little people of the trees. Always upward the slippery pathway climbs, until without warning it lets you out upon the greatest view in England. You are on the Wyndcliff, and straight down, a thousand feet less thirty, the Wye swings by in an enormous circle. From a railed platform of rock nine counties lie in view, and the roofs of many cities. Baedeker calls this "one of the finest views of river scenery in Europe," and I know nothing comparable except the great sweep of the Danube seen from the Walhalla near Regensburg. But who can describe a view?

Beauty of another kind is right at hand. An extraordinary path creeps down the side of this gigantic cliff. From the platform you plunge into a twilit opening in the dense undergrowth, and soon are clinging dizzily to a handrail that guards a stairway fastened mysteriously to the rock. Presently this drops upon a mossy path slanting down under the shadowing trees that in some way find room to grow among the rocks. In and out among the fallen boulders the way hugs the wall of Wyndcliff; ivy trails everywhere; rivulets ooze from the fissured stones; steps cut in the rock help downward;

bridges precariously span deep crevices, and at last dizzy and breathless, but delighted, you find the end in the little garden of Moss Cottage all a-light with the flash of thousands of nasturtiums. And in the midst is a little arbor where tea is served, tea that by the sign is "freshly mashed."

Three miles along the river, and in a narrow valley of the hills lies Tintern, the most beautiful ruined abbey in England save Fountains, more beautiful even than much-vaunted Scottish Melrose. The low hills rise about it in such varied outline, the river flows by its walls so peacefully, and the little hamlet that huddles near is so unspoiled, that the scene quite takes possession of you and puts you in fitting mood for the great interior. Go there at evening, and alone. Wonderfully impressive are the roofless walls which tower immeasurably in the rock-haunted twilight. The beautiful arches of the windows are still intact, and through them the purple hills seem close at hand. Lonesome, nameless graves are under the grass of the long aisle and round the silent walls of the cloisters, and when the moon looks over the hill and faint pale shadows fill the solemn spaces it seems as if there might come back the monks of long ago and you half fear, half hope to see the cowled procession steal up from where the shadows lie the deepest, and you listen unconsciously for the first faint note of Latin chant.

A railroad runs through all the valley of the Wye,

but of course no sensible person takes it. The carriage road from Tintern follows closely the river that for some miles finds its way among low, densely wooded hills that make what English writers proclaim one of the loveliest portions of the trip, but which present nothing of interest to the American familiar with similar scenes by the score. Farther on, however, the hills retreat, and hedges and green fields, where the huge white-faced Hereford cattle graze and trees stand singly or in groups as if placed by an artist's hand, take the place of the forest. Thatched farmhouses and tiny villages fill distant hollows dim with soft September haze, and the landscape assumes that peculiar and tranquil charm found only in the open country of England, and presently Monmouth comes into view, as compactly built as a continental city, its walls of cream and roofs of red a striking picture among the pointed poplars and against the blurred background of the hills. The most beautiful fortified bridge in England, dating from the twelve hundreds carries the road over the river and into the town, a town that it must be confessed does not live up to its promise.

I am dealing in superlatives in telling of the valley of the Wye — the most beautiful view, the most beautiful abbey, the most beautiful bridge, and now once more must I use the word, for ten miles from Monmouth is Raglan, the most beautiful

ruined castle in England, a castle so great, so romantic that I have never found anywhere in Europe a castle that so exactly looks the part. Its mighty walls are surrounded by a vast rampart, now covered by exquisite turf where centuries-old trees are growing. Inside of this is a moat in the midst of which is a lofty tower, part of which is hung from its embattled top to the water's edge with the most luxurious and densest of ivy. Beyond the tower-guarded moat is the castle proper and in fighting days a drawbridge reached between the two, but now walls and towers are but roofless masses of vine-covered ruin that present from every angle combinations full of romantic charm. Raglan was not a mere fortress against the Welsh, but a home of almost regal sumptuousness. You can still tread the stately staircase that led, a spacious flight from the great hall to the chambers above; carved mantels look down on floorless rooms; and a velvet carpet of greensward covers the floor of the banquet hall, with its mullioned but glassless windows reaching up to where once an arched ceiling spread its fanlike tracery over the feasters. Everything attests the vast scale on which life must have moved. The fireplaces in every room, the spaciousness, the beautiful carvings, all give a sense of the unusual splendor, splendor attendant upon existence in this remote castle on the border.

From Monmouth the valley leads through miles

that smile with the same still charm to Ross, an ancient river town. Here there is not much to see, save just the beauty of it all, except the queer old pillared sun-dial on the bridge, the odd, arcaded market house, and the old, old graveyard, where all around the borders of the walks the dead children of the centuries lie buried. Nowhere else have I found this custom. "And why," said I to an old, old man who was walking there at evening, "and why are all the children buried thus?" He leaned on his long cane for a moment and peered at the rows of little mounds as if to find the answer. "Some," said he, "border the walks with flowers, and we with the little ones, and maybe it's the same." Elsewhere have I noticed the fashion in gravestone epitaphs which would have us believe that life was a very dreary thing for those whose resting place they mark, and at Ross there is a peculiarly lugubrious one.

"Pain was my portion; physic was my food.
Prayers my devotion; drugs did me no good."

But the river road does not pause at Ross but still through beautiful scenery finds the way to Hereford, a winning, sedate old town with an exquisite bit of park, some fine old timbered houses and a little cathedral that is as rare a gem of ecclesiastical architecture as can be found in England.

Now of the Wye Valley I have not told the half,

for scattered up and down its length are sleepy towns full of the old life of England that moves no more in its cities and along the tourist track; in half-hidden corners are other abbeys and other castles, and manor houses that tell of the life that was and of the life that is. And this I can promise, if you linger a fortnight among the nooks and byways of this borderland of Wales, every day will give you fresh delight and an insight into land and people that elsewhere you may search for in vain.

V

THE CHANNEL ISLANDS

IF you wish to find the oldest French law that is a vital, potent fact to-day, you will not look for it in France but in England, and in a part of England where the general acts of Parliament are of no effect, where the official language is French, and where French Jesuits, expelled from France, have reestablished themselves under the protection of the English flag that floats over a territory governed directly by a local Assembly, the majority of whose members deliver their speeches in the French language.

You may have to read this paragraph a second time to grasp its meaning clearly, so unexpected to most of us are the facts it states, but, unprecedented though they be, the facts are as set forth, and you can verify them any time you visit the Channel Islands, those beautiful bits of rock and verdure a hundred miles from England, and but twelve from France, where the English flag is flown and the French tongue spoken; those islands that are all but independent, with weights, measures, and copper coins differing from the standard of all countries;

with feudal laws and feudal customs still controlling men and events of the twentieth century; and where many a romance has been enacted, and where a surviving medievalism yet affords the atmosphere for present-day romances that seem grotesquely impossible when enacted by men and women in the unromantic costumes of today, and that are told to the world by telegraph instead of troubadours. Yet the writer watched one act of just such a romance, and by and by, if you read on carefully you will come to the story.

Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney, Sark, Herm and Jethou form the inhabited islands, and on them a hundred thousand people have their homes. There is but one family on Jethou, and Jersey's population is over fifty thousand. Alderney is seldom visited, and concededly does not present enough of distinctive beauty to compensate for the inconveniences of the trip there, but Jersey and Guernsey and Sark possess a peculiar and individual charm of landscape, life and climate that appeal irresistibly to the seeker of places and people that are different.

In the oldest of times there was undoubtedly much the same life as in Brittany and Cornwall, for dolmens still stand on the summits of some of the hills, and the islands were known of Rome. Finally they became Norman, and politically and ecclesiastically were part of Normandy, just as geographically they may be said to be a part of it to-day. As a result

they were exempt from the Norman Conquest. They were of the conquering, not the conquered nation, and they are English now, only because they were Norman then. Norman they have been and in a restricted sense Norman they remain. The charters of their governments were framed by Norman dukes, and when those dukes became English kings there was no reason for a change. And those charters are the island laws unto this day, modified only by such acts of the English Parliament as "the States" of Guernsey and Jersey see fit to accept. Guernsey is an independent State and so is Jersey, each with its own and differing laws, each with its own parliament and courts. In this scheme of government the King of England is represented by a Lieutenant-Governor and the King himself has the right of veto; and from the decision of the island courts, which, by the way, are not necessarily composed of lawyers, appeal lies direct to the King's Counsel, and not to the English Courts. And the King is overlord simply because he is the inheritor of the rights of William the Conqueror as Duke of Normandy, and not at all because he is England's king. Here in these islands survives all that is left of ancient Normandy, for the Normandy across the few remaining miles of channel is but a province of France, with nothing of the power that was, save the vague shadow of a name, while in the islands much of the substance still remains.

The largest estates, "fiefs" were they called a thousand years ago and "fiefs" is still their name, were held directly by grant from the dukes of Normandy in return for allegiance and assistance in time of war, coupled with acts of service and of payment which were never so much in way of compensation as of recognition of the dukes' supremacy. These greater landlords then parceled out their lands to lesser tenants on precisely the same basis. And still are held many acres of these islands in exactly this same old feudal way. Tours was once the capital of French Touraine, and Henry II united Touraine and England. Now Tours had a coinage of its own, and that coinage, though now a thing extinct, has always been and is at present the legal standard of coinage of these island States, so that rents, where money rental is reserved, is expressed in "monnoie Tournais." To obviate the inconvenience of dealing in a currency that no longer had existence, it was settled in 1709 that the value of a "livre Tournais" should be one-fourteenth of an English pound sterling. And thus it has remained, a really simpler thing than changing the old leases and contracts under which so much of the land is held. But frequently money rent was not originally exacted, some other form of acknowledgment of the superior's overlordship being accepted in connection with military service, and as the latter is of course no longer exacted we find only some very curious

payments alone remaining. For instance, one sub-tenant of the holder of a fief in Guernsey owes annually to his landlord one donkey and one cake made from a bushel of wheat. These payments are always exacted and are generally paid without delay, though a case reported in the Guernsey *Star* for April 26th, 1887, and referred to in Carey's "Channel Islands," shows that sometimes it is necessary to invoke the law. In that case either the fief or the tenancy had become sub-divided and suit was brought for the proportional share of rent, which amounted to "one fowl, one-half and one-sixteenth of a fowl, one-fortieth and one-four hundred and eightieth part of a fowl, twenty-eight eggs and three-fourths and one-eighth of an egg," and judgment was given for the plaintiff, who must have found much happiness in his one-eighth of an egg. But ridiculous as this appears, it will be at once apparent to any lawyer that under the prevailing system of tenure the action might clearly become necessary to maintain title, there undoubtedly being a contingent reversionary interest. "And to this day A. Breton of St. Saviour's pays the heirs of the late Miss Guille of St. George a cartload of ashes, (or its money equivalent) and a Miss Bourgaize pays eighteen eels (or money equivalent) to the heirs of Mr. Allen. Messrs. Groves & Son, purchasers of a house in the Commercial Arcade, can be called upon to provide, when required, the rope for

the bell of the parish church; and the Seigneur of Bruneaux de St. Martin is owed by the tenant of one of his minor fiefs a chicken . . . and its tail must be at least one inch long." [1]

Property has changed hands but little and these medieval rents and servitudes are firmly woven into all the titles of the islands, so that change is now all but impossible. As an illustration, the Manor of St. Ouen has been in the family of the Cartarets, who still occupy it, for more than nine hundred years.

To-day, though French coins circulate freely, English money is the only existent legal tender, legal tender everywhere except with the slot machines, which will only disgorge when presented with an eight doubles piece, the only Jersey coinage, which is a little larger than the English penny, though of the same value. If you wanted to buy a pint of milk you would inquire for four noggins; if you wanted to lease an acre of ground you would negotiate for two and one-fourth vergees; if you asked for a yard of silk you would get only thirty-three inches, for twelve Jersey inches only equal eleven English inches; and instead of buying by the bushel you buy by the cabot, but you must be careful which cabot, for there are several, the one for wheat holding ten "pots," while the one for potatoes holds thirteen pots plus a pint and a half.

[1] Carey's "Channel Islands," p. 87.

Here, as everywhere during the medieval period, the churches offered sanctuary to those who had broken the laws of the land. This right was an assertion by the Church, and a recognition by the State, of the former's final and supreme power in temporal affairs. Whom the Church forgave the law could not punish, and from all these island sanctuaries, until the year 1565, a straight road twenty-four feet in width led down from the church to the sea, and in the midst thereof walked many a sinner to a waiting boat and liberty. It was a hundred years after the right of sanctuary was finally abolished that these roads were ordered sold and the land they occupied was merged in the adjoining farms.

The Courts of Jersey and of Guernsey consist of twelve Jurats, who in Jersey are elected for life by the taxpayers who are English subjects and who, as said before, need not be lawyers. Six of these men hear all litigation, and from their decision an appeal lies to the full bench, and from that tribunal to the King — theoretically to the King in person as feudal lord, but in fact to the King's Council. In Guernsey the method of election differs slightly, but the practise is much the same. Several of the holders of the fiefs still maintain their manorial courts for the settlement of petty disputes between their tenants, and they are held with much old-time ceremony attended by "a seneschal, a greffier, a prevost and three vavasseurs."

As is but natural, the relation between France and the Islands has ever remained a very close one, and annually the Mayor and other officials of Cherbourg or of St. Malo, or of some other near-by city on the mainland, are entertained at a state dinner by the authorities of Guernsey or of Jersey. Some years ago I looked in upon a banquet where the representatives of Guernsey entertained in its capital city of St. Peter's Port, the city authorities of Cherbourg. I think the program must have been arranged by the Bailiff, who, by the way, is the chief officer of the island, for the list of toasts read something like this:

The King,	by the Bailiff.
The President of the French Republic	" " "
The Maire and Municipalité of Cherbourg	" " "

There is something about an island that lays hold upon the imagination and enthralls it utterly. Here you naturally expect the most romantic things to happen, and you wake every morning in what seems a perfectly legitimate hope that the incredible will occur before night. By the very nature of things they all seem set apart and dedicated to the mysterious and the romantic, and there is always in one's mind a certain delightful sense of adventure when he fares forth to explore even the most prosaic of them; you feel precisely as you did when, as a

boy, you would undertake a journey to the very uttermost verge of the ten-acre pasture that lay on the edge of the deep woods. And you are not at all surprised, therefore, to know that all sorts of romantic things did happen here in days of old.

Now there is King Charles. Some one has said that clever and good-natured wickedness is the most alluring trait a man can possess, and of a surety, had I lived in the days of Cromwell, I would have been a Cavalier and never a Puritan, and had I not run away, why then would I have fought to the last ditch for Merrie King Charles in spite of his bad, and because of his glad, wild ways. And with a perversity natural to most of us, but which generally we are not frank enough to confess, Charles I and Charles II are to me altogether the most fascinating figures of history. When but sixteen, here to Jersey, in the spring of 1646, came the Prince, sent by his father to the only place in all his realm where the folk were loyal still, and here the boy who afterward became the second Charles met with a certain romantic and discreditable adventure when both he and the year were young. The parish registers have been tampered with (you can see them yet) but there grew up upon the island and in France a lad known as James de la Cloche, and it is also a fact that in after years, when Charles had come to his own again, he wrote this same James, "Should liberty of conscience and the Catholic re-

ligion be restored to this kingdom, you may entertain hopes of arriving to the crown."

Now later on Charles and Louis of France entered into a secret league against Holland and for the overthrow of Protestantism in England. This treaty was known, so circumstances indicate, to this same James de la Cloche. The world's events were moving swiftly then, events that served to arouse the suspicion and alarm of Protestant England. Had the existence of that treaty become known, Charles II would have gone his father's bloody way. At this juncture Charles despatched James on some mission abroad, and thereupon Time draws a line across the young man's name and history records him no more. But simultaneously there appeared in the Bastile the Man in the Iron Mask.

No, your question cannot be answered; Miss Carey argues that he was, and Andrew Lang that he was not, and you and I will never know. And anyway, Charles and James and Marguerite de Carteret, who fell in love with Charles the boy on the island and who lived there till she died at the age of eighty-seven, all have long since forgotten love and ambition and sorrow as they have lain asleep these centuries, so it really doesn't matter. But I wish I knew.

There is another Jersey romance worth the telling. There was a boy named Philip who was born on the island in 1754, and the spirit of adventure

was born in him. Nobody seemed to think him of much account, and he mooned around by himself until when he was fourteen, he enlisted in the navy and went to the wars on the sea. And along came a French frigate and captured ship, crew and Philip; the ship they towed to port, and nobody knows what they did with the crew, but Philip they took along with them to France, where fate decreed that the Duke d' Auvergne should meet him one day, and should take a fancy to him, and should legally adopt him as his son and heir. That sounds brilliant enough, but Fate was not yet through with the story, for it presently moved the Duke into his grave, and thus, just in a little while after barefooted Philip was fishing off the Jersey rocks he had become the Duke d' Auvergne, a peer of France, and the possessor of great estates. When the black anarchy of the French Revolution wiped out the old order, then came Philip back to his old home and he was made a Rear-Admiral of the British fleet, and commander of the island where they thought that boy Philip was not much account, and he lived in the castle on the hill instead of in the little hut by the shore where he was born. But because we are told there is no such thing as luck, and because we are expected to believe what we are told, why, I suppose in some way this story goes to prove it.

From Southampton the steamer brings you first to Guernsey and into the little harbor of St. Peter's

Port, a town that lays its rows of cream-colored houses along the sides of the surrounding hills in extremely picturesque and foreign-looking fashion. It has been the mode from some very distant time when it might have been true, to proclaim that Jersey and its towns are far more beautiful than anything that Guernsey has to offer, but to me the advantages are all with Guernsey. Jersey is far more conventional, and by that same token more commonplace, and it lacks that peculiar charm of the thing unknown which Guernsey so eminently possesses. In Jersey you are continually reminded of something in England, while Guernsey is a composite suggestion of all the Continent. Gibraltar, for instance, is brought to mind as you climb the street to the church of St. James, a suggestion that is heightened by the Union Jack and the cannon by the church door.

An average change of eight degrees differentiates summer from winter, palms grow unprotected in the open gardens of the town, and rose trees heavy with August bloom, and fuchsia trees that blossom through the year thrive by the side of great magnolias with creamy buds; and huge bushes of pink and blue hydrangeas are everywhere.

The street names are in French, and the square houses of stone or stucco look very Continental. A long stone pier runs out into the sea, and then, turning its elbow at right angles, tucks away a little

harbor, protected on the other side by a causeway built out to the island where Castle Cornet stands in partial ruin. Here come and go in early morning the steamers that through the night have rolled across the wicked Channel waters from Weymouth, from Southampton and from the coasts of France. It is a very animated scene as the boats swing in. Everybody from the hotels is in line to watch the newcomers, who in the season arrive daily a thousand strong. Old women and pretty-faced boys carry huge wicker trays piled with the purple and white grapes, ripe figs, yellow peaches and red apples and pears that grow so well on the island. Over the hotels fly side by side the red flag of England and the tri-color of France. From the esplanade by the water a very long, very narrow and very crooked street climbs up the hill, lined by all sorts of little shops. The sidewalks are less than three feet wide, and this, and the crowds, and the French words you see and hear, and the Continental type of buildings, and the trim, uniformed soldiers, all suggest a street in the Brittany town of St. Malo, a suggestion heightened by the way some of the side streets drop sharply down to the sea with a vista of brown rock, or old fortress, or the little harbor where, at ebb of tide, the fishing boats lie keeled upon the sand. Then comes a market set in under the buildings by help of a deep arcade, and here are piles of pink plums, and of figs, some pur-

ple and some green, and enormous clusters of grapes, and flowers in brilliant bunches, and you recall old Bavarian markets or the arcades in Lugano. Farther on there are streets of stone steps that twist up and up interminably just as in far-off Dalmatian Ragusa. And, most perfect illusion of all, there are ways paved with broad, flat stones that lead from the main street, and other ways that angle off again, and for all the world you are in Venice, in those fascinating narrow streets that you come upon when, from under the Clock Tower, you leave the Square of St. Mark and wander on to the Rialto. And where have I seen those picturesque town pumps in the streets, where little girls stand a-tiptoe to reach the long handle? Yes, it is all very foreign and very charming, and St. Helier at Jersey seems decidedly dull by comparison.

But the capital city is only an incident of the island after all. All along the south coast cliff after cliff stands forth in majestic beauty of outline, and in between lie little coves with fringe of snow-white sand, ended by clustered rocks of brown and yellow where brilliant seaweed clings as the tide recedes. Where the cove leads in among the hills often stands a ruined, round tower that in other days was on guard against the French, and just beyond, a little hamlet of whitewashed houses can usually be found under the trees. Here picnic parties love to come, and they bathe in the crested surf and find shelter

under the overhang of great rocks and play at games on the smooth beach. One Sunday, prowling along a lonely bit of shore, I came upon a cave where just within was gathered a group of fisher boys, sinning at cards, for Sunday is a day of Puritan strictness in all the island homes.

To the right of the town, as you follow the coast around, a long and lofty point braves the Atlantic. About its feet, and above the slow heave of the green waters, bare rocks lift their seamed backs, and the white foam comes and goes. Leaving your carriage at a quiet village looking forth on the ocean just where the point begins, you follow a footpath that leads along the edge. It is a clear-cut bit of color that the great promontory makes against the intense blue of the sky and the green-blue water, a place made fit for dawdlers and dreamers by its stillness and beauty and solitude. Not always so peaceful is this coast as on this sunny day, for in the village a sign is posted, a sign of sinister portent: "It is requested that any person sighting a wreck will telephone immediate notice to the life-saving station." And even so, life savers and notices are not always of avail, for hedging round the whole great circle of the island is a line of ragged, half-hidden rocks and little isles where only the sea birds live, and when the fog shuts down no one can know what tragedies go on in the murk. It was in August, 1912, that there was found upon one of

these remoter rocks the battered wreck of a large freighter, the name obliterated by the waves, and the crew missing. No one knew what time she came ashore, no one knew how long she had lain a-breaking there; she had simply found one of the ports of missing ships, and all the rest was an endless silence.

Lonesome as Land's End is Guernsey's western edge. On a moor that goes to the sea a haunted house is slowly crumbling down to ruin. Beyond the cliff a light house on a far rock, and then the crawl of the Atlantic. Along the north coast the fishers mostly live, in low, one-story houses, their floors a foot or two below the level of the road that passes between them and the sea, and in front of each there is always a screen of some thick-growing shrub to break the force of the wicked winds and the drift of the shifting sands. Here seaweed is spread out by the acre that by and by will be sold to the inland farmers as fertilizer. Nearly all these north shore people are French, and here children follow you interminably chanting a singsong refrain of "Penny, penny, *please* sir." While the south shore comes grandly to the water in noble cliffs, here the land is level for miles, and reaches out long reefs far into the sea. And here many forts and towers still tell of the days when war and battle came this way.

The interior of the island presents in many places a curious appearance with multitudes of enormous

greenhouses under whose glass roofs the grapes are ripened for the early London market; and in other places, where the narrow roads dip down among the hills are pictures of extreme beauty. There are very many villages, and to and fro between them these roads twist along as in a maze, sometimes deep in densest shade, sometimes cut between banks covered with ivy or the bloom of flowers, and often so narrow that only at stated places can carriages pass. Here, too, are the "water lanes," peculiar to Guernsey, mere paths by the side of a running brook, and so arched in by wall of hedge and roof of overhanging tree, that they are ever in a green and mysterious twilight where Pixies used to dwell, and where you feel that unquestionably they are living yet.

Yes, Guernsey is surely the best of this island group.

Before moving on from Guernsey to Jersey you should go over the Sark some day on the miserable little steamer that leaves at ten every morning. When I was last there this was the worst, the most uncomfortable steamer anywhere in service on any waters of the globe, but it was quicker than a launch, and for that reason only was preferable. Anyway, the journey is only an hour or so, and one can afford to suffer that long for the sake of what waits at the end. Only I like to believe that if this was anywhere in America, that boat

would be given away for junk the first thing to-morrow, and a clean, decent ship, with comfortable decks, and a cabin amidships would be put on the route the day after. But then, of course, nothing the least like Sark could ever be found in America, and perhaps it would spoil the charm to go there in a real boat. And, besides, you can be comfortable at home, and the zest of travel consists in its variation from the "norm."

When you get there you find the Isle of Mystery, and the manner of your coming is this: Presently, as the little craft slides up and down the long green waves, you rouse sufficiently to discover that you are skirting a most inhospitable shore of yellow cliffs up which no one could ever climb, and at the base of which no foothold is ever offered. All around the island stand these forbidding precipices, and to guard further against intrusion Sark has thrown out long lines of breastworks in the shape of ugly rocks that glower at you over the water, inaccessible needles of stone, or else, just below the surface, stir the eddies to seething whirlpools. It is tremendously exciting to make the harbor when the tide is roaring down the narrow sea lane between the ramparts of rocks and the straight, high walls of the island. Confusion of foam is everywhere, and the dash of waves throw lacy films high upon the brown stone surfaces. Dodging this way and that, finally the steamer swings into stiller water, and when the tide

On the Quay, Sark, Showing Tunnel

is out, drops anchor not far from the curving breakwater that is blended on either hand into the island cliffs. In the center is the narrowest opening into the smallest harbor in the world. Far above you heads are seen along this line of masonry; heads apparently without bodies, for the wall of the breakwater is more than shoulder high above the narrow platform that answers for a pier. Broad, short boats come wabbling out of the little opening, and the passengers spill down into them and the boats turn back and crawl into this most mysterious of ports. Once within and it is like floating on a pool at the bottom of some deep hole. On three sides there rise for hundreds of feet the absolutely precipitous sides of the island, and on the other the sheer walls of the breakwater tower fifty feet above you. At the foot of this is the tiniest sort of a platform from which rise a flight of worn and narrow steps, green with sea slime, that as you look up seem to lead to the sky.

It is all so weird, so uncanny that you begin to feel, as you climb up and up, as if a nightmare were clutching at your heels. But you keep on, and stand at length dizzy and breathless on the top of the quay. Then you perceive that the little harbor is hardly as much as three hundred feet across, and as you look at the half-dozen carriages gathered at the point where the masonry joins the shore you wonder if they flew down. But as you

go toward them you see a tunnel in the cliff, through which lies the only way to the interior of the island from this incredible, dream-like landing-place. Here you know at once is surely a magic island where all sorts of romantic things may happen, must happen, and where you are "a thousand years from the twentieth century."

Up from the farther end of this tunnel a steep road takes its winding way under the heavy shadow of dense trees to the plateau-like surface, that occasionally wrinkles into little valleys where, sheltered from the sweep of gales, grow oaks and elms; but most of the island is comparatively level, and undeniably monotonous. I had read of Sark as a fairy isle of dainty beauty, but could find nothing of loveliness about it, for it seemed stripped for battle with the great west winds and the hammering waves. The vines and flowers of Guernsey and of Jersey are not for this stern place, where only the purple heather spreads its bloom. Some lonely trees stand up above the glens, and here and there a little grove, and once or twice a finely wooded lane; but for these the land is bare, and if you seek for color you must sail around the coast and explore the strange caves where glowing hues lurk in still pools when the tide is out. Across a sunny pasture there runs a crooked path to the slippery summit of a grass-grown cliff, and here, abruptly, you come upon a great black hole, a hundred feet

across, and into which you do not dare to look. And forth from this uncanny place there comes continually a stupendous roaring and moaning, and sounds as of mighty rushing winds about to come forth and leap across the world, and presently in the solitude will this weird uproar of the sea, as it penetrates the openings of the rocks hundreds of feet beneath you, cause a sickening sense of dread of you know not what and you will go with fleet feet on along the edge of shore. And as you go, you will come after a time upon a leveled place where two cannon lie half buried in the earth, cannon of ancient make with all but faint traces of their inscriptions obliterated by the rust. Wander on, and by and by the island breaks in two and over there is Little Sark, and between there and the place where you are standing naught remains but a narrow strip of path, from which, on either hand, the crumbling sides fall away to the surf that beats insistently upon the rocks three hundred feet below.

Five hundred people live on Sark, and there are two hotels, at neither of which are mere trippers made to feel in the least welcome, but which are exclusively, so far as hotels can ever be, for the English people who come here season after season for whole weeks together, and who feel so much at home, and are so evidently of the same caste, that men parade the corridors in bathing suits and dress in

most extraordinary fashion when they come to lunch.

In the very oldest days men lived on Sark, and then, in the Middle Ages, came a time when none was left, and in 1549 a French force seized upon it and made of it for the time being a French possession, to which period undoubtedly belong the cannon I found in the grass at the edge of the cliff. Nine years later, a roaming Flemish fleet captured the island, but finally sailed away and took their prisoners with them, and that was the end of that. But later on, it was in 1565, Queen Elizabeth made of it a fief and granted it forever to one Hellier de Carteret and his heirs and assigns at an annual rental to the crown of two hundred and twenty-five dollars, conditioned that always "forty men at least" should live upon the island. "Representatives of these original forty colonists still exist in Sark, and they hold their land by a totally different tenure from any which prevails in the other islands. The chief difference lies in the fact that though a tenant may sell his holding upon payment to the Seigneur of one thirteenth of its value, he may not share or divide his heritage, which in default of an heir within the seventh canonical degree, reverts to the Seigneur. . . . The Seneschal is now appointed by the Seigneur, and in addition to these two, the only other officials included in the present Court are the prevost and the greffier, while the

simple farmers and fishermen who constitute the tenants of the forty indivisible tenements remain as the hereditary legislators of the island at its Chief Pleas."

Now really, had you the least idea that there was yet a place within the realm of England where your twentieth century difficulties would be adjusted by a grand seigneur, a seneschal, a prevot and a greffier, and in the manner and form prescribed by the great Elizabeth?

The whole mysterious island seems incredible, impossible, a scene for Zenda stories or a new "Alice in Wonderland." Here, in this remote, unheard-of, and all but inaccessible little island you are transported into the days of the Tudors, and yet here, into the midst of this very real medievalism come men with steamer trunks who dress just as the men do in London, and not at all in doublet and hose, and it seems all very topsy-turvy and very curious.

To my unending joy it so chanced that I saw enacted some of the scenes of a really medieval romance when at Sark in 1912, a story I feel at liberty to tell only because it was given to the public by the English newspapers of that summer, and because it became a matter of record in the Guernsey courts.

Driving through the island lanes, we came upon a great domain, where behind walls and hedges there showed above the trees the clustering chimneys of an ancient house. "There," said the driver, "is

the manor of Sark, and there be times when the gates are open and then we know that we can drive through. But of late they're shut. Our Seigneur's the best in the world, sir, but there be times when he's not himself and then none of us dare go that way." Later, on the far end of the island, a tall, disheveled figure started up from behind a hedge, and hailed the driver with "I say, man, carry me down to the boat, for it's getting late and I must make it." "Would I might, sir, but you see I've a fare already," and he drove on more briskly as he said to me, "That is the Seigneur."

And all the while a drama was being played out. Some few weeks before, a young Londoner had come to the island, and on the golf links, or at the pier where attend all the island when the boat comes and goes, he chanced to meet the Seigneur, who, liking him, invited him to the manor. Now here in the lonesome house behind the trees with only her old father and the servants for company, lived the Seigneur's young and lovely daughter, and what more natural than that speedily she fall in love with the handsome man from London. For some time the father appears to have been unconscious of the situation, but on the night before the day we found the manor gates barred to visitors he appears to have suddenly taken her to task. The apartments in the rambling pile that are occupied by the family and their guests are far removed

from the servants' quarters, which are by themselves in a remote quarter of the building. It was after midnight, and the profoundest quiet had settled on the island when the visitor from London was roused from sleep by a wild scream that echoed sharply through the old stone halls. It was followed by another and another. Rushing from his room the young man found the ruler of Sark in the act of hurling his daughter over the balustrade of the stairway to the floor of the great hall below. Then followed a battle in the dim-lit passage, and at last the Seigneur was locked, a prisoner in his room. But what would happen next? No boat left the island till five the next afternoon, and in the meantime the lord of the isle and his seneschal and greffier could easily imprison the pair in the island jail, empty of prisoners though it had been now these many years, and while relief would of course eventually be found, a time uncomfortably long might easily elapse before it came. So they fled through the night and came to a cottage where friendly folk hid them and helped them to escape in a little boat that before the dawn battled its way across the tide to Guernsey. And all the next day the Seigneur searched for them in vain, and just as the boat that afternoon was ready to creep out of the tiny harbor I saw him rush down the pier, and, hatless, leap on board. By noon the next day all Guernsey was enjoying the sensation of a gener-

ation. The Seigneur of Sark was in the Guernsey prison charged with attempt to kill. That morning he had suddenly come face to face with the young man from London, and drawing his revolver, would undoubtedly have shot him to death had twentieth century constables not promptly seized him. At the hearing it was shown that the Seigneur was temporarily insane, and weeks afterward I read in a London newspaper that his daughter had applied to court for the appointment of a guardian to take charge of his estate.

What became of them afterward I cannot say, but I like to hope that the Seigneur recovered to say, "Bless you, my children," and that the three lived—and still live—happily in the great manor house amid the trees.

Two or three hours' steam from Guernsey and you land at the home of the Jersey cows, some of which you are quite likely to find carefully blanketed if you chance upon inclement weather. The island enjoys an almost perpetual spring, flowers bloom in January, and the farmers plant potatoes in February, and a second crop later in the season, while all the year round the sun is more frequently shining than anywhere else in Britain, and all this in a latitude farther north than the northernmost point of the United States.

In the fields bent old women are at work, with faces shaded by enormous black sunbonnets; in the

schools scattered through the dozen or more parishes are gathered little children whose faces are often singularly beautiful; in the harbors red-sailed fisher boats flash in the sunset; shaded roads come down to the water and at places follow the sea; on a bluff above the surf is a castle of such romantic charm that it seems to belong in some pictured fairy tale; and inland are the most curious lanes in the world, and ancient churches and huddled villages; and by the shore are pirate caves, and at one place a churchyard where the white foam blown from breaking waves drips from mighty trees upon quaint tombstones with inscriptions that are still quainter yet.

And still I like Guernsey best of all.

St. Helier itself is a rather dull and unattractive city, and all the little whitewashed villages throughout the island lack the charm of the Guernsey towns, except where, by the curious pointed church towers, the dead have their homes. Many of these churches date from the eleven hundreds and add to the interest always attaching to great age, a peculiar and picturesque architecture.

For two things, aside from its cattle, is Jersey especially celebrated — the beauty of its valley drives, and its entirely unique lanes. But the trouble is that there are fairer valleys all through Devon and Kent and Surrey, and when you have seen something of the same sort that is better, there

is not much ground for enthusiasm over the second best. The lanes are astonishing, and they are like this:

On each side grows a tall hedge that during the years and years since it was planted has come to impenetrable thickness; in this hedge grow immense trees often but a few feet apart, and over the very narrow roadway their branches interlock. Now, by act of the Jersey Parliament it is prescribed just how these trees and hedges shall be trimmed, and if the property owner fails to comply with the law's provisions, then does the government do the work for him, but at his expense. The side hedges are to be trimmed so as to form a smooth, perpendicular wall fifteen feet high. The trees are to be trimmed so as to make a flat, level roof joining the side walls at precise right angles. Thus is formed a long, square, leafy tunnel where the twilight is never broken by the sun. Of course not all lanes are like this, nor do any extend for any very great length — a quarter of a mile or so, I should say, was the longest — but you find them here and there all over the island. They are astonishing, and perhaps beautiful, but after all they become a little monotonous, and after you have seen St. Peter's Valley and Greve de Lecq Valley, and have driven through two or three of the nameless lanes, and down St. John's Oak Lane, which is quite unlike the others, and very, very beautiful, you are quite willing to forego fur-

ther exploration of the interior and spend your time by the shore.

The one drive I like the best is that which takes in the eastern part of the island, for here you come back through the only really charming village on the island, a village that is all but buried from sight under its hundreds of splendid trees, and by a road that leads out gloriously along the sea, and past a bare point of rock reaching out to the sunset, and tipped by an old watch tower now in ruin. This is to your left, and on the right are distant rocks whose steep sides are purple with heather. Beyond the point a tiny, exquisite bay comes in from the ocean, and around its white beach is the irregular cluster of a fishers' village. A little farther on and Mont Orgueil Castle sits high upon a grassy slope, as wonderful a picture against the sea and sky as any land on earth can show. It was on this drive I came upon a living picture of a famous canvas. The sky was full of a green and yellow afterglow, and purple shadows lay under the hedges and touched the brown earth of new-plowed fields. At such an hour the world is very still; and seemingly thrilled by the magic of the moment, a man and a woman paused at their long work, and in the center of a field leaned on their long-handled hoes at rest.

There are several points of beauty and interest along the shore that the visitor should not miss, but there are certain other much-praised places that

your driver or guide will insist you must visit, which can be omitted without loss. For instance, caves. They are scattered about under the cliffs and can be seen, each for a consideration, but what do you want to go for, even if they were the haunts of pirates and smugglers, as I daresay they were? You come back to the summit utterly fagged, bedraggled with the water that drips from the roof, and spattered with soot and grease from the flaring torch that lights your way over slippery stones through a damp and nasty hole; what's the use of it? I'll make an exception, however, in favor of the Devil's Hole, partly because it is not a cave at all, and mostly because of the wild and thrilling grandeur of the spot. You clamber down long flights of steps until at last, in the twilight at the bottom of the great pit, you look out through a low arch in the wall of rock to where the big waves, shot through and through with strange light and color, elbow their way in from the sea. The noise is terrific, and something unusual and horrible sounds in the chaos of uproar. With a hiss as of escaping steam from a thousand locomotives the heavy rollers peer in at you one above the other as they struggle at the entrance. And as one shoves the rest away and marches in upon the rocks at the bottom of the hole the air is actually jarred with the thunder of it, followed in a moment by a hideous, rasping clatter as the loose stones

chase it back down the cavern floor. The thing fascinates like a serpent.

A little inland from the cliffs is a place to see, Les Niemes, a manor house, and not so much for itself as for the unusual loveliness of the approach. From the highway a long lane leads to the door, and this lane in August is the most beautiful I have ever seen. On each side are close set trees of extremely fine foliage, so feathery and of such a pale olive green, that a short distance away it blends into a solid blur of exquisite color. On each side of this long, living arch, grow hydrangeas covered with masses of blue flowers, so that there is presented a vista of delicate green and blue like a specimen of rare and dainty enameling down the aisle of some stupendous church.

Just where the hills come down to the horseshoe of shore that forms St. Brelade's Bay, there lies the oldest church on the island, consecrated in 1111, and holding in its midst a still earlier chapel where fishermen came to pray. Right by the beach the church is standing, and when the tide is in and the winds are at work, the spray sifts down through the trees upon the gray and white stones that mark the graves of generations of English and of French, for both lie buried here, and the grief of those who stayed for a little time behind is quaintly expressed in lines of French or in English verse. How the life

of these fisher people has shaped their thoughts of death is shown perhaps by the following words, carved above the grave of a boy who was only fifteen when, years and years ago, the sea took him.

"Think of a fisher lad, honest and sincere,
Not cast away, just brought to anchor here.
Storms had o'erwhelmed him, but the conscious wave
Repented, and resigned him to this silent grave.
Sailed he from this port to an eternal sea.
Refitted in a moment he shall be
When Time's last signal blazes through the skies.
He now in harbor, safe from shipwreck lies."

There is something in the singular and beautiful situation of this cemetery by the waves that is subtly in harmony with the life of the village and with the way death came to so many of those who are here asleep, for the toll of the sea is a heavy one laid upon those who come and go her ways off this treacherous island coast. At one side of the graveyard wall a short and shadowed lane leads to the sands that lie uncovered for a quarter of a mile when the tide is out, and here, until the tide comes back, pass the wagons piled with the harvest of the sea, the bright and tangled seaweed that on winter nights burns in the wide chimneys of the fishers' homes. Take it all in all, it would be harder to find a sweeter and more solemn spot than here among the graves by the sea at St. Brelade's.

But not always was the island as peaceful as

seems to have been forever this quiet spot, for not only was Orgueil Castle more than once besieged, but in the streets of St. Helier was fought the Battle of Jersey, a fierce fight between an invading force of Frenchmen who in 1781 effected a surprise of the island and the English defenders. It was a short and bloody conflict and ended in the defeat of the French, and with their departure war never came again to Jersey.

There are many old romances and older legends to be told of the island, but not in a single chapter already brought to an undue length. Much also remains unsaid of the island itself and the ways of its people. And much more could be written of its peculiar legal forms and practises, such as that simplest of all known methods for obtaining a preliminary injunction known as Haro, by which any threatened injury to either real or personal property can be instantly averted until the questions of right and wrong that are involved can be regularly adjudicated. The person who conceives that his rights are about to be attacked simply goes upon the scene accompanied by two witnesses and in the presence of these and of the aggressor or his agents or employees, cries out in the best French he can muster, "Haro, Haro, Haro! a l'aide mon Prince, on me fait tort. Je vous ordonne de quitter cet ouvrage." This has the effect of instantly putting the property under the protection of the king, and

of rendering whoever persists in his designs upon it guilty of contempt of court as well as liable for a breach of the peace. As a restraint upon the ill-judged use of this curious remedy it is provided that whoever invokes it without reasonable cause shall be liable for all resultant damages — and they imprison for that sort of a debt in Jersey.

But perhaps enough has been told to make the reader understand how, if he has the gift of imagination, he will feel as if sailing back from the land of yesterday when once more he boards a homing steamer and the islands are finally out of sight beyond the Channel's tumult.

VI

TWO CASTLES OF THE NORTH

AWAY in the far corner of North Country where the world is bared to the stroke of the North Sea winds, where the white fog crawls and the cold rain slants over the dim hills, there, once upon a time, was the dominant town of England. And even before that day there was rooted the Christian religion in the years when Rome had gone. It happened thus:

From Ireland the Celtic monks had established themselves very early on the island of Iona, off the Scottish coast, an island where even yet, according to the delicate, colorful prose and verse of William Sharp there lingers the mystic atmosphere of the ancient faith. From Iona, through the passes between the southern Scottish hills, and over the Scottish lakes, was an open road to this eastern shore, and what more inviting refuge than Holy Island, three miles at sea, from which to spread the creed of Christ! Here about 635 was built an Abbey; here St. Cuthbert dwelt, and from here went forth that spiritual force which made the King of North-

umberland, Oswald of the Fair Hand, Christian prince.

Now this Saxon kingdom of Northumbria absorbed all other of the petty northern States, and finally became the ruling power in Saxon England. In Bamburgh, diagonally across on the mainland from Holy Island, was Northumbria's capital, so there is at least some foundation for the claim that has been advanced, that here in this remote and tiny hamlet, was the first capital of England. No place in Britain is richer in tradition than this unfrequented bit of coast; tradition that deals not only with the Middle Ages but with the period at the back of English history. In Northumbria was the northern limit of the Roman Empire. Through its heart runs the great Roman Wall, vast and imposing yet, as it uncoils its mighty length over desolate moors and bleak, untenanted fields. And here, too, are the remains of Roman towns, not merely camps, but fortified towns with forum, and baths and temples and all that went to make up the luxury and splendor that Rome always took with her in her conquests. Very ghostly places these are now, in the quiet of untraveled, far-off hillsides; places, that, as you wander over their worn pavements and note the pillared outline of the fallen buildings, make you think of distant Pompeii transported on a small scale to this northern land.

And Arthur and his knights came this way, for

Bamburgh, the Town and the Castle

the old tales have it that Bamburgh was the castle of Joyousse Garde. And after them came the Normans, and then the flaming centuries of Scotch invasions.

And how do we come to it to-day? This is an empty coast, and little stations by the railroad serve the fishers along the shore and the farmers scattered on the wide hills. Three hundred and seventeen miles north of London you leave the train at the village of Chathill where a spur of track goes out to Sea Houses, a fishing settlement only a mile or so from Bamburgh town; or coming south from Edinburgh you drive four or five miles across a lonesome land from Belford to your quest by the sea. You will not be made welcome, for Bamburgh is reserved for those English folk who have appropriated the place by right of discovery and come here year after year to find the utter seclusion and quiet that the English people love. The chances are that at both of the primitive hotels you will be told there is no room, and although practically every house in town takes lodgers, there will be scant accommodation for you. But after all, there is nothing to get indignant about. If Bamburgh should become popularized, should become a resort of trippers, or of Americans with their strange ways, the English visitors who really support the place would move on to a yet remoter frontier, and all the ways of village life would be changed; and why should they be

subjected to change, when all Britishers instinctively, and properly enough, utterly detest it?

Around a wide, fan-shaped common, cluster low, gray stone houses. In one corner the square-towered church shows through the trees with the gravestones all about it, and where the common narrows toward the sea, there are the turreted walls, and the huge and massive keep of the great castle. The ground slopes up to meet it, and then pitches down again sharply to the water two hundred feet below. When the tide is out, broad and level sands extend for a quarter of a mile to the edge of the surf, and here, in a temperature that sends Americans to overcoats and blazing grates, the English paddle in the icy waves. Turn back from the sea and look up at this stronghold whose tremendous walls are piled upon the cliff for a stretch of twelve hundred feet and more. Incredibly forbidding, its great stones are to-day as defiant of time as they were of old to the enemies whose tramping hosts did battle at its gates. But looking close, you will see far up the wall above the narrow slits whence arrows used to seek the armor's joints, an open casement where a white curtain flutters like a flag of truce. For the lord of the castle, a peer of England's realm, lives in this grim fortress by the sea. Across the drawbridge, through the gate where the portcullis shows its teeth above you, you ride into memories of Launcelot and Guinevere, of

magicians and enchanters, of William Rufus, of sieges, of repulses and attacks, and of dead and gone kings and queens, and sainted men, and others not, whose presence here seems in some odd way to have spelled into the courts, and rooms, and long bleak passageways not a little of those strange things that made their lives; and as in a daze you see the table in the dining hall set out for modern people in modern glass and silver and napery, and you are not quite sure which is the dream and which the true.

Here Saxon kings maintained their savage state, and here Northumbria's power fell crashing when the blond-haired soldiers of Athelstan rushed the gates in 924. Through fog and night the war galleys of the Danes crept past the castle walls, and made the countryside a waste. The Normans came, and from the towers anxious eyes watched the men of William Rufus build a lofty fort from the trunks of trees felled in the nearby forest, until at last it overtopped the walls, and Bamburgh fell and the dead defenders dangled in chains from the gates, and the Saxon power in the north was forever crushed and broken. Then for four hundred years the wild warfare of the border went on about it, and like a pawn upon a chess-board Bamburgh passed and repassed between the control of Scot and English. In the Wars of the Roses it was battled for again and again, and twice the Lancastrian Queen fled from

the postern gate that let upon the sea, and escaped to the islands and thence in time to France.

On the rocks off shore, our own Captain John Smith was wrecked once on a time, and, saved by a fishing boat, was nursed to health within the castle walls. And brave as Captain Smith always said he was, brave as the Percys and the Bruces, brave as any man who ever fought for Bamburgh, so also was a slip of a girl who lived in a cottage out beyond the gates, and who now lies dead in the graveyard by the church.

In 1838 William Darling was keeper of the light on one of the near-by islands. No one lived there but himself and wife and their daughter Grace. For days before September 7th a wicked gale had raged across the North Sea, and on the mainland Bamburgh's walls dripped with the spume of the waves. On the morning of that day the little steamer *Forfarshire* was staggering up the beating seas and when opposite Harker Rock, a mile or so from where the Darlings watched her rise and dip, her engine broke, and helplessly she drove to where this rock was sheeted by the foam. For a moment she hung, then broke in two, and all her after part slipped down with forty of the crew to the still, deep waters where they are lying yet. But nine men were clinging to the bow that held its grip upon the rocks. Then Grace and her father launched the lighthouse boat. You know the rest; how the nine men were

saved, and of how the world rose to honor this girl who in that little boat had braved the storm that sunk a ship.

In four years she died, only twenty-seven, and in the simple family plot she lies buried. Over her is raised a stone vault, upon which, and under a not very attractive canopy, her effigy is laid. In the village and at Sea Houses yet live many of the family, for they were and are a simple folk who fare not forth for fortune or adventure, but are merely ready to do their duty as it comes, and if need be lay down their lives for State or fellow men in that quiet, unassuming way that history over and over again has shown runs in the English blood.

We are told by men who ought to know that back of every tradition, of every superstition and of every folklore tale there lies a fact, and I have wondered not a little what the truth might be that forms the foundation for the fantastic legend of the "laidly worm" that has for centuries been connected with Bamburgh.

Long, long ago when some forgotten Saxon king here held his court, his queen, upon a morning green with June, lay dead, but a tiny prince and princess were left behind by death for him to love. The children grew into a youth and maiden of exceeding promise, and the boy was, after the manner of the times, made page at some distant court, while the girl stayed within the grim walls, and had suitors

by the score. Then in some far country of his journeyings, the king fell in love with a tall and stately woman, who had been taught by Merlin all the black magic of his art, and presently he brought her home and made her queen. Now the enchantress-queen hated most wickedly the fair Saxon Princess, and by her evil power turned her to a huge and dreadful "laidly worm," or serpent, whose very breath destroyed all life for miles around her lair. Now in distant land Childe Wynde, her brother, had learned the ways of magic from a magician as great as Merlin, and thus divined his sister's plight. Making a ship of rowan wood, proof against all machinations which the queen might bring to bear, he set sail, and after a year and a day came to the great worm's cave, some ten miles from Bamburgh, where soon his necromancy restored the serpent to her pristine shape and loveliness. Whereupon they forced entrance to the castle, turned the wicked queen to a bloated toad, and the old king being dead, they reigned together happily ever after. And here ends the tale of Bamburgh.

Not many hours' journey to the south there is another castle of the North, a castle that some say is the finest feudal pile in Britain, perhaps the world, and all admit has none to share its premier place save Warwick. Here at Alnwick have dwelt for centuries, here still dwell, one of the two or three most powerful and historic families of England, the

Percys, Dukes of Northumberland. From Norman times, until no longer was there fighting to be done, these Percys were ever on the march, and not only did immense personal bravery follow down from father unto son through all the countless generations, but to each seemed given the gift of successful leadership. Wherever heads were to be broken a Percy was there, and through the centuries of border warfare, some Percy was ever afield. Boys in their teens led armies to victory. They fought in England, in Scotland, in France, in Flanders; wherever the English banner floated over a camp, a Percy was beneath it. You all know how Shakespeare tells of Hotspur in "Henry IV," and Hotspur is, even now, the hero, the idol, of all Northumberland.

The town of Alnwick (and unless you pronounce it "Alick" you will never get there) is reached by a branch railroad some five miles from where it leaves the main line. The village proclaims as strongly as any town in England the days when walls still encircled it. In a small walled city there are always few cross streets, for there is no place for them to go. An open space, half street, half market-place, usually extends between the two main gates, and the houses are built close around it. Between the backs of these houses and the walls there is generally room for but another row of buildings, and these are reached by narrow passages that lead to

the main street under the second story of those houses that abut there. These passages are termed "courts," and very quaint of name are the most of them. And now, though the walls are gone, this is the manner of town Alnwick is. Cold and hard of color, as are all these places of the north, it is still full of atmosphere and the savor of the past to one who reads aright the manner of its building.

Just outside the town is the enormous stretch of the castle, not lofty and picturesque like Warwick, but of incredible size, its low and interminable walls covering five acres in extent, and presenting a fair and very interesting picture when seen on its green hill from across the little river that catches here and there in its still pools mirrored bits of tower and turret. Very peaceful it seems now in the beauty of its great park, where the sheep feed, and picnickers eat their luncheon. As if to guard the walls, graven images of men at arms stand upon the battlements, about whose long reach are sixteen massive towers. Within the forbidding gateway all is as tremendously imposing as without.

To give in detail an account of the hundreds of rooms, the dungeons, the halls, and all the varied apartments where ancient life went on, and where so very different a life moves to-day, would be but to weary the reader. Rather should Alnwick be studied not as an individual specimen, but as a type of that form of architecture now obsolete, which

expressed the life of medieval man more accurately, and from which we can judge more clearly of his ways, his needs, conditions and necessities, than from any other survival, save possibly his great cathedrals. At its inception Norman England was simply a seething ferment. The land was occupied, but the people were yet unsubdued, or more accurately, were yet unsubmissive. During the twenty years that followed the battle of Hastings it is stated that over a thousand castles were built throughout the country to hold the Saxons in subjection and to protect their Norman occupants from attack by their Saxon people.

The space selected was first encompassed with a great wall, a huge stone fence of enormous thickness, and of sufficient height to prevent the successful use of scaling ladders. One or more gates afforded entrance, surmounted by towers from which the defenders could fight to advantage, and close by massive, iron studded doors, and by a portcullis, or barrier of iron bars, which slip up and down in grooves cut in the stone sides of the gateway. Over the gate were one or more rooms, in the floors of which were holes through which boiling pitch or lead could be poured on the enemy if perchance he forced the entrance. Around this wall a ditch was dug both wide and deep, and here water was made to flow, and across this moat drawbridges led to the gates, bridges that could be lifted by chains worked

from within the castle. Inside the wall, and sometimes abutting upon it, and thus carrying it much higher, was then built the keep, or stronghold, in the shape of a mighty stone tower, often rising to the height of a hundred feet, and here were the family living rooms — bed chambers built often within the tremendous thickness of the walls; the rooms of state; the armory, the cellars and magazines for provisions; and far below ground the dungeons, where, chained to heavy staples, the captives who were too important for instant killing lived out unhappy days.

Around the keep were the various towers and buildings used in the housing and maintenance of the small army of servants and retainers on which the life of the place depended. Such was the general plan of all the feudal castles, not only in England but on the Continent. They served, however, a dual purpose; not only were they places of refuge and centers of aggression, but they were homes as well. Here women lived, here children were born and bred, here passed the owner's leisure hours, and here pleasure must be found and friends invited. Life in these strongholds is sometimes pictured as dull. I doubt it. For every spurring horseman was bringing tale of the camp and field, and the wandering monk the eager gossip of the next parish. Up and down the land were always moving the minstrels with song and story and the welcome tales of what was said and done in the castle where they stayed

last night. With falcons on wrists the lord and lady set forth to the hunt, and every day was a fresh adventure. Tapestries covered the stone walls of the chambers; fresh rushes were laid on the floor; and eventually beautiful work of carven stone was made to uphold the fireplaces where huge logs aflame added their light to the tapers on the walls. When real war slept, knighthood battled in tournament, and chivalry enhanced woman's comfort and distinction. The little ones were rocked to sleep, and fond mothers embroidered their little clothes. As they grew older they played at ball and horse and war, and when they were naughty they were whipped, rather oftener and more severely than now, and the boys were taught, more than is generally supposed, and the girls as well, and after a rather merry time (unless their castle chanced to be captured), they rode away their several paths to knighthood or to matrimony.

And this is what life at Alnwick was. To-day, descendants of those fighting folk of old drive their great touring cars under the hanging portcullis, and for week-ends there gather here crowds of England's most brilliant men and women. The tapestries still hang on the walls, but silken rugs have replaced the rushes on the floor. In the fireplaces logs still snap and sparkle, but electric lights blaze from the ceilings. The armor rusts in the hall, and potatoes are stored in the dungeons. Vaudeville stars sing

for the Duke's guests in the place of the troubadours, and men and women in evening clothes fox trot in the great hall. Nowhere in England is life gayer or more brilliant than in this castle of the North.

This life overflows the walls, and on fête days, all the village dines in the castle court, or under arches of flowers greets a coming bride, or aids at the christening of an heir. Still is Alnwick a feudal town, for the life of the castle dominates it completely, the people of the castle taking a direct and intimate interest in the corporate life of the village, and the individual lives of the villagers. If Jones's son is going-blind, a noted oculist will soon be among the week-end guests. If Jones falls helpless, his income does not stop. If Tommy is especially bright, Tommy is sent away to school; and so it goes.

Old customs still survive, and on Shrove Tuesday there is played, as there has been played for centuries, a game of football between teams chosen from the two rival parishes of the village. The Duke's park is then opened to the town, and he provides not only the ground, but the ball. "The Committees receive the ball at the barbican of the castle from the porter, and march to the field headed by the Duke's piper. Here the contest takes place, after which there is a fine struggle for the possession of the ball."

In short, at every turn we find the village life

dominated by much of the old feudal circumstance, and completely overshadowed by the life of the castle. And after watching I am not so sure that it is not a happy and contented way to live. Not everything in the olden times was bad, nor are all of the survivals of the past to be deplored.

VII

SOME CATHEDRAL TOWNS

LIFE was tremendously interesting in England in those days from the coming of Norman William to the passing of Elizabeth. It was a life of dramatic intensity of emotion, of sensation, of events. It was a life that thrilled to the romances of the Court and of the great, and stirred to the intimate tragedies of the street. It was a life broader than ours because responsive to boundless imagination, not to hampering facts — any environment is richer in possibilities that includes magicians and ghosts, evil spirits and good, and into which come acceptations of mystery, and the activity of fiends and angels in the daily things of life. Unknown worlds lay even in the next county, and pilgrimages and crusades guided the race-old *wanderlust* not into tame and heard-of paths, but always to the little known, where terrific and fascinating adventure ever lay in wait.

It was an exciting life; tournaments paraded heroes to the popular gaze, and at real war the peasant could see clanging lines of armed knights

silhouetted against the yellow-green sky at sunset, or hear them pass in the wind at night. It was a life of color. In purple and gold came the King to town, and crimson pageant marked the great days of the city. Flower-wreathed poles stood on the village green in May, and the splendid processions of the Church came and went on many a festival.

There was much to hear and see. Minstrels sang in the market place of the days and the things of old, and of the times that were; some poor devil was always in the stocks, or with bloody back was whipped from gate to gate, and there was always the possibility that that woman next door would soon take her turn in the ducking-stool. At night to the tavern door came pilgrims from afar on journey to noted shrine, and pleasing the tales they told. Miracle plays, teaching to an accepting faith, moved the emotions of the crowds; trained bears dancing in the streets were a keen delight. And always was rife the speculation about where Jack got his money; might he not take at times to the forest paths where lonely travelers were known to come — and stay? And would Mary marry John, and all the little this-and-that which differed not much from now. Life was very full and very intent and very vivid when the English race was in the believing years of its youth, and it did not matter much if sometimes nights were cold, and money scarce; and as for work, why as it was in the beginning, is now and ever

shall be — work will never be else. And there was so much to see, and, most of all, was there so much to believe, that I half think the robust rascal of the Middle Ages would die of ennui in a model tenement, and would choose to start back at once for his leather jerkin, and bit of bread and pot of ale and the rest of that life of long ago which, even if uncomfortable, was brimful of interest from dawn till the twilight came.

In this medieval life religion was a dominant, probably the dominant factor; and because it laid such hold upon the daily lives of the people, and was so incorporated with their every act and thought, it was possible to build those great cathedrals that make beautiful every district of England.

In the first place, there were no conflicting expressions of religion; there was only one creed, one faith, one church. It was a church into which every one was born, and was God's visible and accepted agency of help to humanity against the machinations of a personal Devil. All this came to medieval man as an entire matter of course. He had an absolute belief in the power of Satan operating against him individually, and in temporal as well as spiritual affairs. The evil powers of the air were able and anxious to defeat his every undertaking and could be prevented only by the intervention of a higher Power and of His angels. He believed the events of his daily life were entirely in the control

of supernatural forces, either benign or malign. Self-preservation demanded, therefore, that he array on his side the forces for good. There was an agency through which this could be done, and that agency was the Church. And not only was its agency to be had here, but its saving grace could be still further invoked for all the long eternity of the life to come.

Once grasp this point of view of the medieval mind, and it becomes at once apparent how it was possible to erect those giant churches, the building of which was not at all a matter of priestly coercion, but a spontaneous act of the multitude, actually loving in a personal way that God to whom they believed they were indebted for such pleasures as they had, and whom, frankly, they wished to incline to further favors by propitiatory gifts.

Moreover, every man possesses, latent or otherwise, the sense of beauty and a desire for its expression. To the peasant of the Middle Ages, religion was the one means through which this expression could be made. It was all of the beauty that came into his life. The service was beautiful, the vestments and utensils of worship were beautiful, and the house where worship had its home was to be made beautiful by his help, and it thereupon became in a measure his, for he had contributed to its beauty. Not unnaturally has a great English Prelate called this "the golden age of English church-

manship," because clearly it was the age of faith with works.

Where best may these cathedrals be found to-day? To answer this question fully and then describe the buildings themselves would be to add yet another book to the many that deal with the subject. All that I shall try to do will be to tell of those that seem to me to be most beautiful or most characteristic; Durham, Lincoln, York, Ely, Canterbury, Winchester and Salisbury. Many others there are of great grandeur or exquisite setting or fascinating historical association, but each of those that I have named is likewise endowed with beauty or tradition, and moreover, with the possible exception of Ely, is in the midst of a town that in itself has some special attribute of interest. Indeed, city and cathedral must be considered together, as it is only when read as one that the tale is made plain that they tell of the men who therein expressed themselves and their point of view.

In the far north country is Durham, and where the river Wear cuts its way across the town, there on the bluff the Normans built their castle and their church, "Half house of God, half fortress 'gainst the Scot." For some eight centuries the enormous towers have looked down on their clear reflection in the still, black waters, while life and affairs have so altered their course that in the swift current of to-day we catch but blurred and broken shadows of

the times and of the mental attitudes that once found those towers an adequate expression, an intelligible symbol.

Men are always more interesting than stones, and the way to get the most out of these majestic cathedrals is not only to regard them for their intrinsic beauty, but to try and read from them, as from giant hieroglyphics, the story of their builders, which, unconsciously, those builders made them express. Durham cathedral, for instance, is not only a picture to dream over, but an interpretation of the ways of living and of the thoughts of the men of Durham town during the years it was building and the centuries directly succeeding its completion in the eleven hundreds. Let us see what the cathedral looks like to-day, and then what it can tell us of the men who made it.

From the station the vast pile of church and castle lifted up upon the opposite hill presents as dramatic and splendid a picture as can be found in Europe. The castle comes as a surprising adjunct to the view, for the thought of the cathedral has so overshadowed our anticipations of Durham that the presence of this venerable and picturesque fortress has not been given in our mind the important place it really occupies in completing this presentment of a medieval city. From the little green court across which we come to the entrance the view is impressive only because of the realization it brings of enormous

size, a realization gained from the great sweep of the low roof that is seen from this point in its full length of over five hundred feet. Seen from here the cathedral is not beautiful, merely huge.

The interior is at first a disappointment. The stone, either by whitewash or its inherent color, is the hue of dull yellow ocher, and the bareness is intensified by many plain glass windows. It is too light. If ever I build a cathedral it shall be of red or of brown stone; never, never shall its walls be cleaned; only dimly shall it be lighted; and within shall solemnly reign a perpetual twilight, beautiful and mysterious. Durham is not Gothic, but of the heavy, massive Norman. The low roof is upheld by squat columns of gigantic size, rather rudely cut with diagonal or criss-cross lines. But after a while as you sit and gaze, a certain warmth creeps out of the yellow stones and above the distant choir you find a tinge of violet lurks, and there comes to you a sense of the stern majesty of the place, a majesty inseparable from bulk and vastness; and finally you will recognize in the great cathedral a fitting symbol of the power that for so long a time was exercised from its Episcopal throne.

It seems to me that in northern England the sternness of its climate, the chill of its gray days, and the cold color of its atmosphere, are reflected in the architecture. The houses are but barren blocks of stone, not at all like the quaint and homey cottages

of the south and the midlands, and this most northern of the great cathedrals of Europe is in full harmony with the region where it stands; in harmony too, as it lords it on its stately hills, with the majestic part it has ever played in history. I doubt if any other church in the world has columns of such stupendous girth, and the wonderful vista, five hundred feet in length, obtained down Durham's aisle between these monstrous pillars has been well likened to "the colonnades of Egypt in its titanic pomp."

But, save when seen from the river, Durham lacks beauty. It is colossal, overwhelming, but beauty demands something more than immensity and perfection of proportion — it demands color, and this Durham does not have. The view from the river, however, is a very different thing. When you come down from the town and have followed the quiet, shady path that skirts the opposite bank, and come all unexpectedly upon the vision of the great towers facing the sunset and capping the tree-covered cliff, with the castle of the conquest on beyond, then you are looking upon the fairest cathedral picture in Europe.

Now in the days just after the Norman line had been firmly established on the English throne it was a far cry from London to this distant region of the border, and a long reach for the king's arm to defend these northern lands against the incessant in-

vasion of the Scots. To meet this condition the King created the Bishops of Durham prince-palatines of the realm, and "thenceforward for four hundred years they were the judicial and military as well as the spiritual lords of the people, allowed to rule over a wide surrounding district with almost autocratic powers and privileges. They owed the King feudal service, but they owed him little else, and with the Bishop vested the power of life and death even when murder or treason was in question." [1]

Thus these Bishops lived as princes in their great castle, surrounded by a pomp and circumstance almost regal in its character.

As an incident of this power, the old right of sanctuary that in varying degree was vested in every church reached here its greatest development because of the power of the religious authorities to enforce it. A criminal, fleeing from the King's justice, might be wrested with impunity from the protection of a handful of monks in some obscure parish, but even the King's armies might well pause at the command of the most powerful prelate of England.

On the great door of Durham hangs a huge iron knocker, a head with bristling hair and great empty eyes. Seven centuries has it hung there, and until the throne became finally dominant over the church,

[1] Van Rensselaer's "Handbook of English Cathedrals."

it was the symbol of safety to every fugitive fleeing the law he had defied. By night, lights burned behind the vacant sockets of the eyes to guide the criminal to safety, and by night and by day two brothers were ever on duty at the door to admit the suppliant. Often would the friends of some more powerful offender form a body guard and escort him to Durham, beating off the officers of the law who would claim him. Once within the building, he confessed his sins in the presence of witnesses and was thereupon allowed the liberty of the church and monastery for thirty-seven days. At the end of that time he was given a cross of white wood and a passport to the nearest seaport, and no one could touch him while he journeyed by the nearest way down to the sea. "At that place he shall tarry but one ebb and flood if he may have passage, and if he cannot have passage he shall go every day into the sea to his knees and cry, 'Passage for the love of God and the King,' and if he may not within forty days get passage then shall he get him again into the church as the King's felon."

This custom had its origin in very remote times, certainly as early as the days of the Saxon kings, and generally was a grant by a king to the monastic establishment in charge of a church, in the nature of a parting with some of his power to the ecclesiastical authorities; a gift to the Lord, possibly in payment of a vow, or as a propitiatory sacrifice, or in ex-

change for prayers for his success, or the like. Emphasizing as it did the power of the Church over the temporal authorities it is easy to see why the Church jealously defended it, and why little demand arose for its abolition in those days when false accusation was not unknown for purely political reasons.

Another element that contributed to the prestige of Durham, and added not a little to the prosperity of its merchants, was the fact that, from Saxon times until murdered Becket was sainted at Canterbury, there was here one of the most popular shrines in England. Nowhere in Europe was the custom of pilgrimages so widespread as in England; there were holy wells, and graves of saints, all most efficacious for wiping out the stain of sin from the pious traveler. Here in the cathedral at Durham, St. Cuthbert lay buried, and over his tomb his tattered banner hung; and at the sacred wells the bishop held at stated intervals services of absolution, a very ancient portable wooden altar used in these services being found not long since, buried under the floor in the grave of some forgotten prelate.

As the roads were chiefly used in the Middle Ages for the purpose of making these pious pilgrimages (traveling for pleasure being impossible and unknown), the construction and maintenance of highways and bridges became as much a religious duty

as was the building of church or chapel up to which the highway led. All over Europe, therefore, the making of roads and bridges devolved logically upon the ecclesiastical authorities. In the archives at Durham are preserved many records which show how the Bishop induced his people to help in this good cause. For instance, in 1311 forty days' indulgence was granted all who "will draw from the treasure God has given, to give charitable aid to the repair of Botyton bridge." And on another occasion all penances were remitted to those "who shall help by their charitable gifts or by their bodily labor, in the maintenance of the causeway between Brotherton and Ferrybridge."

There is a very beautiful twelfth century bridge still standing and still in use at Durham, an eloquent witness to the thoroughness of that workmanship which religious zeal inspired.

There is a great temptation to linger yet longer at Durham, to tell of the interior of the old castle now a private school, and to delve into the wonderful archives where are still preserved accounts and records, letters and parchment rolls by the magic of which the present fades away as in a dissolving view, and we can see the old monks among the mighty columns, see the smocked, tow-headed boys bending over their Latin in the free school in the monastery; see the stately Prince-Bishop ride forth with his hundred armed retainers; listen to the minstrels that

sang to him at dinner in the great hall; in short, if we stay here long enough among the musty parchments we can bring back as nowhere else in England, the detailed story of the long ago.

It has been a quarter of a century since I first saw York and slipped through its gates into that enchantment of the past from the thrall of which I have never since quite escaped. Going back to it again but a few months before this page was written, I thrilled to the wonder of city and cathedral just as before; for unquestionably York is the most picturesque and the most interesting provincial city in England. I use the word "city" advisedly, for Canterbury and Winchester have yet the atmosphere of the country, of which their charm and beauty in some way seem a part, while York has near a hundred thousand people.

Chester will dispute this claim I make for York; but Chester is too insistent upon herself, she is too conscious; she puts her past on dress parade, but fails to connect it with the present. She has, of course, ancient buildings and curious streets, but Chester herself, I mean the soul of the place, is modern and noisy and commonplace, and she deceives nobody, unless it be herself, into a belief in her present antiquity. But York is no modern dressed in the borrowed robes of the past. In Chester the old seems out of place, but in York it is the new that is incongruous. Unfortu-

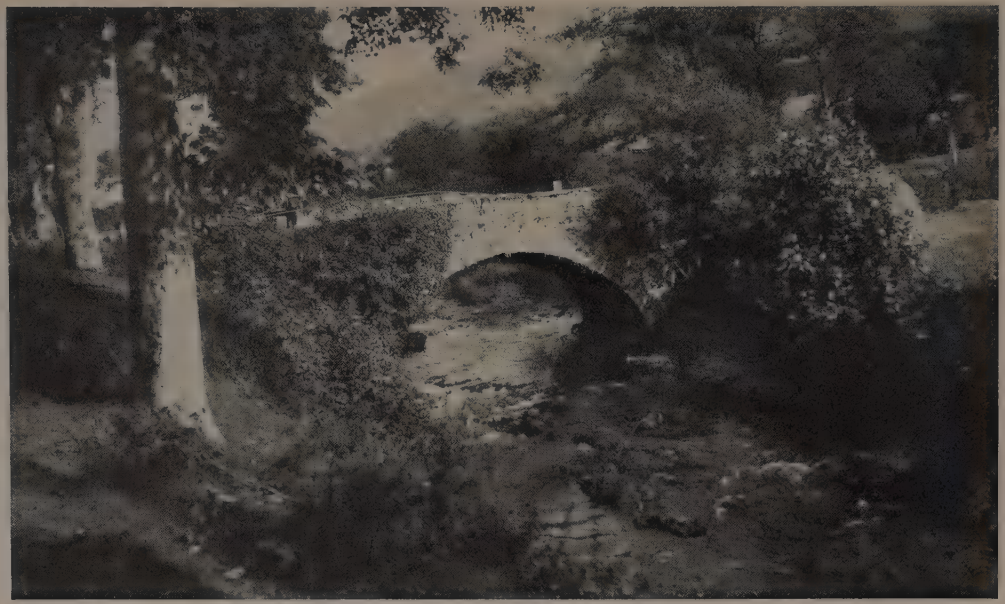
nately there are new things in York. There are some shops, for instance, of iron and glass and paint that are absolutely the most hideous things I have ever gazed upon. And there are other drawbacks. Post-card men prowl by the cathedral and prevent that rapt admiration you fain would give it; and the hackmen, importunate, insistent; these are the thorns that prick one's memory, and prevent York being a perfect setting for the flawless gem of her mighty minster.

But much can be forgiven a town that holds such a church within the wide circle of such ancient walls, pierced by such splendid gates, and jeweled with such a marvel of grace as ruined St. Mary's Abbey. Besides, far in the stony labyrinth of her narrow ways she treasures still intact the two most perfect medieval thoroughfares in England, thoroughfares that for splendid grouping of overhanging gables and somber shadows and great chimneys climbing up through a wonder of graduated light, are equaled by but few streets in Europe. A picturesque poverty overflows from the crowded recesses of these strange buildings and fills the pavement with ragged children and uncouth boys and disheveled women; lean cats flee from mangy dogs, and tipsy men stare from barroom doors; yet, squalid as it is, the life of these two streets merely accentuates their intense picturesqueness.

Driving without the gates you pass the sheep

market, by which the Spotted Cow Inn has stood for centuries, and on your return come by a church so old and crumbling, where the ancient stocks still stand by the entrance to the brier-grown graveyard with its jumble of broken and blackened stones, that you feel as though you must stop and write a romance around it. Down a crooked street you come to Trinity Hall, one of the oldest buildings in the city, the home of the Merchants' Guild, or Exchange, of the city of York, an organization that traces its legal existence back beyond the days of King John, who in 1199 affirmed its charter previously granted. In England, as upon the Continent, these merchants' Guilds were very important institutions vested with certain law-making and law-enforcing rights, this one at York, for instance, having full authority to frame laws for the regulation of trade within the city, and inflict penalties for their violation, a combination of judicial and legislative functions which never found its way overseas to America. As late as 1821 a Mr. Tesseyman was fined by the Guild Court for opening a shop without first obtaining leave, and it was not till 1835 that, by Act of Parliament, the privilege was extended to all citizens to embark in business when and where they pleased without let or license.

The ancient guilds of England always exercised other and independent functions which they still continue. Most of them, particularly those of



On the way to Doone Valley

London, have acquired great wealth, either through the increase in value of their holdings of real estate or the bequests which their members have frequently made to them, so that now they are really great charitable trusts, administering great revenues from immense accumulations, often for the benefit of such deserving members as may be temporarily embarrassed, but more generally for the relief of the families of deceased members, fallen on evil days.

This guild at York, among its other activities, and to preserve the intention of a merchant who died in 1382, pays annual pensions to ten poor men and women of York, selected by the management, and who need not of necessity be in any way connected with the guild.

We are accustomed to think of these Middle Ages as hard and cruel, but all over England are to be found thousands of instances where, in these so-called Dark Ages, men in dying left large sums to provide necessities of life for the poor and friendless. And, as I before pointed out, the fact that these trusts are still carefully administered is one of the most impressive illustrations possible of the supremacy of law through all the changing course of English history.

York had a history, however, before there was an England, for in the centuries of Roman occupation no city in Britain was more important than this, up to which led straight away from London

the great York road, up and down which the Roman legions marched and over whose smooth surface to-day fly the automobiles of the moderns. I have walked some miles along this road of yesterday and to-day, where it leads forth upon the open country, and it is interesting to note the mile posts, cut like steps for the convenience of the man in heavy armor when he mounted his horse. Roman pavements, Roman baths, carvings, jewelry, coffins, all the evidences of Roman life have been found here in such profusion that one can obtain a fair idea of what that Roman life was like without leaving this city of the North.

Aside from the cathedral, the fourteenth century city walls and gates form, of course, the most distinguishing characteristic of York, walls that time has changed little, and gates that are unrivaled for picturesque outline except at Rothenburg. As at Rothenburg, you can walk for several miles along the ramparts, noting the broader places here and there where the machines for throwing stones were placed, and observing the methods of defense provided for the gates. From this point of vantage the cathedral dominates all the town, and even as you walk the streets its vast bulk blocks almost every vista, for here all roads seem to lead to the minster's doors, and its huge towers look down on you from almost every corner.

Impressive without and beautiful within, who can

venture to describe it! Just at the moment of entering by the south transept the most remarkable view is perhaps obtained, for the effect is overwhelming. It is true you are looking only across the transepts, but at the end is the wonderful Five Sisters' Window, more than five centuries old, and whose coloring is as unusual as it is harmonious, being practically of the same soft mouse color as the walls, jeweled here and there with glints of blood red. Having regard to the splendor of its position and its singular blending into the rest of the picture before you, it is to me one of the three or four most fascinating windows in Europe. Other windows in this cathedral, where much ancient glass is still preserved, are richer in color, but none anywhere exceeds it in charm of hue and in distinction of form.

In noble dignity of its Gothic design, in purity of its decorations, and in exquisite harmony of color, York is the most impressive of the English churches. It lacks the subtle beauty of Ely, but yielding to Ely only in this, it yields in nothing to the rest. I am not writing this as an architect, nor do I enjoy the destruction of pleasure by the process of dissection, but I think I am accurately stating the impression made upon the very great majority of travelers by this extraordinary and magnificent building.

Lincoln and York are of the same general type,

and it is not impossible for one familiar with both through photographs, instead of personal inspection, to mistake a picture of one for that of the other. In the old town are old gates, less beautiful, however, than those at York; a few odd corners; some old timbered houses; the wonderful old building with leaded windows of old glass that stands on the bridge which, in the heart of the city, carries the main street across the little river; and best of all, the Jew's House around whose decaying walls lingers the legend of little St. Hugh of Lincoln.

Almost eight hundred years ago this house was built, a mansion then, within which, as in a palace, dwelt a Jew, the richest in England. Now, ever through the Middle Ages there lived among the people a fantastic belief that the Jews practised in the secrecy of their homes, certain uncanny and awful rites to the proper performance of which the blood of a Christian boy was necessary. This boy was to be decoyed into the house and there crucified, and after lingering torments the blood was to be drawn from his wounded side. In 1255 a schoolboy, one Hugh, named from the minster's patron saint, Bishop Hugh, who built the cathedral, was thought to have been enticed into this old building, then and ever after known as the Jew's House, and there put to death with the cruel rites indicated. They say that the little lad was found hanging dead

to his cross in the cellar here; so they took him to the cathedral, and they made of him a saint, and to-day, under a rare shrine of wonderfully graceful workmanship, little Hugh lies very quiet in his stone coffin just where they put him more than six hundred years ago, and during all those ages have men and women come from the uttermost corners of England and from lands that lie remote, and knelt here, not always dry-eyed, to pray for the help in heaven of this little boy, and have risen, let us not doubt, much the better for their prayer.

But come into the old home of this rich Jew, one of the very oldest of domestic buildings yet standing in Britain, that we may see at least the shell of what it was in that wild day in 1255 when the angry mob was thundering at its doors. It is now converted into tenements for the poorest class. Through a low, square opening in the sagging, heavily timbered front, we enter upon a slanting corridor, the sides, floor and ceiling of which are done in broad oaken boards, absolutely black with the grime of immense antiquity. At the end is a great room that once upon a time was hung with tapestry, and where in those days snapped on chilly mornings a fire of logs deep within the cavernous fireplace. Then came a time when its walls were plastered and covered with a paper of blue and white, now most incongruous as in its soiled and moldy age it makes a background for the squalid

life that gathers there. A whole family live in this one room. A half-naked baby, its little body caked with dirt, crawls on the bare, irregular stone floor. Across one corner clothes are hanging from a line, and over the fire a slatternly woman stoops to blow the coals. From all around are the curious sounds that always seem part of an old and many-peopled tenement — a laugh, a child's cry, a blow, a creaking stair, starting out from the background of steady, indistinguishable babble of voices and movement. In the bit of garden at the rear I found an old man working tremulously with his hoe. "I lives 'ere by myself," said he, "and 'ave 'ad me 'ome up on the landing there for many a year. 'Twas never much of a place, not in my time, sir, but when I first came 'ere was quite a bit more than now. It's been a-going down and down of late, and nobody stays long in it but me. They all let me 'ave the garden 'ere, and I gives 'em the stuff I raise. All but my flowers — them marigolds over in the corner, sir. Them I keeps out in the air — it's no place for flowers inside there, though I does have a pot or two of geraniums to grow in my room, so's to see something that's bright in the winter. Come and see, sir. Mind the low beam there, and that worn step. 'Ere we are, sir." And he opened the door and let me in upon a very large room, incredibly low, six feet, with possibly an inch or two more, from the wavering floor to the big square

beams of the ceiling. A bed in one corner, an arm-chair from better days, a plate and cup and saucer on the table by a pot of tea and loaf of bread. Across the whole broad front were lattice windows, some open to the breeze and sun, and on the wide ledge a dozen pots of flowers. On one side, a wide fireplace with bits of fine old carving still about it. And that was all. "I buried my wife from 'ere twelve years ago, and now I lives alone," resumed the old man. "I gets my weekly pension, for I'm more than seventy, and I does a few odd jobs, and I ain't so bad off as some; though I will say it's a bit lonely in the winters when the nights is long, for when I lies awake it takes a long time for the light to come, and candles be high. But I ain't so bad off as some"— and he rambled off into a tale of the miseries of those other folk who live for a time in the faded tenement. Such is the story of the Jew's House in Lincoln on two days, six hundred and fifty-seven years apart.

Yet only a few years ago there was published a news-dispatch from Kief in Russia under the headlines of "Ritual Murder Case Dropped. Hebrew Accused of Killing Boy in Religious Exercise Freed," and the despatch went on to tell how a Jew had been arrested charged with murdering a boy under the same circumstances that the old tradition attaches to the death of Hugh of Lincoln, but how the man had been discharged for

lack of evidence, and of how the mob was inflamed against him. An interesting and incredible illustration of the persistence of these old medieval beliefs.

When you enter the cathedral the whole nave is before you, and in spite of its beauty the view brings just a touch of disappointment. The supporting columns appear too small for the great weight upon them, giving an impression not of lightness, but of insufficiency. But a compensating vista is that from the far east end, where all the solemn church is filled with dim, yellow light, and where shadows of such richness and softness lurk that they seem of violet velvet. The whole interior is glorified by carving, and splendid iron grill work, and on the doors wrought hinges of exceeding and beautiful intricacy; masses of delicate carving fill the choir, and the walls of the chapels; while as for the Chapter House, where the great, florid spread of roof is upheld by a giant pillar in the center, it is a treasury of elaborate and deep chiseled workmanship. It would take a day to examine carefully all the scenes, some Biblical, some fanciful, some very human, and some grotesque, that these master carvers of old left around the walls of this wonderful room, and upon the seats in the choir. Undoubtedly many of the faces that look out upon us now were the faces of monks and workmen who walked the cloisters or the streets of Lincoln when

these walls were in the making, and who took at times a mischievous delight in caricaturing themselves or others to a remote posterity.

Twice a day in the vast cathedral is given with splendid pomp the full choral service, and there is something almost incongruous in the sight of the many vested choristers and staff of clergy, far in the screened sanctity of the choir, while lost in the vast nave are but two or three worshipers utterly unable at such remote distance to understand the service that is going on behind the gorgeously wrought work of the screen.

In these cathedrals the choir boys played ever an important part. Educated in the monastic schools, their voices carefully trained and developed, they not infrequently in the Middle Ages rose to power and influence in after-life.

Coming down from the days of Roman rule in Britain, a certain pagan festival had been elevated in course of time, as indeed had many others, to the importance of a Christian ceremonial, and had finally developed into the institution known as the Boy Bishop, an institution that in different localities varied greatly in dignity and decorum, but which in York and Lincoln reached its highest importance. On the eve of the day of St. Nicholas, patron saint of all children, the choristers of the cathedral chose one of their number to fill the office of Boy Bishop, or more properly, Bishop of

the boys, whose term extended until Holy Innocents' Day, December 28th. In the treasury of the cathedral were kept for his use a miter, a pastoral staff, a ring, a cope, and all the vestments such as a real bishop used, all embroidered with the same lavish richness. "On St. Nicholas' Day the boys accompanied the youthful prelate to the church, led by the Dean, the canon, and lastly the Boy Bishop and his prebendaries, who thus took the place of honor." The real Bishop vacated the Episcopal throne, which was occupied by the boy while mass was celebrated. Indeed, a proclamation of Henry the Eighth avers that the boy actually celebrated mass himself, and in any event the youngster generally preached the sermon, while incense was swung by the canons instead of the acolytes. After service the Boy Bishop rode in state through the streets, blessing the people, who knelt before him, and during his term he and fifteen of his chosen followers were entertained by the Dean. Presents were given him, and altogether it is feared that he became a spoiled child during his brief tenure of office.

An instance is on record of a boy, who dying during his temporary occupancy of the Episcopal throne, was actually buried with Episcopal honors, and (this is at Salisbury) over his tomb his carven image rests to-day dressed in his robes of power. This custom, which prevailed all through the Middle Ages, is but another illustration of how much fuller

of color the life of the man in the street was then, than in these days, when the routine of existence is so unbroken for all of us.

In the broad range of level fen country, in the dull little town of Ely, rise the walls of a church, of such surpassing, such differing beauty, that I class it as the very loveliest of English cathedrals. Across bright and level lawns, and from the sheltering droop of great trees lift the gray towers, massive and mighty. Within you look down the far length of an aisle, narrow, lofty, dim and wonderful, and it is this view I would come far to see. Nowhere have I seen its like save in that most beautiful of all the churches of earth, St. Ouen at Rouen. And one thing more — go and stand beneath the central tower where nave and transepts cross. There is nothing just like it in the world. No description can make you see it, but it has been called "the only truly Gothic dome in existence," and its strange loveliness enthralls and inspires. And what more can I say of Ely?

You know, the moment you come to Canterbury, that you are in the presence of ancient things. Decrepit old buildings stoop to look upon a little stream that flows through the heart of town, and in them lived the Flemish weavers who came in the days of Elizabeth to teach their art to the English.

Stepping down a few steps below the level of the pavement, raised in the course of the centuries since these buildings were erected, you come into the dusky interior with great beams showing in walls and ceiling, where to this day woven stuffs are had for sale. A gate, that five hundred years ago was built to keep an enemy without, still narrows the main thoroughfare to its contracted egress. Otherwise old buildings stand, and life seems to pause, musing upon the things that were. And such things! On a day in 597, King Athelbert, heathen husband of a Christian wife, looking out from his tower across the orchards that even then lay under the white clouds and the blue of the Kentish sky, saw coming onward from the coast a train, not of warriors, but of men whose only banner was the cross. And never, since that day when St. Augustine came to Canterbury, has the cross ceased to be a factor in our Anglo-Saxon life.

Here was fought out that great contest of early Norman days between the power of king and power of Church, when within the sacred precincts of the altar King Henry's knights relieved their sovereign of the presence of the Prelate whom he hated, to be followed by a spiritual warfare which finally brought the humbled Henry to be flogged at the tomb of murdered Becket. Here during all the following ages flowed the stream of Canterbury pilgrims to Becket's tomb, made a shrine for Christendom, de-

veloping that religious instinct ever characteristic of the English, and fostering that innate love of the open road and the romance ever attendant upon it that has planted England's banner round the world and made her Mistress of the Seven Seas. Here forever and to-day has been the primate See of England, head of that great church that has so wrought on English character and English history. No matter which way you turn you are here profoundly conscious of that immense history of all England which Canterbury seems to epitomize. Greece and Rome, of course, have never ceased to have effect upon the life and culture of every civilized nation, but the history of all Continental nations, save these and Holland, absorbingly interesting as all history always is, has ever seemed too localized in its results to have any immediate bearing upon our own. Battles between German tribes, contests between French princes, and the lives of the people of these lands is alien and remote. But the history of England is tremendously different. Here the drama of civilization moved always purposely to the logical development of that life of to-day which is our own, so that in Britain's history we can read the development from their uttermost beginnings of those institutions and influences which in their last word make you and me what we are, and shape and control in large measure the expressions of our own individuality,

molding our thoughts, checking and guiding our impulses, and limiting and shaping our actions. And as we can read the development of ourselves, as a nation and as individuals, in the development of English history, so in a broad way can we do all this at Canterbury, making the city one of the most important and interesting of the towns of England.

The cathedral has an environment that is flawless. You come upon it through a timeworn gate, and there, within far-flung walls, in the midst of a vast park-like lawn, this towered and stately palace of the church is an expression, an embodiment of repose and peace. The world is shut away and you are alone with beauty, with quiet, and with the past; a past, however, that reaches out its power of faith into the present and yet moves the souls of men along the ancient channels.

I could tell you more of Canterbury, of its legends, its facts; of Edward the Black Prince who lies buried here, of the beauty of form and color in its wonderful interior, but after all it is the psychology of the thing that makes it unique in its importance among the churches of England, and let us let it go at that.

Winchester is one of the most charming places in England, and no greater mistake can possibly be made than to go there for the cathedral alone.

Among the smaller towns I know none that holds so much of interest or that possesses in more marked degree the very atmosphere of the past. The town itself is a delight and all that therein is, though the least of the things that appeal is the cathedral itself. I think you have to be an architect really to enjoy this vast building, for in spite of the fact that except for St. Peter's it is the longest church in the world, it does not look it, and to the average layman its interior seems squat and barren, lacking in beauty of color and distinction of proportion. It may be interesting in detail, but as a whole it fails to impress either the eye or the imagination, save only by a mysterious and subtle suggestion of immense age which rests upon its worn walls as does fulness of years upon an old, old man.

From the angle of the street where stands the carven Gothic pillar that is like unto lace woven of gray stone you dodge under a venerable building whose second story is directly across the narrow way, and going on through a little street of book shops come to where a broad walk slants across a wide green to the doors of the cathedral. Close-set elms tower over this approach, making it splendid as a forest aisle, but outside its shade toppling gravestones lean this way and that as in some neglected country churchyard, and farther on, where lies the shadow of the walls, sheep are nibbling at

the grass. Keeping on around the building you come into what is the most picturesque, though not the most beautiful close in England. In an irregular park great trees sweep their drooping branches across the roofs of homes of canons and curates, homes built of soft-hued red brick, homes where climbing roses shine through the ivy, and the windows are banked with flowers, all composing into a picture of peculiar and peaceful charm. Yet so broken is this close with walls and gates and courts that nowhere from its graveled paths can you have any view of the cathedral as a whole, nothing more than mere bits of its buttressed sides, or glimpses of its low tower.

It is the town, however, and not the church, that holds the interest of the traveler. From the old city gate up on the hill the long main street drops away into a charming vista of uneven lines and timbered fronts. Over the street, halfway down, a great clock is held out by a gaunt black beam, and here the curfew yet rings at summer's dusk, just as it has since Norman William first made it law.

Old, old, with the romance of other times still palpably upon it, Winchester exerts over one a certain fascination as of a mystery, the mystery of what other men did, that always lays hold upon the imagination when you are brought face to face with the actual environment that once was theirs.

Through this old West Gate, which defended the

town as early as the eleven hundreds, it is but a step to the castle that William built to retain the city of Winchester so newly his. But it looks little enough like a castle now. It is only what appears the front of an ordinary stone building that might have been built but yesterday, but within — and you stand in the great hall, all of the castle that yet remains, but the selfsame hall that William made. And what a hall! Noble in length and breadth and height, here dined the Norman Conqueror, and through its walls the shouts of the Barons who drank to him when the feast was done must have sounded strange to the Saxons who listened without in the dark. From here leads a long underground passage to the cathedral and the old Episcopal palace. And here came other kings for centuries, and they, too, dined in this great hall, and gradually their alien French smoothed to the language of their people, until it was no longer a conquered England that they ruled, but a conquering England that they led, nation and king at one again.

In the twelve hundreds Parliament was at its beginnings right here, and then was built "the King's Ear," a tube within the walls of stone through which, by some strange acoustic properties was gathered the sound of Parliamentary debate and transmitted to the King listening within his tapestried chamber.

Here, too, was Domesday Book compiled, that

great record by which William appraised the people and the possessions of his new domain. And here came Lion Hearted Richard after his loyal subjects had bought his freedom from treacherous Austria at the close of that ill-fated crusade in the eleven hundreds; and to this refuge a few years later fled King John to lie in hiding when sought by his rebellious barons.

As if this were not history enough for this one room, there hangs upon its wall what many believe to be the identical Round Table of King Arthur. From an unpublished manuscript written by the custodian of the Hall I condense the following account of this remarkable object:

"This table is made from English oak and is constructed in wedge-shaped sections. It measures eighteen feet in diameter and is fifty-six feet in circumference. It was spoken of as old in the twelfth century, and is described by Sir Thomas Malory, who wrote in the fifteenth century, and who says it was made at Tintagel about 523 A. D. by Merlin. It is known positively to have been in this castle of Winchester for over seven hundred years. In 1874 it was taken down while the wall behind it was repaired, and it clearly shows that it was used as a table, for there are places made to rest upon supports. There are twelve beams radiating from the center, like the spokes of a cartwheel, and at the outer end of each beam there is a mortised hole into

which twelve legs used to go, while in the center there is a place for a much larger support. Around the center is this inscription: 'Thys is the Rounde table of Kyng Arthur with XXIII of hys namyed knyttes.' On the top of the table as it now hangs is a painting of King Arthur and on his left is the 'Siege Perelous' occupied by Sir Galahad. All around the edge are the names of the other knights.

"John Hardying, who was born in the year 1378, says: 'King Arthur's round table in Winchester began, and there it hangeth yet;' which is proof that five hundred years ago the table was looked upon as being ancient. And it is of record that Henry VIII brought Charles V of Germany when the latter was his guest down to Winchester, and showed him this table as one of the most interesting relics in all England, and it is also known that then it was hanging precisely where it hangs to-day. The table was repainted in Tudor times, and also in a more recent period."

Is it any wonder that you blink in the twentieth century sunlight when you come out from this place of romance, of shadows and of dreams, of surmises and of facts?

But you are far from through with Winchester when the castle hall is left behind. Winchester School is typical of the oldest and most aristocratic of English colleges; and it is something more, it

is a shrine of customs and traditions unbroken for centuries, linking the present to the very spirit of the past in a way that makes it without any counterpart in America.

Even the vocabulary of these youngsters is of a language of their own, the product of generations of schoolboys, as fixed and permanent within the college bounds as is the mother tongue itself; a vocabulary so extensive and so alien as to require the medium of a large "Winchester Word Book" for its interpretation to an outside world. For instance, if a student wished to say that to loaf in study time was a shame, almost as bad as to cheat, and should cause a blush because everybody ought then to hustle at his books, he would express himself thus: "To bake in Toy Time is a chouse, almost as bad as to chisel, and should cause a blow, because everybody ought then to cropple."

In kitchens that have served for centuries is still cooked the food for the "gentlemen's sons" who alone are eligible as pupils in this most exclusive of institutions, and on backless wooden forms these young aristocrats sit at some, at least, of their recitations, while on occasions of ceremony they dine on wooden trenchers as did their remote predecessors before the day of china plates; and now and then a fire is lighted in the center of the stone floor of the great hall, the smoke escaping through a hole in the roof, exactly as was done in that same hall

five centuries ago. Long ago the number of students reached the limit of the school's capacity, and no more will be accepted because to enlarge the buildings would be to destroy their splendid antiquity.

I will confess that to me, an American sick unto death with our mania for change for change's sake without regard to whether it be progress or not, there was something exquisitely grateful in the fine assurance of fixity of environment and purpose that lends to Winchester its supreme distinction.

But its school is not the only institution of this wonderful town that is fragrant with tradition and beautiful as a picture of the past. St. Cross Hospital is one of the most remarkable inheritances from antiquity that any land can boast. In 1136 one Henry de Blois, Bishop of Winchester, moved by the teachings of his Master's faith, founded the Brotherhood of Noble Poverty, and built around the beautiful open court, the marvel of chapel and buildings just as we see them to-day. Then to this institution he had housed so fittingly he gave his wealth to maintain forever the "Poor Brethren" he had gathered there, "thirteen poor men, so reduced in strength that they can with difficulty support themselves without another's aid." Beds and rooms were they to have, and "garments suitable to their infirmities, and good wheaten bread daily, and three dishes at dinner and drink of good stuff."

It is now seven hundred and seventy-nine years since this first meal was served, and for all these centuries the charity has never failed, and there to-day in the beauty and calm of this ancient place among the flowers and trees, there in the robes of their Brotherhood dwell, not as paupers, but as legatees of the Bishop, thirteen aged men.

But this is not all. Cardinal Beaufort realized that hardest of all to bear was that poverty that comes some time with age to those whose life had before been one of ease and of position. So the good Cardinal made provision (and this was centuries ago) for the admittance and support of other Brethren who were, in the English acceptation of the word, gentlemen, and thus thirteen other brethren, "men of gentle birth" find shelter here from the final storm of life. The two classes are distinguished from each other by the color of their cloaks, but both alike are made to feel that they are here of right and not by grace.

At the Porter's Lodge a half door opens into public ground, and here for seven hundred years has been daily served "the Wayfarer's Dole." If any wanderer be hungry or thirsty let him but knock on this door, and a horn of beer and piece of bread is handed him, and he goes his way in the footsteps of those unfortunates who century after century have passed by the dole door of St. Cross. And would

you think it? An average of thirty men a day come for the wayfarers' bread and drink.

Down in the town are marvelous old inns, at one of which, the God-Begot House, I would rather stay than in any of London's great hotels, so old is it, so in harmony with all the past of Winchester, that past which really is its present too, so full of suggestion and of all the romance and beauty of a by-gone time. Yes, Winchester is one of England's wonders, unlike all that you can find at home, unlike all else that you can find abroad, a veritable presentment of one phase of the life that only England ever knew.

It was the year 1260 that saw Salisbury cathedral completed in the precise form in which we see it now, except for the spire that was not finished till a hundred years later. It is this white pinnacle, towering up four hundred feet, that differentiates this cathedral from all the others of England. Its walls rise abruptly from a great sweep of lawn, giving an impression of lightness and elegance and grace, rather than of pomp or strength, an impression due not only to the miraculous spire and the absence of those massive towers elsewhere so common, but to the delicacy of color of the pale gray stone of which it is built, delicacy that in the interior degenerates to coldness. Here again, only

an architect can appreciate the unquestioned beauty of the great building, for it is lacking in those elements of color and impressiveness that to a layman are essential to charm.

No, I doubt if I would go to Salisbury for its cathedral, and certainly not for the town, for it is definitely dreary, but go there I would for the wonders just beyond.

On a hilltop scarce two miles away you can thrill to the mystery of the English Pompeii. On this hill the Britons builded; so did Rome when her legions came this way; so did the Saxons when the power of Rome had passed. To the city behind the vast walls and embankments that were — yes, are — of enormous height and thickness, the Normans came, and here, of old Sarum, this city on a hill, they made a town of power. Thousands lived within the safety of these cyclopean fortifications; here a cathedral stood; and along the paved streets flowed all the varied life of a medieval time. And on the plain below, Salisbury was not. Then suddenly, early in the thirteenth century, moved by some extraordinary and inexplicable impulse, down from the hill moved people, priests and all, and Salisbury was begun. And by day shepherds pastured their sheep in the dead streets of Sarum, and by night ghosts flitted through the deserted homes. As the centuries passed the houses crumbled and the rains swept down the earth from the embankments and

Sarum became but a fading memory. Now, however, the Government is at the work of excavation, and already the worn stones of ancient thoroughfares are laid bare and the foundations of the cathedral can easily be traced. Why was this strange migration? Out of many surmises there come no facts in answer. It is one of the mysteries.

Farther on, and from bare Salisbury Plain rises up the strange gaunt shape of still another mystery, the magic circle of Stonehenge. Here is an unknowable past — when these monstrous stones were placed upright, by whom, for what, no one will ever know. One archeologist places the date at 1000 B. C., and Dr. Petrie as 500 A. D. One says they are part of a temple built by the Phœnicians, and there is a tremendously interesting theory propounded by Sir Norman Lockyer that puts the date of erection at nearly four thousand years ago, and he argues that like certain monuments of Egypt, these stones were placed to guide in astronomical observations. And then, of course, there is the other theory, though now but lightly held, that this was but a temple of the Druid faith of the early Britons. But there the mighty circle stands, grim, lonely, majestic, one of those riddles with which the Past laughs at the wisdom of the Present.

VIII

SOME ENGLISH ABBEYS

THE monastery was originally entirely distinct in its functions and purposes from the church. The parish priest had active part in the world about him, for he was charged with supervision of the souls of all those who lived within his parish boundaries, and as the spiritual welfare of his flock depended upon their sins or virtues in the affairs of their everyday life, the priest's supervision extended very naturally and very logically to the supervision of the daily life of his people, and thus the church became the center of village existence and the animating and shaping force in every community.

On the other hand, the monks' attitude toward life and its activities was diametrically different. They had no priestly duties, bore no relation whatever to the parish organization or to the life of the parishioners. They were neither priests nor laymen; they were neither congregation nor spiritual or temporal directors. They were in fact a third and distinct element in every community, from the

life of which they were by the very nature and essence of their existence, utterly aloof.

The Christianity of the early Middle Ages had not yet escaped the unconscious influence of pagan thought and theories, and its effect was a belief that to keep oneself unspotted from the world was the one thing essential to personal salvation, and that this could best be accomplished by complete withdrawal from the affairs of life. At first this belief found expression in an existence of utter solitude, and hermits and anchorites sought the loneliness of caves. After a time, however, men of like temperamental inclination, modified, however, by a disinclination for the extremity of hardship thus involved, compromised upon a life, which, while wholly withdrawn from the world and its concerns, should yet afford in limited measure a more comfortable environment, and the association with other men of like mind and impulse. This was the beginning of monastic life and the fundamental cause of the building of those monasteries, or places for retirement, of which many hundreds existed in England even before the days of the Norman Conquest.

As time went on and the world grew ever more and more troubled by the ceaseless tramp of ravaging armies, the appeal made by the life of the monasteries widened to other classes of men. Those were strenuous days, and then, as now, were men to whom the strenuous life was an utter detestation.

To them the safety and quiet of the monastery was irresistibly alluring. With the coming of these men a greater ease of living crept into the monastic existence. Many of them brought wealth, and as the artistic temperament is generally the one that most abhors "strenuousness," not a few of these newcomers brought with them a love of beauty that found expression in the stately grace of architecture with which the buildings now came to be endowed; in the gardens, with which the buildings were often surrounded; and in the beautiful parchments on which were recorded the Scriptures and treatises of devotion and learning.

Sometimes these monasteries broadened to serve the community as general places of worship, being exceptions to the earlier rule before stated. Such, for instance, was York Minster, the word "minster" always denoting a church connected with a monastic establishment.

The abbeys, however, with which we are dealing in this chapter, while containing great and wonderful buildings of cathedral-like proportion where worship to which the public was admitted was conducted with solemn and beautiful ritual, were never intended to serve, and never did serve the purpose of parish churches. These abbeys were not made for the people, but for the monks who found therein a home. They were generally built in remote places, far from centers of population, and there

Fountains Abbey in Yorkshire

maintained an entirely independent existence. As time went on and their wealth and membership steadily increased, this wealth and this membership constituted potential elements of power that forcibly appealed to ambitious men, who were men easily able to reconcile their conscience to a monastic life. Under this new force these abbeys became not only centers of wealth and art and luxury, but of a political power, a combination which aroused more and more the cupidity and the antagonism of English kings until Henry VIII, yielding to the incentives of avarice and jealousy, suppressed these great establishments and confiscated their estates. Of course this was done under the claim of suppressing alleged immoralities he was quick to aver had found abiding places therein, but while the frailties of human nature were undoubtedly here as everywhere, historians no longer accept as true the tales his prejudiced commission reported, or doubt that Henry's real motive was to destroy a power he could not command, and to possess for himself and his favorites the wealth of his opponents. And speaking of morality, pray what was Henry?

The remains of these great monastic establishments are now found everywhere in England, lending a romantic beauty and the charm of far days to many a secluded landscape, or redeeming from the commonplace the towns that the present has builded up about them. Glastonbury, Tintern,

Battle, and Fountains, out of the multitude of beautiful ruins, these are the ones which I would choose to see.

Glastonbury is in the heart of a dull little city. Plunging under a building and through a crooked court, you come to the entrance I like the best. A lofty stone wall bars the way, but a gate like a wooden door holds promise of entrance. Knock at the keeper's lodge at your right and the magic door will soon be opened and you will slip into a world that is all a-shimmer of green, the green of trees and grass and ivy, and in the midst of it broken Gothic walls and exquisite, pointed, empty windows and the spring of huge but fragmentary arches. It is very still here under the trees, for in the late autumn sunshine even the birds are silent, and there is nothing to disturb the work of the imagination in its task of reconstructing the past that once was here, and recalling from the land of shadows the men who moved along these walls, and the acts and thoughts and impulses that made their life.

There is no spot in England fuller of inspiration than these gray ruins among the trees of Glastonbury, for the place harks back unto the time when, among heathen Saxons, the Cross was first uplifted. Here the Conquest made no change, and as it was before, so it was thereafter, and abbot and monks went on the even tenor of their ways, and the mon-

astery grew in power and fame until the end of all, when Henry's men hanged the last abbot and left his twisted body whirling from the stone gate where now the September sunlight speaks only of peace.

In the days when men, and women too, made pilgrimages to sacred shrines, proclaimedly for the good of their souls, but not a little, perhaps, for the joy of the road as it opened out into the summer's glory, and for the scent of the fields and of the woods in the hot sun, and the rich, full teeming of life that comes when faring forth under a wide and cloudless sky; in these days the monastery that could draw the greatest crowd of pilgrims, had the greatest source of wealth, for the pilgrims came not empty-handed. And here at Glastonbury in a golden reliquary lay a most precious marvel, one thorn from the crown of Christ. Many the miracles it did, and great the throngs the sacred relic brought, so that not only the Abbey, but all the little town was greatly enriched thereby.

In the main street there still is standing a beautiful and quaint old inn, and though it was built many centuries ago to house the pilgrims who came to worship at the shrine of the sacred thorn, even yet, as the George Hotel, it shelters the pilgrims of to-day who come to worship at the shrine of beauty and of memories embodied in the Abbey's fair but decaying walls.

Now Sidney Heath relates how hundreds of years

ago there was gossip in the town that a secret underground passage led from the Abbots' dwelling within the monastery walls to a certain room within the Pilgrim's Inn, and that sometimes at night the good father would seek this little room where he would indulge in most scandalous relaxation from his ascetic life. Well, in 1911 the passageway was found. Oh telltale tunnel! But how very human it makes the monkish man, who when vespers had been sung, and the quiet of the night had settled down upon the brethren asleep in their dormitories, tucked up his long brown cassock and crept on hands and knees along this musty way until he emerged blinking into the flickering candle-light of this snug chamber at the inn, and there tasted a little perhaps of the naughty life of the outside world, a taste that was all the sweeter because his heart beat fast all the time with the fear of discovery.

In the old days they told the tale that once upon a time Joseph of Arimathea came this way; and here too, was the Vale of Avalon where King Arthur lay buried, so no wonder it was ever a sacred spot, far more popular than Canterbury until à Becket was murdered there, after which no shrine in England could hope to compete with that.

Fountains Abbey lies up in Yorkshire and is unquestionably the most beautiful ruin in England, not

only because of the picturesque grouping of the great piles of masonry that yet stand, but emphatically because of the extreme and delicate beauty of the surroundings. It is in the midst of a park of many acres set down in a little valley, almost as remote from life now as it was in those days when it proved a refuge from care and trouble to those hundreds of monks who for centuries maintained its great establishment. The hills come close about it, and by its side a river runs daintily as a lady steps. In spite of the great size of the ruin the whole impression that it gives is one of exquisiteness, of minute loveliness — the still waters, the vivid green level where the gray walls rise, the winding walks and drives, the enormous old trees, and the elaborate care everywhere manifested make an altogether unrivaled picture. The yews, which are here seen in wonderful development, are said by authority to have been growing as early, at least, as 1132, and trees and landscape and abbey make a completed picture of restfulness and peace. The property now belongs to the Marquis of Ripon, and it is his care that keeps woods and lawns in such park-like fashion. Greek temples stand on the grassy shores of little lakes, and statues appear among the trees as we go on from the lodge at the entrance toward the culminating beauty of the Abbey.

Of Tintern and its ghostly beauty at moonrise I

have written in the chapter on the Wye. Its charm is almost as great as that of Fountains, and like it, it is in a place of far solitude where a river runs through green fields and where came but dimly to the friars the sounds of the world.

Hastings is on the shores of Kent, and landing there, William led his Norman troops inland to where Harold, last of the Saxon kings, waited his conqueror. On that last night of Saxon power the wind moved among the trees that topped the ridge where Harold's army lay under the stars, and it fluttered the banners above the Norman tents, for impartially it strayed to and fro among the rivals' camp in that indifferent and rather heartless way that nature always has for the ambitions and the despairs of her children. And Norman William prayed to the God of Battles that he would help him steal this land of Harold's on which his heart was set, and he offered to pay him for his services by building on the field of the coming battle an abbey that should perpetuate the fame of William — and of God.

And under the trees of his native land, which incidentally his fathers had appropriated from the too-confiding Britons, Harold also prayed. He prayed that God would help the right, would help those brave men of his who were fighting for their own, for their homes where wife and children waited the outcome and their destiny. And what he promised

in payment for His help we do not know, for when the peaceful stars looked out upon another night Harold lay dead under the trees, and the sighs that filled the dark were of Saxon souls faring forth to find their Maker, for the great battle had been fought and lost — the most momentous fight of English history, the one which most definitely altered the course of events and profoundly affected the destiny of a continent then unfound and of a people then unknown.

So William kept his faith with God, and on that low ridge up which stormed his victorious bowmen and his knights and upon which lay thick the Saxon men who never more should come to the waiting ones in the homes lost by that day's work, he builded Battle Abbey. And in this thank-offering a man from Chicago lives to-day with much pomp and ceremony, and blood red are the roses that climb the stone parapet that upholds the terrace which is right on the ridge where Harold fell eight hundred and fifty-odd years ago. From this terrace you look over all the gently rolling country that steadily drops to the sea, the country up which the Normans came; a pleasant land, with woods and fields and villages and church spires here and there.

By and by a servant comes and takes you through some of the grounds, and among the ruins of many of those varied buildings which were always found within a monastery's enclosing walls, but the Abbey

proper, remodeled, is now a stately home where, under the régime of the American tenant, mere tourists cannot enter.

The attitude of an English occupant of one of these historic places is generally very different from that of the occasional American who happens in possession. An Englishman never forgets his relation to history, and usually looks upon himself as a sort of public custodian when he happens to have something that means much to his countrymen in general, and so we find that almost without exception he opens his treasure to the people at stated times, that all may share in its beauty or its association. But the American resident abroad is very different. "Do I *have* to do it?" is his question, and as the matter is generally one of courtesy and of grace, he bars his doors and leaves the public whistling at his gates, which is, of course, proper enough if he feels that way about it.

If I should describe Battle Abbey I could not make you see it. In spite of historic association, stones are stones for a' that, and by the same token are very much alike. It would, I fear, mean very little to tell of the embattled gateway in the compassing walls through which you come upon a stretch of lawn with the Abbey at the left, and the trees of the park beyond, and the terrace straight ahead, over which the battlefield and the dip of open country are in view: or to speak of the broken walls

where can be traced the columns that once upheld the vanished roof of the chapel; or to tell of the aisles of forest trees, or of the flowers now growing where once the dead lay thick; or of the great vaulted interiors of stately, ancient rooms we know are there but may not see. I cannot bring it before you any more than I can make alive to you the bearded figure of the Conqueror who watched the building of it all and railed at the slowness of the workmen, and who, as the work finally took shape, no doubt swelled with unconfessed pride that he was of clay so fine as to have been found worthy by Omnipotence of so complete and bloody a conquest. For William undoubtedly had very much the same human nature as you and I have, only he was a little more frank about it than we are, as were all medieval men.

In the very old days these monasteries were great and beautiful places that sheltered within their walls about all of culture and learning and peace that was to be found in England. The strong walled castles were not at all unlovely, and security was often found there, and a luxury of living. Later in the medieval period the cottage and the manor found definite place in the country's life; but in the two or three hundred years directly succeeding the conquest it was the monasteries alone where to non-combatants life was one of well-ordered comfort and industry. While the monks did not at first seek any part in controlling the life of the community,

or indeed any share whatever therein, yet their position was of first importance to the people in that rude and early period. The very poor were in evidence in those days far more than they ever have been since, and on the long table of every monastic dining-room a basket always stood, receiving a large proportion of every kind of food as it was served, food that was afterwards disbursed as alms at the Abbey gates.

No physicians practised then, and the monks alone knew what there was to know of the healing art, and always were their services freely given both to rich and poor.

There were no libraries outside the monastery's rolls, but here was collected as incentive to study and to thought the literature of the time. There were no schools save those the monks maintained, and to them could come the children of the very poor, who, while they may not have learned much, yet were given an opportunity to find what learning meant, and some at least we know of who through these schools found opening a career of usefulness and distinction. There were no inns, but the traveler could always find a refuge at the monastery, where a great house was as much a part of the establishment as the chapel itself.

Hundreds of monks found their homes in the great abbeys that we have referred to in this chapter. It was a wonderful organization that their necessities

required and maintained. Everything needed for daily life was produced here. Thousands of acres of adjoining land were under constant cultivation, and to such of the brethren as had a taste in that direction was committed the task of overseeing the laborers on this great farm. From their vineyards came the wines that filled the cellars. On their pastures were the sheep from whose wool were woven their garments. Beef and pork came from the cattle and swine that every monastery owned. And fruits and flowers grew in the gardens and orchards the older or infirm brothers had in charge.

It will readily be seen that the direction of an establishment such as this required an abbot of no ordinary ability.

At midnight rang the sweet-toned bells, and then out from the long dormitory or the silent cells came the robed monks, following the flickering yellow glow of the candle that wavered when the cool night breezes touched it, to the dim and solemn church where the intoned service echoed from the empty aisles, and from the great roof that reached, unseen in the darkness, far above. Then silently they returned to their beds, till at sunrise mass again called to the altar. How shivery must the pale world have looked to the good brothers in the chill of those early dawns, as from the cloister basins they dashed the cold water into their sleepy eyes.

First of all the day's real business was the meet-

ing of the chapter, over which the abbot presided and heard reports of the progress of all the work in hand. Here too was received the news from other monasteries, for the custom was to send forth on a parchment roll what might be termed a circular letter. It gave the information current in the abbey whence it started, and was entrusted to a monk who thence started on the rounds of other monasteries, a journey that sometimes occupied a year. After being read aloud in chapter there was added to it the news of that establishment, and so it went its way. At Durham there is yet preserved one of these rolls which is nearly forty feet in length. And here in this public gathering the monks confessed their faults, or had tales told on them if they didn't, and thereupon were soundly whipped precisely like naughty boys at schools.

Then they went to the day's task — some to teach, some to labor at the loom or in the field, and some in the cloisters to illumine those rare rolls or volumes, each according to the gift God had given him. And so they filled their days. At dinner one read while the others ate, and afterward was recreation, the telling of stories, perhaps the singing of songs, while some few walked along the sweet-smelling garden paths in the lingering northern twilight, for very beautiful friendships sometimes grew up among these unworldly men.

It is all gone now, and the sweetness of the old

life, and the joy of little interests that filled its measures are not often understood in these days of care and of great things, when even children can find zest only among the crowds, and the children-grown only in the confusion of many things and much activity.

IX

SOME ENGLISH HOMES

I KNOW of no country and no people marked by so many distinguishing and unique characteristics as the land and the people of England. Among these none is more prominent than the English home. On the Continent they have houses, in America we have apartments and hotels, in England alone does the home approach a national institution. Some writer recently said that America was devoid of what is termed "the home sense," for every time the head of the family made an additional hundred thousand dollars he built a new house. Now a home is psychological as well as physical; it is a thing of associations, and memories and traditions, and all these things are part of an Englishman's home. And into it the element of cost does not enter except as an entirely external element. The great castles of Warwick and Alnwick are homes, undefaced and unaffected by the sumptuous elegance of their appointments. And so too, and in precisely the same way, are the thatch-roofed, vine-covered cottages to which in the evening light returns the

laborer from the fields. The brick-floored parlor, the spotless kitchen, the curtains at the windows, the flowers by the door, are all subtly made a part of the atmosphere of home, a part of the expression of family life. The man has lived there for years; the trundle bed in which his father slept as a child will shelter his grandchildren. It is a permanency, a part of himself and his generations.

I can single out no one example of these tens of thousand of humbler places that guard not only their inmates but, it seems to me, the national life as well. They are everywhere, but you must come, if you would comprehend them, to a certain degree of intimacy with the people who live in them, for home is an attitude of mind as well as an environment.

Between the cottage and the castle are thousands of very wonderful and very interesting dwellings that are also homes. Homes of old and aristocratic families; historic mansions of a historic race; always in the country and always blessed with a fine sense of a well ordered fixity. Here change is alien and remote, because change is incompatible with all that goes to make the soul of a place, and home is the soul of a house.

As illustrations I have chosen two. One of these is among the greatest and most beautiful estates in England, one that only great wealth could maintain, Knowle, in Kent; the other is Canons Ashby, the

ancestral home of the Drydens, out in the Midlands, some two hours' ride from London.

In mere matter of cost of construction and furnishing I suppose Knowle can be duplicated in America, though certainly not in the magnificent park that surrounds it, where the trees seem a part of the forest primeval and the lawns testify to centuries of care; and certainly not in the consciousness of a family development within the same walls for generation after generation, and century after century.

And the Dryden home is absolutely without parallel here. We have never had conditions that made such a place possible, and while full of an interest and charm individually its own, yet on the other hand it is eminently typical in a general way of many, very many, homes that are to be found all over England.

It was almost four hundred years ago that a Sir John Dryden came into the possession of the property, and a Sir John Dryden lives there now. The estate contains about eighteen hundred acres, and besides the mansion, which is a hundred feet square, there is an ancient church which once was part of a monastery, and a tiny village of some dozen houses. All this is far from the railroad, in the heart of a fair green country. When Elizabeth was Queen the house was here. At first view it seems to lack in picturesqueness in spite of the great tower that lifts

at one corner, but when seen from the gardens, and up the terraced walk, and between the widespread branches of the marvelous cedar trees, then is it all one's fancy demands of an Elizabethan mansion.

The entrance is through a simple door in the long stretch of wall, but this lets upon an intervening court across which there is another doorway of much dignity, through which you come into the hall, a splendid room where yet abides the glamor of the past. Around the walls stand ancient suits of armor, not made for show, but dented with actual service when worn in the civil wars by Sir Dryden's retainers. The stairs are solid blocks of wood, the floors of boards of extraordinary width. There are deeply recessed casement windows, broad and low, with wide seats beneath them; room leads into room, and corridors wander here and there with the charm of an indefinite fashion. Everywhere the walls are paneled, and some ceilings are carved and others timbered. There are wonderful sculptured fireplaces and furniture that yet retains the splendor of the days of Queen Anne when it was new. There are bed-chambers where tapestry covers the walls, and there is a bed with gorgeous coverings where there have been dreams for centuries. On the dressing tables are solid china bells that fair women used for rouging just before they rustled in their stiff brocades down the stately stairs to dance a minuet in the hall below with wigged young men in blue

silk small-clothes with lace at their wrists. You can almost hear the echo of their laugh, and surely at midnight must come from the dark landing and glide down into the moonlight that lies on the floor some shadow from the days when Charles I was king, or when Elizabeth ruled, or from other of the times of long ago that have left visible token of their presence in this quaint house and its furnishings.

And here lived John Dryden, whose poetry gained him a grave in Westminster Abbey. He wandered through these rooms, thought here, wrote here; ate in this same dining-room, tapped on these diamond-shaped windows when the rain dripped drearily on days when he would rather follow the hounds; here he yawned, slept and woke again, and lived in just that same human way he would had he not been a genius at all.

Upon the roof of the tower is preserved a curious family record. This roof is covered with lead, and when it was softened by the sun, the little children of the generations would climb the spiral stairs and, guided by their elders, there would be taken an impress of tiny feet, and the name and date carved beneath it. Odd enough are the shapes of the wee shoes as we go back through the centuries, and odd enough is the feeling it gives one to see these footsteps of the little ones who paused a moment here and looked out upon the summer that was on the

The Sun-dial at Sir John Dryden's

world below, in their short journey between the two eternities.

From the terrace you look out upon a lovely stretch of country to which the gardens fall away. To the right deer are grazing in a splendid park, and to the left through the tall trees a church tower adds just the right element of picturesqueness. Straight before you, down mossy steps, between the huge trunks of four great cedars, a path runs to the ancient sun dial and to the flowers and fruits of such a garden as only an Englishman can make.

The life that is lived to-day in this old home is one of fine simplicity. The table talk is of books and things of wide and varied interest. After luncheon, easy chairs lure to the shaded terrace and the view, and later tea is served there or in the great hall where you are uncannily conscious of being watched by the past from behind the armor. The fruits, the flowers, are always a source of interest. Sir John Dryden has business activities in London, and, if I mistake not, a place in town, so there is always a coming and going that keeps the life of the city very close at hand. Then, too, the people in the village are ever in mind, and there is always something to do for them. So the life in this isolated spot in the wide green fields is very far from dull, but is so full of clean and wholesome and kindly activities that the thought of it all is a rather wist-

ful one, for nowhere in America have I come upon just its like.

Knowle is a place of very different character. It came into the Sackville family in 1603, the year that Queen Elizabeth died, and to this day a Lord Sackville has made of it his home. A recent writer claims, without fear of contradiction, that Knowle is not only the premier country house of England, but of the world. It was built before the Sackvilles became its owners, and is the superlative example of Tudor domestic architecture.

It is not only a palace but a museum, for enormous sums have been lavishly expended for all these three hundred years in and upon the building itself in accumulating from all over the world the rarest and most beautiful objects of art. There are wonderful stairways where exquisite marbles gleam in the shadows, and strange gargoyles leer from the columns that top the balustrades. There are halls where priceless statues and rare vases stand along the walls. There are galleries where famous paintings hang amid the most luxurious of surroundings. There are bed-chambers of indescribable splendor where kings and queens have slept amid a beauty of crimson and gold. There are rooms hung with exquisite tapestries, and others where great artists have made the very walls appear like open fields and forest paths. There are fireplaces whose elaborate carvings demand hours of study, great apart-

ments with paneled sides, dainty boudoirs of silken luxury and fittings of delicate art, and everywhere an indescribable profusion of carving, on pillars, on walls, and wherever a surface presented itself to chisel or to knife.

No detailed description is possible of the multitude of rooms, the interminable corridors, the great quarters where live the array of servants who keep smoothly working the complicated machinery of this enormous establishment. Life here is lived in a very great way, and with a routined gaiety that to some temperaments would be burdensome. The social duties that devolve of necessity upon a person occupying the position of Lord Sackville in the scheme of English society are fixed and imperative. An endless procession of functions fill up the measure of the days. There are garden parties and week-ends, theatricals and musicals, dances and dinners, at home, in London, at other great houses. There are committees of charitable institutions to be attended to, as well as various public meetings; and in the last resort the general planning and overseeing of the household and the estate.

Surely one can be happier in the leisured quiet of Canons Ashby than in the regal splendor of Knowle; and happy, too, among the flowers of the little gardens; and in the little rooms of one-story cottages are those of little means but great contentment, whose lives ambition has never spoiled.

X

SOME INLAND RESORTS

FROM among the almost innumerable spas and inland resorts of England there are three that stand out with a distinct and striking individuality — Harrogate, Bath, and Tunbridge Wells. None is in the least like the other, and the memory of all three comes clear and well-defined above the mere blur of fading impressions that is all that remains of the visits to their more commonplace competitors.

Of them all, Harrogate is easily the most aristocratic. In the season, men and women of title throng there for the cure, and to see and to be seen, and even royalty is not a stranger in the great hotels. Some of these hotels are the most comfortable and luxurious, and others the most exclusive in the country, hotels where Lord and Lady This and That, Sirs without number, and those who sign only their last names, appear on the registers.

Nowhere is there a town just like this, with just such a striking individuality. It is a strange blend of town and country, and you are never very far

away from either. The streets descend the gentle hills in many curves, for the fashion in Harrogate is to build city blocks in crescents or even complete circles, and the buildings give a queer impression of having been there first, and the streets of having come to find them. In the midst of things is the Stray, an enormous open space, not well enough kept to be called a park, in spite of the twenty-eight miles of paths that lead throughout its many acres and the "Bogs" and "Commons" elsewhere within the city, and not quite wild enough to be termed a field or pasture, in spite of the cattle feeding there. It is a curious place with the smart riders on well-groomed cobs scattering the shepherdless sheep, and the hundreds of children guarded by troops of nurse-maids, and tumbling among the dandelions and clover. Up and down the long paths that in every direction cross and recross the great expanse of the Stray, bath chairs are being wheeled by impecunious young men, and some who, unfortunately are not so young, and in them everybody rides, young men who read the *Times* and old men who doze, matrons who knit and maidens who flirt; there they go, back and forth, hour after hour.

Now along the outer rim of this the town builded its older hotels and many of its houses, but the heart of the town is around the Pump House that covers the springs where horrible tasting water continually bubbles, water that is very, very good for

you, as most disagreeable things and events are supposed to be. And the Pump House is not very far from where the Stray begins to go its outward course, and from where, on the other hand, it blends into the Bogs. Now in the Bogs are many other abominable springs, but also there are bright lawns and gay flowers and shading trees and pavilions for tea and benches and fountains, and a stand where the band plays every afternoon; and playing all sorts of games and tumbling about on the grass, are children and more children, hundreds and hundreds of 'em, and more bath chairs, and ladies in gay dresses and under gayer parasols, and it is all very bright and very clean and very pretty.

And out beyond the Bogs are the Pine Woods, and walking in the Pine Woods are the lovers.

The atmosphere of the hotel life here is just as peculiar as is the town. The characteristic of the well-dressed people who gather after dinner in the wide lounge and the connecting drawing room of one of the larger hotels, is quietness. A hundred and fifty men and women are sitting here, but between the numbers of the orchestra there is the merest murmur of low-toned conversation. They gather only in family groups, and though many of these families have been here for weeks, there is apparently little association, and nothing whatever of that eager seeking for acquaintanceship so noticeable in the life of an American hotel. They come here and listen to

the music, and smoke over their coffee, but without any intrusion into each other's privacy. I have watched a number of old gentlemen in immaculate evening clothes sit throughout the evening in close proximity, but apparently utterly oblivious of each other's presence. Night after night I have seen these lone old men come in and each take the chair that by appropriation had come to be regarded as his. "My usual coffee, waiter," was what each one said, and immediately became as much alone as if upon a desert island.

Now I am not determining whether this attitude is ever in the least worth-while, but I am merely presenting it as illustrative of the Englishman's innate love of privacy. I do not think it is all the result of caddishness, for English men and English women can be very charming to one another and to strangers, but it is merely expressive of the value they put upon sometimes keeping to oneself.

In America, a dozen old men staying day after day at the same hotel, taking the same "cure," possessed of the same social position, and sharing undoubtedly each other's points of view on events and things, would have in one evening been acquaintances at least, but to these Englishmen there was nothing in the accident of a common environment to justify advances to people they had never met before.

Everybody goes to bed early because everybody

gets up at six to take the waters, or at least to make part of the lively scene of those hours between six and nine in the morning that form the gayest of the day. The bands are playing in the parks, men and women on horseback canter through the Stray, and vendors of flowers do a thriving business on every corner. By ten o'clock the streets take on a deserted look, to come to life again in the afternoon when all the world comes out to sit on the seats in the gardens, that rent for a penny, and listen to the second concert of the day. The women have exchanged their more somber clothes of early morning for light and dainty gowns, flower hats and vivid sun shades, so that the slowly passing crowds, and the many people on the seats, and the others on shaded hillsides present a colorful and animated picture.

The municipality owns the baths and the theater, and maintains at public expense an orchestra of forty pieces, for the prosperity of the town is entirely dependent upon its position as a resort, and taxpayers and municipal officials are keenly alive to the necessity of providing not only a bright, clean little city, but a place where enjoyment, in the staid English fashion, will not be lacking.

At the moment the theater was surrendered to vaudeville, of a character much below the average that would be demanded by an American audience. True, this particular audience was clearly not made

up of the people from the hotels, but the inanity and dulness of the performance was beyond description, while the eagerness of the spectators in following the trivialities presented was a curious revelation. For instance, four men came out to sing, and the plot of the story was that one had written a new quartette which was to have been offered at that time, but which had been lost, the fault being laid successively to each singer. For precisely fifteen minutes by my watch the dialogue was carried on, consisting principally of "You did," and "I did not," after which the music was found and duly sung. And this literally was all there was of it, but the audience were delighted, and applauded uproariously.

Another star feature was a monologist who presented a number of very old and very obvious stories concluding with that timeworn tale of the boy who was fishing on Sunday and to whom the minister said: "Don't you know it's wrong to catch fish on Sunday?" the boy replying: "Who's catching fish on Sunday?" Whereupon the people laughed and laughed and laughed.

A very delightful excursion from Harrogate is to Bolton Abbey, that grave ruin that stands at the entrance to Wharfedale, the most beautiful of those narrow valleys, so characteristic of Yorkshire, that lie hidden until you are full upon them, in the folds of the Yorkshire wolds or hills.

Bolton is the complete antithesis of Fountains, that other abbey which, by the way, can be seen on the same trip if you take a motor and give a full day to the journey. It is wild and unkempt. About it is an ancient graveyard with blackened stones rising like islands from a sea of grass through which the wind ripples. Around it all is a decaying picket fence. Ages ago the monks started to build in front of their little chapel a great stone tower which was to be the prelude of a greater church. The Reformation came and the brethren went, but grimly the vast and broken tower clings to the wall, though here and there time has wrenched it away so that between the two the daylight looks. The parish succeeded the monastery, and the monk's chapel became the village church, and what it then became it still remains, so through the enormous portal of what was to be a mighty minster's tower the villagers come upon a Sunday to worship in this tiny Norman sanctuary where for more than seven hundred years daily worship has regularly been offered to that same God whom monk and whom Henry each claimed to serve in such very different ways. All else is a ruin, empty save for the cattle pasturing there, and the occasional tourist who comes this way.

A path across the broad fields that lie about soon takes you to where they narrow into the entrance of Wharfedale. Its beauty is in the curving river that ever follows after; in the way century-old trees dip

gray branches to the stream; in the light and color of the sky that shimmer down between the leaves to still pools; in the forest smells that rise from wet, fern-filled hollows; the perfume of the sun on pine tree branches; and in the thousand still little sounds that go to make the silence of the country. By and by you come to the Strid, where the banks are steeper, and the narrowing stream swirls in brown foam among the rocks. Then presently the path leads to a broader prospect, and by stiller waters to where, across a meadow deep in wild flowers, the broken walls of a castle show above the arch of a distant bridge, and the journey ends.

Tunbridge Wells, Royal Tunbridge Wells the natives call it, became the most popular resort in the kingdom in the days when the Puritans ruled England, and its nomenclature still savors of the Roundheads, for you can, if you please, stay at the hotel Royal Mount Ephraim, and look across to Mount Zion.

The town rolls its clean streets over innumerable hills, not hills that are to be taken seriously, but just sufficient to put every foot of thoroughfare on a gentle angle, and add another interesting element to streets that in any event could never be monotonous. From the center of things one long road takes its crooked way down over the railroad bridge, dwindling finally to a curious little lane which twists by a church and into Ye Pantiles, the picturesque

and unique feature that stamps Tunbridge Wells with a definite distinction of its own. You come upon a street or court about a quarter of a mile in length, and of an irregular width, at no point exceeding one hundred and fifty feet. Down the center extends a line of stately trees, and they were tall in the dull days when Queen Anne was on the throne, and the shade of them now fills all the open space. On one side of these trees the ground is raised somewhat and flagged with broad square stones, while the lower side is paved with brick. On either hand extend closely built houses. On the right they are arcaded after the manner of Italy, so that the fronts of the lower stories are recessed far under the overhang of the second and third floors, which are supported by columns. Here are shops of all sorts. No vehicles may enter the Pantiles, but back and forth continually move the crowd of visitors. At the entrance is the well, the water of which does not seem to be of quite such villainous character as that at Harrogate, and at the other end is the bandstand, around which are grouped hundreds of chairs that rent for two pence. The crowd that gathers here has a very definite impress that clearly distinguishes it from the crowd at any other resort. A Tunbridge Wells crowd is different from any other. It lacks color, for it is dressed in dark blue, gray or black, in the midst of which the scarlet uniforms of the players in the band form a spot of needed

Bodlam Castle, near Tunbridge Wells

brightness, for aside from these uniforms and the vivid red of the geraniums in the window boxes, it is a rather somber place in the dim light that finds its way, with only an occasional flicker of sunshine, through the dense-growing branches overhead.

Now if you are familiar with Chautauqua, it will suddenly come to you as you sit in the shade and listen to the music that you have seen something like this before, and presently you will begin to call Tunbridge Wells the Chautauqua of England, in spite of the fact that there is no gate-keeper to punch your ticket, or program of lectures to entertain you. In the first place it is a bookish place, and a bookish crowd. There seem to be more bookstores than shops of any other sort, as many as in a college town, and they all display most enticing bargains, bundles of a dozen books neatly tied and priced at a ridiculously low figure, even if each bundle is sure to contain at least one religious and one scientific volume.

At Harrogate all the women sat around and knitted as they listened to the music, but here everybody sits and reads.

I think it was Miss Repplier who said that no one ever fully recovered from a Puritan ancestor, and Tunbridge Wells, born into the notice of the world by Puritans, retains to-day much of its Puritan atmosphere. These serious-looking people would be

pained to be thought either smart, brilliant or fashionable, but they come from the upper middle class of intelligent, thinking English, and they come here because they would not fit at all into the scheme of things at Harrogate, the smartest town in Britain. Now while they read their serious books they are hearing some serious music. Upon the program of one day's concerts I found the names of Wagner, Grieg, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Saint Saëns, Moszkowski, Elgar, Tschaikowsky, Massenet and Gounod. Now where in America, unless at Chautauqua, can you find a program like that?

That people come here for a subdued and not very exciting holiday may be gathered from the attractions advertised in a prospectus published by authority of the town.

"The Tunbridge Wells Vocal Societies, the Photographic Association, and the Natural History and Philosophical Society provide many delightful occupations and interests for visitors. A Flower Show will occupy the first week in July, the next is Cricket Week, the week after comes an Agricultural Show, and the fourth week is brightened by the Annual Lawn Tennis Tournament. And Archery and Croquet Tournaments will follow."

The whole tone of life at Tunbridge Wells is pitched in subdued key, in harmony with this decorous gaiety. But entirely apart from this life, there is an enduring charm about the town that makes it

one of the most attractive places in England. It is simply bowered in trees, and from the higher hills you look out upon house-tops and chimneys that seem to be in the midst of a rolling forest. For miles in every direction are wooded walks, sometimes lined with the glossy-leafed holly, and sometimes dark beneath the shadow of odorous pines. There are paths across great commons on the hillsides with views of stately homes in splendid parks, of white-clad cricketers playing on green fields, and of far villages and distant forests. Flung about as by giants at play are mighty rocks of curious shapes, invested with legends more curious still. Everywhere, along all these miles of country, are seats by the wayside, and everywhere are the people who walk, walk, walk, as is ever the way of the English.

All around the town wind splendid roads through splendid settings of beautiful homes beneath great trees. At one place, well within the region of the town, a very dense pine forest comes up directly to the road, which it borders for half a mile or so, and across from it are well-kept, flower-bordered lawns. And you are never far from a view, for this is in the midst of Kent, where all the world is beautiful, and where are gathered those fairest villages in England of which I have tried to tell in another chapter.

But most of all do I love Tunbridge Wells for the magic of its walks. Once, upon a Sunday morning when all the world was very quiet and still, I fared

forth alone, and by and by I came to a dark forest where a faint and fragrant path invited under an aisle of pines. So I entered in the wood and came at length to a great castle that stood across a pasture's slope, and whose embattled walls and ivied towers were such as Launcelot must have looked upon as he went in quest of the Holy Grail. But I did not leave the shelter of the trees, for surely the castle was enchanted. So I turned and crossed a moor that would have been a lonely place only that the sunshine was always there for company, and a faint breeze that you could feel had you by the hand and was going your way. And finally I came to where there lay upon the moor a great rock that looked even like unto a huge and bloated toad. And such indeed it was, once upon a time when there was magic in this land. For so it chanced that a certain knight of Arthur's Court had brought upon himself the enmity of Merlin, and that great wizard turned him into a gigantic toad. And yet further did it chance that Morgana de le Fay afterward did meet this dreadful thing here on this lonely moor, and being affrighted at the sight, by her magic power did turn it into stone. Now Morgana being dead and none alive to speak the spell to bring the poor knight back to life, why there he yet remains squatted uglywise upon this silent field. And thus he is known in these days as Toad Rock, but what his rightful name was in those other days when

in his bright armor he charged the foe by King Arthur's side, that has been forgot.

Bath is a delight. She impresses you as an ancient, gray-haired duchess, reclining in rather scornful ease upon her hills. And you derive in some queer way the notion that she is looking at you through her lorgnette with rather languid interest and just a little superciliously. No one would ever get familiar with the town, or call it by its first name if it had one. It is a city of surpassing dignity, with a wonderfully distinct and feminine personality. She is a very formal *grande dame*, one, perhaps, who has seen better days, but who still lives up to the part.

Her buildings, all of warm gray stone, line the hills in parallel terraces like the wrinkles of an old but lovely face. I never saw a city before whose houses seemed to have been made all at once and all alike. Viewed from the eastern hills this effect is truly remarkable — street after street, filling the intervening valley and piling up one above the other in perfect symmetry, and all apparently exactly alike. Hardly any houses are detached, but are in blocks, just so high, just so many windows, just so many chimney-pots at each end — miles of streets, hundreds of houses, thousands of chimney-pots, all stately, all gray, all formal. But singularly enough, the effect of all this uniformity is not monot-

onous. The hills rise and fall so beautifully, and so many little parks contrast their green with the gray, that you feel almost immediately a respectful affection for the place, as for your grandmother. I never met anywhere else a town of just this sort of a personality, this dignified affability, for Bath does not repel for all her great manner, but grows in graciousness with the days.

Walk the streets and look about you. You will see a bridge across a rushing stream, a bridge where the houses are piled up two stories high upon it, as on the bridge over the Arno at Florence. You will find streets of fashionable shops; promenades where the Bath chairs look like many crawling yellow bugs; book stores in abundance; milk vendors with yokes over their shoulders whence hang the shining cans as in Holland; many smart carriages with crests or coats-of-arms upon the panels; well-dressed people everywhere; and, well, yes, a beggar or two; great circles of pillared houses with exquisite outlook across a velvet reach of lawn and the treetops of a park; many public gardens with their formal setting of flowers and statues and impressive gateways. And then you will see what no other city in England can show, the great Roman baths that after all these centuries are in use to-day, and by them the stately beauty of an Abbey church, rich and splendid as of old.

Three independent civilizations have been in Bath

— Roman, modern, and that unique life of the eighteenth century that here reached its perfect expression, and in that expression was surely as different from, and no more related to, the life of to-day than was the life of Rome itself.

It was a great city that Rome builded here, for very early in their occupancy of the island the Romans learned to recognize the value of these great steaming springs in which recent analysis has shown the magic radium to lurk. They gathered the waters into marble pools, they surrounded them with columned arcades and covered them with stately buildings. Near-by they built fair temples to their gods; and along the paved streets that centered here were the gardened villas of Roman patricians. To-day some of these same carved pillars uphold the corridors of the modern bath, and as you wander through this strange combination of Roman and English builders, you feel as if you were in Rome itself; it seems impossible that this is Britain.

When Rome had vanished, the Saxons came, and they found this marble city in its empty, undefended beauty and they left it a ruin, a ruin so great that for a century the wild fowl nested amid its utter desolation, and water snakes crawled over the mosaic floors that Rome's luxurious civilization had laid. Then came the dawn of another day; the skin-clad folk who shepherded their flocks on the ridges of the hills crept down to look and wonder,

and finally made their huts among the fallen columns, and the beginnings of another town were here. In time a monastery of Saxon monks was founded, and at last a Saxon king here took his crown. Then came the Normans, and in 1087 the town was again an empty ruin. Three years later it began anew, and from this time on war was to pass it by. But it was a poor enough little huddle that struggled on until, in the early years of the seventeen hundreds, appeared Beau Nash. An uncrowned and unauthorized but universally recognized social despot, this remarkable man redeemed Bath and made it the empire city of English society.

There is a vast amount of romance that might be written of the town for the next hundred years, but gradually the glamor departed, and to-day Bath is beautiful, but not smart; she is sought, but not crowded; loved, but not crowned.

Now you know that in the ancient days the English used to cap the feast by strange dishes called "subtleties." The comparison may not be apt, but these inland resorts of Britain seem like the "subtleties" of an English summer. They are not to be rushed upon and taken by storm and left behind in a day, after the manner of our kind, but to get the subtle savor of that which is their joy, linger there and forget your haste, for to such as hurry they will not reveal themselves.

XI

SOME SEASIDE RESORTS

THERE is magic in the very name of Devon. There is mystery in her history, the mystery of the sea, and of those who follow the sea, and of the stirring tales her sea kings made in the days when Spanish galleons sailed, and they came a-following; the days of high-pooped ships of the line, hulls dark with the wash and wear of waves, with brown, square sails taut with the breeze, and the crimson ensign flowing free; days of pirates and of smugglers' caves; days of daring, when the stir of great adventure was in the wind, and when English ships were trying unknown sea-roads 'round the world. Devon then was pulsing with the lust and the lure of glory and of pelf, and from all her shores her men went forth, some to achieve their goal, and some to be known no more. This was the Devon on which Elizabeth counted to captain her ships.

And there is charm in her beautiful coast, there is witchery in the joy of her lanes and her dreaming villages, and there is delight in her frostless zone where, under the palms by the blue sea, you remember Italy.

Devon and Kent are the splendors of England, but Kent is Kent, while Devon is of England's north on heathered moors, and of her east in thatched villages, and of her west in many a lonesome place, and most of all of a south that is not of England at all, but of the Mediterranean. All along the indentations of her northern shore that faces the Bristol channel and all along the cliffs and bays that upon the south look out to the Atlantic are innumerable towns and villages, each one a summer resort claiming its own particular following, and of them all, Lynmouth in the north, and Torquay in the south stand preëminent, not only in Devon, but in England.

When you left London in the morning it was probably gray and the air was chill with the North Sea wind from the east, a wind that struggled with damp flags fluttering in Oxford street, the only bit of color in the cloudy day. But with afternoon you come into the sun, and when you leave the train at Torquay you feel as if you had traveled on the carpet of Bagdad, so amazing is the change. The chill is gone from the air, the clouds from the sky. Down below you is a little artificial harbor of encircling concrete piers, and opening from the tiny port the immense sweep of a crescent bay with forty miles of blue water between the white cliffs close at hand upon the right and the dim, blue line of land far out upon the horizon on the left. From

between the piers red-sailed fishing boats flash out to sea between gray warships. Rising sharply from the shore are the terraced streets of Torquay; up and up they go, line after line of white villas among the most luxuriant of green vines, palms, oaks and elms, a perfect forest.

Around the broad white walk that circles, not the whole vast indentation of the shore, but the bay within a bay, which is Torquay's, gardens snuggle at the base of the cliff, and here, among the palms, flowers are massed in brilliant color. Everywhere is color — in the blue sky, almost free of its wash of mist or filmy cloud that everywhere else in England blurs its brightness; in the deep-hued sea, and in the clear white that seems to sear it when the wave crest breaks; in the cream-colored cliffs; in the gorgeous gardens; everywhere is light and life and motion.

Only this promenade by the sea and the street of smart shops just beyond where the town pushes back the cliffs and finds room for its feet, are level; beyond are the hills in unmitigated steepness. The life that lounges along the piers is as foreign as the look of the boats and the palms. There are boys from Brittany with wooden shoes and wearing a heavy yoke upon their shoulders whence strings of onions are hanging, even as we find them in the sea towns of Cornwall. In the boats that wait the tide black-haired men smoke idly. And all the while

you are thinking, "Can it be England, can it be England?"

But the real life of the town, the life that Torquay has come to mean out in the world of English society, is a life unknown and unknowable to the transients in the hotels. It lives a luxurious but retired existence in hundreds of great mansions that stand amid beautiful lawns and gardens, but of which only rare glimpses are to be had when the gates in the walls stand open. For lofty walls conceal them; and on the top of the walls grow hedges, so that it avails nothing to take a carriage and drive its many streets in an effort to "see" Torquay, for Torquay is not to be looked at. We may visit the shops, we may find the humble homes of those who work, we may stroll on the promenade by the sea, and walk in the public gardens, but what the homes and the grounds of the rich are like is not for us to know. But outside the town is a generous beauty full of compensation for the unseen splendors behind Torquay's walls and hedges. There are walks, endless walks, along the cliffs, the most beautiful of all leading to Babbacombe, two or three miles to the east. Before you know it you are right above it. Red cliffs, richly red, rise sheer from a strip of the whitest beach you ever saw, and on the top is a hollow that holds as in a cup fields of green that slope gently upward to a wood. On the dazzling crescent of the sand many bathers play in the

edge of the surf that comes in slow swells of mellow blue. Away off to the east, headland after headland reaches far into the sea, their green and red blending finally into the gray blue of a great distance. The beauty of it sends you silent, and through the long afternoon you wish simply to sit and look. Nowhere else in England is the witchery of such color, and the charm of such form.

From the top of the cliff a hard road zigzags to the sea, but there is a better way than that. To the west a lane drops downward through a forest on the hillside, and the sun is shut out by the trees, and the ivy climbs to their tops, and at every turn there are dainty cottages with thick roofs of thatch, cottages that cling precariously to the rocks, for it is a steep hill, where nasturtiums light the shade, and seem to supply their own sunlight. By and by the lane ends upon a green promontory a little less than a hundred feet above the cove, and there on the edge is a tea garden, where stumps serve as tables, and whence you go on, when rested, down to that glittering beach.

It is from Torquay, too, that you make a pilgrimage to Cockington, a gem of a village lost in the woods, and, if you want to make a day of it, to Totnes and to Dartmouth. Totnes is quite a town, and yet it is really only one long street that scrambles up from the river Dart to the ruined castle on the hill. Here are arcaded houses, the sides shin-

gled with gray slate, so that they look more modern than they are and much less picturesque than they should. Half-way up there is a city gate from the days when every town was walled, and just beyond is the red stone church that was built by men who never knew the world was round and who never even suspected America, and back of the church is an astonishing town house where the city councilors have held their sessions these four hundred years. In one corner of this building, and facing the church, are low, dark cells, and outside of these the stocks.

Down the Dart to Dartmouth a little steamboat runs twice a day. It is an unexpectedly pleasant little stream, rich in those exquisite rural scenes that make the real England, broad pastures, rolling hills, and dense groves whose luxuriant treetops are thick and heavy as if of carven, painted boards. The voyage ends at Dartmouth. Marvelous old seaport, with sailors in the streets, and queer ones some of them are, with earrings in their ears, and long hair and stocking caps. There are fine old timbered buildings, and many are the double doors, over the closed lower part of which blond, British maidens lean to gossip with the strange-looking folk of the sea. There are streets of steps, suggestive, but only because they are steps, of Clovelly, and there is a smell of fish in the air, just as there ought to be in a town like this. Ferry-boats lumber between shores, and just a little farther on and around the

A Street in Totnes

green bend of the hills the sea receives the stream, and a castle looks out on the channel. At dinner time you are back in Torquay.

Some day, if you find yourself very, very tired, and sigh for a spot of perfect beauty with that subtle something about it that makes for perfect peace; a place where you can utterly relax in a quaint little inn that is built into the picture, an inn with perfect service, and casement windows, and great yellow roses growing to the roof, and a pervading cleanliness that is absolutely immaculate; a place by the sea and the high hills as well; where long walks lead by the shore or through forest glens where brooks dash over the shadowed stones, go to Lynmouth in North Devon, on the shore of the Bristol channel, for there will you be content. When at Torquay it seemed as if there was the most beautiful town in England; when at Lynmouth it seemed as if it was there; but now that I am away from the spell of both, it is the memory of Lynmouth that more strongly asserts itself.

Now Lynton and Lynmouth are in reality but one, only Lynton hangs on the top of the bluff, and Lynmouth lies by the sea, but it is Lynmouth that I love. It fills with its magic a little cove between huge wooded hills, and on one side its bit of green pasture and splendid trees come right down to the edge of the high tide. Just beyond is the rare, quaint street, through the center of which the Lyn foams

out to sea, skirting the little quay whose sheltering arm makes the miniature port where the fishing boats sprawl on the stony beach when the waters are out, or ride in safety when the tide swirls in. A bit of a lighthouse gives an air of importance to the pier, across from which a singularly picturesque grouping is made by some thatched, whitewashed cottages, and some steps in the hillside that lead the footpath to higher levels. The steep hills go up a thousand feet or more, and all the way is thick with trees, from among the rounded tops of which show the red roofs of hotels and villas, from whose chimneys thin, straight threads of smoke go up, blue against the green. Between the cleft in the two hills the village clambers up the height, and when it pauses at the top and looks across the sea to the dim coast of Wales and along miles and miles of the most beautiful cliff scenery in Europe this side of the Mediterranean, then it is Lynton.

All this you see from among the roses on the terrace of the hotel that lies almost between the two. And it is very still there in the sunshine, save for the steady roar of the Lyn, always hurrying to its tryst with the sea, and for the muffled murmur of the tide when it turns to meet it.

Lynmouth is not a place for a day. It enchants you, and you are willing to stay on and on, sometimes idling at nothing, other times exploring the shore, again with a sailor man on the sea, and other

days scaling the cliffs to revel in matchless views, or far afield on the moors — those wonderful miles of purple heather that lead away to the sky. Elsewhere you find silent little villages or ways through dense forests, and all the time you are coming to love Devon as you can love no other place on earth save Italy and some places I know of in Bavaria.

You can't love mountains, or tremendous views that frighten you just a little, or any of the great, imposing reaches of the world; but these homey, fair, lovely spots, painted with soft color, these are the things of earth you can love, just as you love people, and yearn for them again when distance has shut them away.

Out from Lynmouth just a little way and you come upon Exmoor, where for twenty miles one scarcely sees a house, just rolling, heather-covered hills where feed the sheep, shepherded by men who shelter by night in desolate huts. Here range the only wild deer in England, and sometimes three hundred huntsmen join in the famous meets, their red coats moving specks of color on the great landscape. And here is the land of "Lorna Doone." Of course you've read the wild, thrilling tale, and now you may ride in Doone Valley, and see the scant ruins of the homes where those wild Doones are said to have really lived, for an old man lives hard by who says he can remember seeing the ovens and the well-defined foundations of the robber settlement,

and as a boy he claims he was told by a very old man all the traditions of the band that Blackmore has woven into his romance. You may also visit the old and very tiny church where *John Ridd* and *Lorna* were married. It is very small indeed, with quaint and unusual paintings done on wood, with Egyptian-like faces on the figures. Peaceful enough it was that day we saw it, and very happy looking, too, in its own gray, ancient way, for the vicar was bringing home his bride that night, and over the road the people had built an arch of flowers, and "Welcome to the Bride and Groom" was written upon it in evergreen letters.

Very significant was the jury list attached to a board in the vestibule of the church, for among the names was "John Ridd," and I am told that he is, curiously enough, a man of gigantic size. Now this John Ridd has hanging over his fireplace a heavy rifle of undoubted age, and he says, and folk about there believe him, that this same rifle is the very one with which *Carver Doone* shot *Lorna* at the altar that day she stood up to marry that other *John Ridd*, his ancestor.

In the church there hangs a painting of three plumes, the crest of the Prince of Wales, and it has a story, which is this:

By the custom of the country when a young man kills his first deer, he is christened a hunter by the sign of the cross, made on his cheek by some one's

finger, dipped in the blood of the deer. When the late King Edward was a very young man he came this way to hunt, and he killed his first deer close by the church door, whereupon a farmer, not knowing who the lad might be, dipped his finger in the blood and crossed the Prince upon the cheek. Whereupon — well, just at the critical moment up rode others of the hunt, and while the old man didn't fall on his knees, he did beg pardon, and received forgiveness and a sovereign. That is, they say the Prince forgave him, but I doubt it, and would venture a lot that down in his heart Edward never quite forgave the man that daubed hot blood on his face when he was a boy. Boys don't forgive men so easily.

It is a far cry from beautiful Lynmouth to Yarmouth, "the People's Play Ground by the Sea," as the posters call it, and even greater than the miles that separate them, is the immeasurable distance that divides them in spirit. Rather fortunately, it seems to me, there is no other resort in England just like Yarmouth. Through commonplace streets whose dominant note is cheapness one comes down from the station to the most splendid beach in the world, and into the most enormous crowd it has ever been my misfortune to encounter. And such a free and easy, rollicking, vociferous crowd, without an "h" in it. It jams the walks that edge the interminable line of hotels and bazaars, moving-picture

shows, bar-rooms, lunch counters, concert halls and penny theaters that face the sea. It packs the pretty park that lies next the water; it literally covers the broad white sands, and spills out into the ocean where thousands are at play in the chilly surf. The immense crowd is very much more familiar and decidedly worse mannered than the throngs at Coney Island. Young women call out to young men they never saw before. Young men crudely, and rather more than impudently, discuss the passersby. Hand in hand men and women fight through the crowd singing shrilly. Clasped in each other's arms, half-grown boys and girls sprawl on the sand. In pairs, and sometimes a dozen couples at a time, men and women, yes, and boys and girls in their teens, openly enter the saloons, and emerge rather the worse for the visit. The people are rougher and altogether more boisterous than at any American resort I know, and absolutely all restraint seems abandoned.

And such a mass of folk! You have to elbow your way to move; to struggle for a sight of the sea. And while you are pushed this way and that, you are deafened by the clamor of it all, the tumult of the crowd, the yells of the barkers for snake shows and competing lunch counters, the cry of the post-card vendor, the blare of the band, all is deafening, bewildering. And this is pleasure at the "People's Play Ground by the Sea"!

It is all huge, crude and barbaric, and not a little startling, for at once you ask yourself where can this England be whence these thousands come. These are not the people of the broad green fields, the calm little villages. They do not come from among the fishers of the west, nor are they of the quiet region of the Lakes. They are not the sober, industrious folk of the cathedral towns, nor yet are they of the kind that do the world's work in London. You have never seen them before, and they are of a different England than you know, and their ways are not the ways of those strong-bodied and clean-minded folk who make the English nation as it has expressed itself to history and to the present. It is incredible that they, with their alien manners, should be part of this race you thought you knew and understood. And yet here they are, and just what they mean to the England of to-morrow is a problem that possesses not a little interest.

The best known seaside resort in England is undoubtedly Brighton, a town with a very different character than Yarmouth, and equally unlike Torquay and Lynmouth. Some one once said that the English seaside resorts existed to provide places for people who were not wanted elsewhere, and it is a fact that the so-called "smart" persons do not, in England, frequent the great seaside resorts, but congregate at Harrogate and other Spas, or if they seek the sea at all, go to the remote and generally

unknown little villages, where crowds and trippers and tourists are unknown.

But Brighton is, in a degree, an exception to the rule, for people of wealth and title gather throughout the year in the extremely expensive establishments along the beach, and the other hotels, many of them very comfortable, are filled with untitled but well-to-do Britishers, so that the air and the manners of the crowds that promenade the sands are very different from the characteristics of the people at some of the more "popular" places such as Scarborough and Yarmouth.

Brighton has been called the Atlantic City of England, and the comparison seems so apt as to leave little to description. True, the shops here are of a more permanent character; auctions are rare, and there is little effort to entice the passerby, but the long beach and the great row of hotels are the same. Here, too, are two steel piers offering varied entertainments, jutting far out into the waves, and more than all, the people seem very much the same, so that it is safe to assume that the person who likes Atlantic City would be enthusiastic over Brighton, and that those of us who detest the American resort would loathe its English counterpart as well.

It is a source of never-ending surprise to me why the English delight to suffer with the cold. In the winter their houses are kept at from fifty to sixty degrees, and in the summer when the temperature

begins to approach the comfort point at eighty, their newspapers issue extras to complain about it. I was in Brighton at the culmination of the coldest, wettest summer in seventy years. At eleven A. M. the thermometer registered fifty-four. A northwest gale was sweeping the Channel with bitter wind. The sky was gray and black and everything betokened November instead of August, but the surf was filled with shivering men, women and children. Only a few days before, a bather dropped dead on emerging from the icy water, but this perfectly logical occurrence had no deterrent effect on the humanity that suffered in the sea that dreary day we strolled the beach.

I cannot enthuse over these coast resorts of Britain, other than Torquay and Lynmouth. In the first place they are not on the ocean. The east coast towns face the dirty waters of the cold and generally colorless North Sea, those that are southeast look upon the equally dirty and colorless Channel. There is no hint anywhere of the splendid life and color, brilliant atmosphere and glorious motion of the great Atlantic. And at Brighton, for instance, there is absolutely nothing to see, nothing to do, nowhere to go. It possesses not one beautiful feature. Neither the muddy waters nor the dull buildings, the long rough beach nor the monotonous country reaching invisibly inland, the sky, hazy at its best, nor the drab crowds are attractive. There

is no color anywhere, nothing but a gray shore and a yellow gray sea and a pallid sky. It is simply an enormous blend of crowded sands, and Punch and Judy shows, and blare of bands, and rows of uninteresting shops, and vast hotels, the ugliest in the world, and fat women in wet, clinging bathing suits, and naughty, screaming children, and smelly taxicabs, and a clanging tram. Here are post-card vendors, and sellers of stale fruit. Here is noise and utter discomfort. And truly, I found nothing else in England's famed "Queen of Resorts."

XII

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE

OXFORD and Cambridge have been called "twin cities of the soul," which being interpreted means that here were, here are, no mere towns of brick and mortar, but that in English life and in the life of individual Englishmen these have been the spots where grew the minds of Englishmen, and that indefinable, but very actual thing, the personality of their nation.

It is easy enough to say that here are great schools where for many centuries young men have been taught. But that is not saying it at all. What young men are taught is one thing, a common thing; what they learn is an individual, and sometimes a very different thing. And the sum of the individual experiences, is, in its composite, the life of the nation, wherever, as in this case, the individuals are numerous enough, and forceful enough, to shape a people's thought and action. To me, these universities do not speak so much of the individual, prominent though many of these individuals are made by history, but it is as the great laboratories where for ages the English character, the

English nation, has been making, that they are most impressive. And why this is so is too elusive to transfer to paper. In a thousand ways, perhaps unconscious ways, for generation after generation, were influences at work that were building England. Clear thinking, ruggedness, the splendor of endeavor, the unity of action that achieves, duty to self, to the mass, to humanity; the necessity of law; the value of sacrifice; the lessons of failure and the recognition of the forces that often work through failure; control of self and others — the perception of these things were wrought into the English character, not in the measure to spell perfection, but in the degree that made possible that position which England won.

You think, of course, of the lonely student in leathern jacket consuming his life to learn, to learn what other men knew and to learn to think out for himself into unchartered realms of knowledge, but after all you do not individualize any figure in the long procession — it is the life of England that passes in review.

Life here had, of course, another side, its incidental side, for times were rude, and students were the human young; and youth, which happily will never be suppressed, was more untrammeled still when all the world was young and culture had not yet made for the undoing of impulse. And on this very human side I presume this chapter will dwell

more fully than on the other, which other is a thing to be intuitively sensed, not carefully described.

To-day Oxford the town is a disappointment, and Cambridge the town, is not. And even when you refer only to the colleges themselves, which in both places are beautiful, still Cambridge has emphatically the choice. Really in Cambridge you are conscious only of the university, but at Oxford you are conscious primarily of the town, everywhere insistently intrusive, and of its noisy and unpicturesque present. The beauty of Oxford is not convincing; it does not immediately establish itself as a certainty as does the loveliness of Cambridge. Coming from the latter you feel obliged to be continually saying, by way of vindicating Oxford's reputation, "But see, there is a beautiful tower," and ever as you travel the dull, noisy, modern streets, you raise your voice to be heard above the newsboys, and say, "Yes, and there is a rather good front." And you keep apologizing by saying, "And of course Oxford is the larger town." There is just the rub. In these days Oxford has the misfortune to be big, and what is worse, to seem big, and the University is merely an incident, submerged in the city's other interests. But at Cambridge the town is the incidental, merely a beautiful and appropriate setting, so that University and city seem one and inseparable.

Cambridge, in short, absolutely fascinated me;

not only the engaging personality of the place, its individuality, but the physical expression of that personality made by the town itself, its streets and buildings; the way the trees grow and flowers blossom and waters run. And there is a distinction here that after long wanderings among many cities the traveler comes to recognize, for just as it is sometimes possible to like a man, but not his clothes, so is it equally possible to like the vague, indefinite thing, of which your consciousness is none the less aware, the soul of a town, and not be at all attracted to the architecture or the environment in which that soul is housed. But at Cambridge there is an indescribable harmony between the two. The town seems to have been made solely as a place for the great University, and to have caught and expressed in its every street and building the beauty and serenity of university life. In the first place you forget all about the present, for you can literally recreate the past through that past's perfectly preserved environment. There is the haunting memory of great names and great lives, the charm of a quiet but wonderful beauty, and of a splendid picturesqueness; then there is the quaint and unfamiliar garb of the students; and most important of all, the atmosphere of complete serenity that comes from the consciousness of a perfected achievement. There is no tension as with us, tension that comes from the effort to succeed, from the doubt that we

are all we wish to be. In Cambridge the centuries of endeavor have crystallized into a present assurance of perfection that makes for peace.

Thus Cambridge is an exquisitely restful place in which to be, and while the mind relaxes, there is ever, to satisfy the eye, a tower or a fretted spire, a columned portico or embattled gate, or quaint overhanging roof closing the vista of the devious streets. From the station a tranquil-looking little car, drawn by one horse, moves at long intervals along the main throughfare, where book stores and not millinery establishments are the prominent shops. Standing gazing at the tempting display of books are young men in cap and gown as well as youngsters of ten or twelve from some preparatory school dressed in their black silk robes and topped by tall silk hats. Everywhere are statues and columns and flowers, and wonderful little alleys that play at hide and seek with you, and over it all the constant sound of ringing and chiming bells. Down the alleys is always something worth seeing; one that I remember well, hides the most exquisite oriel window I have ever seen; three stories up it runs and is a marvel of carving like a shrine.

Now within the setting of this tranquil country town where all is green and beautiful, are nineteen colleges where four thousand students are learning many things besides their lessons that make for development, and these colleges are among the beauti-

ful things of the world, beautiful in their immense antiquity, in the dignity and appropriateness of their architecture, but beautiful in a thousand nameless ways that cannot be expressed but can be felt; in tradition, accomplishment, and in the perpetual youth that through the ages has been their life. As innumerable prayers hallow an old cathedral with a subtle sense of inarticulate worship, so the passing but ever present generations of the young have, in a way that the spirit I think can perceive, invested these buildings with a strange spell of abiding youth, and the strength and the joy and the life of youth.

But if you are too literal to perceive anything more than the eye reveals, then this is what you will find: sometimes through a splendid gate as of a fortress or a palace, and sometimes through what is little more than a hole in the wall, you enter on a great square — "Quad," they who are of the University call it — where, around a great spread of level lawn, are the four sides of the college buildings. In these the students have their rooms and the faculty their quarters. Somewhere within there is the dining-hall where great men of the past look out from the canvas on some who are surely to be of the great men of the future, but who now are very pink and very boyish as they tumble to their places at table.

Over the walls grow masses of ivy, and in nearly every window are gay boxes of flowers. Back and

forth across the Quad go the gowned men, stooping now and then with an unboyish tenderness to pet the college cat. In the rooms they are bending over their books, or laughing with their kind as they puff at their pipes, or they are writing letters, or reading, or strumming a guitar, or very likely indeed are planning what might or might not be reprehensible, depending entirely on the point of view.

Back of the Quads are stately gardens on which trees look down, and here one seems so sheltered from the world and from all of its confusing cares, that you sigh to stay forever in the pleasant shade, and you can sympathize with Charles Lamb, who wished for a little boy whom he might christen Do-nothing, and give him nothing to do. Not that that is at all the sort of life the people live who walk in these gardens in the cool of the day, but that they seem precisely the sort of place where one could wish for nothing better than a life of "beautiful, polished, unmarred inactivity" as Agnes Replier puts it.

But come back into town and down to a little bridge across the Cam, and there take a boat and tell the oarsman that you want to see "the Backs," whereupon he will take you along the most beautiful half-mile of river in the world. As through a park flows the tiny stream, with the college lawns and gardens on either bank. The delicate branches of weeping willows quiver down to their reflections in the dark water, across which glide the swans; gray

towers of ancient buildings form pictures where tall elms part; graceful bridges, where the ivy clings, span the stream, and up to them lead avenues lined with trees that were old before America was known. It is all so charming, and withal so enduring, that you can search the world in vain for just such another picture. Out through the lock the river passes to greater activity. Here the boat-houses of the various colleges line the banks, and old-fashioned rope ferries lumber across, in place of the old stone bridges. The trees still follow the shore, and in their shade are tea-houses where, in the afternoon young men in flannels sip tea with pretty blond girls, and brunettes too, for that matter, in dainty hats and gowns.

The University is careful of its men, and no student is allowed to own or rent a boat who does not first produce a certificate from his parents or guardian that he can swim. This is placed on file with the officials of whichever college he attends, and a permit is then issued admitting him to the freedom of the river, and no boat keeper would dare rent a man a boat unless he first shows his right to obtain one. "But why," I asked a boat keeper, "why wouldn't he dare? What could happen to him if he did?" "I don't know," was the answer, "but it couldn't happen; it never has." Which is quite the English way, and not a half bad way at that.

And careful, too, is the University of the manners

Magdalen College from the Cherwell

and the morals of its young. Proctors walk the streets at night to keep order among the students, and when the clock strikes ten the gates of every college close, not to open to any belated youth unless he is the bearer of a special permit. No student can run a bill with any tradesman in excess of twenty-five dollars, nor can he give a dinner to more than three others unless he has permission of a tutor. Many students are allowed to lodge outside the colleges in houses especially licensed to receive them, but the landlady must report once a week the hours each student came to his room. No student may carry a latch-key, and no servant may open a door after ten P. M.

In his gown must the student come to dinner, nor may he appear thereafter without it, but when in his gown he may not smoke, for of such are the laws of the University. The English recognize, as we do not, that quiet is essential to enjoyment, and in one college I saw posted a notice that no graphophones were allowed upon the river.

At half-past two of a Sunday afternoon there is an interesting sight, precisely such a sight as might have been seen at precisely the same hour on every Sunday since the thirteenth century, for every Sunday afternoon since that old time was young the fellows of the college have gathered in Great St. Mary's Church to listen to a sermon by some man chosen by the University. To this service comes in

state the Chancellor, passing from the Senate House across the street, preceded by a most medieval-looking personage carrying the mace; and why should he, and the Chancellor too, not look medieval, since they are gowned now much as when their predecessors passed between these same buildings seven centuries ago

In the Senate House meets the Senate, or governing body of the University, the federal authority of the semi-independent colleges. Entered at one college, a student has the freedom of the lectures given at all, but his life is governed by the traditions of the college of his choice, each college being marked by some characteristic that distinguishes it in the composite life of the University.

We have noticed the difference in the impression given by the two great University towns, but what of the difference in the character, in the dominant thought? Oxford was, and still is, a great conservative force, while Cambridge has ever been the center of liberalism. The definite impression of this characteristic was given Cambridge in its very early days, when its students were gathered from the north and east, regions where the Saxons assimilated but slowly with the Normans, and too remote to be brought into immediate touch with, and consequent full loyalty to, the authority of the central government at London. Not that Cambridge was disloyal, but that mere abstract loyalty to a distant king and

the institutions he represented did not loom so large a virtue as at Oxford where the sovereign often came and went. And these two forces complemented each other in the national life, for in those periods when Cambridge men guided the policies and shaped the course of Empire, the men of Oxford abroad among the people held in check too great departure from the traditions that safeguarded progress. And when the pendulum of popular impulse turned toward conservatism, the progressive teachings of Cambridge checked a too great swing.

Less picturesque as a town, less interesting in college quad, and less beautiful in architecture, Oxford has compensation in the wealth of old customs still permeating the university life. In physical environment Cambridge is the richer, but in ways that have persisted from the ancient of days Oxford supplies an atmosphere that is the fuller in romance and suggestion. Awake in your inn on May Day morn and there will come to you the words of a Latin hymn chanted by students from the tower of Magdalen college (pronounce it Maud-lin, if you please), a custom that has been observed for centuries, and that has its sources far in a pagan past.

If you are a student in Queen's College, then on Christmas Day you will take part in the "Boar's-head Feast," which for five hundred years has been celebrated in the great dining-hall just as it was last Christmas, and just as it is likely to be for centuries

to come. After the tables are spread, the Provost and the Fellows gather without. Chanting an old refrain to the effect that "The Boar's head, I understand, is the bravest dish in all the land," they file into the hall. Next come trumpeters who announce the entry of the royal dish; they are followed by three bearers who carry an immense dish whereon the boar's head reposes surrounded by mistletoe and laurel. The tale is told that this celebration is in honor of a brave student who many centuries ago was attacked by a wild boar in the neighboring woods, and who killed him single-handed; but as Dr. Ditchfield points out, the origin of the custom really harks back to the "yule festival of the Scandinavians, when an offering of a boar's head was always made."

Another custom of this college dates from the time of its founder, who bequeathed a certain sum to the corporation with a direction that from its income there should annually be purchased for and presented to each scholar a needle and thread. And now on New Year's there gather in the ancient hall such of the fellows and students as happen to be in lodgings, and the Bursar gravely presents each of them a needle and a bit of thread, saying: "Take this and be thrifty."

Here, too, the great bell in the chapel tower begins at five minutes past nine each evening to toll one hundred and one strokes, "the number being

chosen in accordance with the number of students on the foundation of the college." Though why at nine-five instead of at nine, nobody seems to know.

Jesus College is the one that appears to be set apart by universal consent to students from Wales, and here on March first, the day of St. David, the Welsh patron saint, everybody wears a leek in his buttonhole. Don't ask me why, for I forgot to find out.

At all the college banquets when the loving cup is passed, the man who drinks last passes it to the one next him who rises to receive it, and as he does so the man next beyond him rises too, while the one who passes the cup remains standing, so that the man who is drinking has a man standing on either side of him. I saw this same custom at one of the annual banquets of the Cordevainers' Guild in London and was told then that the reason was to guard the man whose hands were occupied with the cup from being treacherously stabbed by some enemy, for once upon a time an English prince had been thus done to death. And so, in these calm days the ancient custom still prevails among mild-mannered gentlemen in London and their equally harmless if somewhat more boisterous sons at Oxford.

Another very ancient custom known as beating the bounds, though not connected with the University, is yet in vogue in Oxford, as well as in several other English towns and villages. The

American system of recording deeds and mortgages is unknown outside of London, and possibly one or two other districts, so that it was always a matter of prime importance to establish the boundaries of estates and municipalities by permanent landmarks, and that the location of these landmarks should be impressed upon the memory of each succeeding generation. Thus it came to pass that annually the church and the civic authorities, as the most important influences in England, joined in a ceremony calculated to define to the public just where the legal boundaries really were. This ceremony was known as beating the bounds. It took place in Ascension Week, and was preceded by a special service after which the clergy, Mayor and other town officials, and certain lads honored by being appointed to the sacrifice, set forth upon procession to the ancient landmarks; and when they arrived at the tree or stake or post, one of the boys was made clearly to identify its location, and was then, and with much ceremony, soundly spanked, in order that he "might never forget it," thereby becoming a most valuable witness in possible future litigation concerning these metes and bounds, fully fortifying him against the inevitable question of all good cross-examiners, "What was the circumstance that impressed this on your memory?"

In some towns, where a stream or pond constituted the boundary, the newly-elected Mayor was ducked

"to make him remember," and the details often differed with the locality. But in most places the custom has fallen into disuse. At Oxford, however, it is still observed, though not in all its original features, thrashing the boy or ducking the Mayor being omitted, the officials being content with a very picturesque procession.

Just how Oxford University began nobody seems to know, indeed it seems to have resembled *Topsy*. In an old record of the year 1185 there is a reference to the masters and students at Oxford, but beyond that we enter the realm of conjecture. But very early in its history it assumed a two-fold function, very alien to the powers and purposes of our American colleges. As has been elsewhere pointed out, teaching in medieval times had come to be almost wholly a monopoly of the Church, primarily because nowhere else could be found persons familiar enough with the knowledge of the period to be qualified as teachers. Very naturally, therefore, the church came in time to regard its schools as a part of its organization, and to extend to them and to those who attended there, the protection of its power. To estimate the extent of this protection it must be borne in mind that in these days the Church was the ultimate power, and spoke the last word, not only in the affairs of individual life, but of national life, the life of the State, as well. Indeed, to all intents and purposes the State was an agency of the Church,

independent in action which concerned its local affairs, but still an independence subject in the last instance to ecclesiastical control. And even thus, certain subjects were always excepted from the jurisdiction of the civil courts, and remained exclusively within the control of the tribunals of the Church.

Here and there, a king would occasionally revolt at this overlordship of his kingdom, but eventually he would find himself obliged to yield, even as did English Henry, who in the end was actually forced literally to submit his back to monkish whips even as a rebellious schoolboy.

Of course there was an Oxford before there was a University, and Oxford the town had its mayor and its municipal laws, representing, as do our cities to-day, the central authority of the State, whose agents for the purposes of local government all cities are, and ever have been. Now within the limits of this town, within the boundaries of its authority, we find the University developing, gathering to itself many hundreds of young men, men who were not only as unimpressed by law, as is ever the way of youth, but to whom was added the lawlessness of an untamed time. It was therefore inevitable that eventually there should come a determining conflict between the constituent authorities of the town and these students who regarded themselves as above the reach of those authorities because they were members of that university which was in turn under the pro-

tection of the Church, a higher power than the town or the State which created the town. It was in 1209 that, after some mad outbreak of student lawlessness the civic authorities caught certain of the lawbreakers and abruptly hanged each of them by the neck until he was dead. But that was the end of Oxford's authority, and five years afterward (for in those days when Rome and London were months apart, action was slow of motion) we find a Chancellor created as head of the University, with criminal jurisdiction over all students superior to that of the town, and to whom the town must surrender for trial or pardon all students it might take under arrest. From this dates the University's existence not only as an institution of learning, but as a judicial tribunal with powers superior, in certain respects, to those of the civil authorities, and as an organization in a measure above and independent of the State. "The powers of the Chancellor were very considerable. They did not extend to questions of life or death, but he could fine, he could imprison, he could banish. The scholars were protected from any court but a University court, and on the other hand were forbidden to enter a secular court. They could, however, appeal from the Chancellor's decision to the Congregation and, if still dissatisfied, to the higher tribunals of the realm." [1]

In disputes between individuals within the Uni-

[1] Snell's "Customs of Old England," p. 81.

versity's jurisdiction the effort was always made, after judgment had been given, to effect a reconciliation of the parties, and this gave rise to "Love Days," which were times appointed by the Chancellor for public evidence of that reconciliation to be forthcoming.

Mr. Snell quotes one particularly interesting decree which was entered on January 10th, 1465, in a case between John Merton and his wife, defendants, and Simon Marshall and "the Worshipful Sir Thomas Lancaster, Canon-regular," plaintiffs, in which all parties were restrained from "thereafter making faces at each other," and were ordered to forgive all past offenses, and within fifteen days furnish a joint dinner, of which they were all to partake, one side to provide "a goose and a measure of wine, and the other the bread and beer."

How I should like to have been at that dinner, and what a joyous sight it must have been for the students to have seen the Worshipful Sir Thomas Lancaster, Canon-regular, going through the Quad in his cap and gown and making faces at Mrs. Merton. Don't you see how very illuminating this incident is of the life, of the point of view, of the mentality of the Middle Ages? And by the same token wouldn't you like to have been alive then and looked on at that life?

And again by the same token, life isn't very interesting in these days, except in spots, for men are

of interest only when they manifest themselves frankly, and we are getting more and more away from all that; which is, of course, a very good thing I suppose, even though it does take the zest and the savor out of everything.

It would be tremendously interesting to go further into this student life, to know what they studied and why, to note their manners and their speech, to see how they looked, what they wore, and to know what their thoughts were that thus and so expressed themselves; but to do this would be to write a book, instead of a chapter, on Oxford.

Of course it may well be imagined that all was not forever peaceable between these young men made arrogant by their immunity from the city authorities and the people of the town, and many and bloody were the rows between gown and town — pitched battles some of them, that actually left a dead man now and then upon the streets. And to this day, on November 5th, the students sally forth and fight it out with the young chaps of the town, concerning which Dr. Ditchfield remarks, "Why on this particular night the gentlemen of the University and the roughs of the town should seek to engage in deadly conflict and fight and bruise each other, is one of the mysteries of civilization."

It is hard to take leave of these unique Universities with so much unsaid, and before we go let us take just a glimpse of Oxford life of to-day. In one of

the Colleges is a building where for six hundred years students have been quartered. In one corner of this building is an apartment which for over a hundred and fifty years has been occupied by members of the same family. You find it up a dark and winding stairway. The student's name is on the door. There is a small sitting-room, whose worn furnishings are extremely plain. A few family photographs are on the discolored walls; a rack holding half a dozen pipes; a score of books upon a shelf; two or three easy chairs; a cupboard where his dishes are kept, for his breakfast and luncheon are served in his room, where he eats them alone like a prisoner. Opening from this room is a small, utterly bare, cell-like place just big enough for a chair and his iron bed, under which is his little tin bath tub. And these are the quarters of one of the richest lads in England. But more to him than luxury is the thought that six centuries of scholars have preceded him in this crumbling old building, and that for generation after generation the young men of his family have lived in this very room. Now this room has double doors; the outer one is called "the oak," and during the occupant's freshman year it may never be closed, but after that year is passed he may close and bolt it and none may enter without his permission — his room is his castle.

Down on the river each college maintains a stately barge. Many are built up at the stern like the high-

pooped galleys of Elizabethan days, and like them they are gorgeous with gilding and paint, and unlike them their decks are flower-lined and luxurious.

Life in these great colleges wears the appearance of being a happy one, and gives the same impression of being thoroughly established in all its ways beyond the reach of change, which adds so much to the dignity and comfort of existence everywhere in England. And both in Oxford and Cambridge there is also something more than this. You walk with the great dead, the days you wander through these college quads, those dead whose names recall the inspiration they were to our own boyhood, to that time of ours when they seemed to point the way to what we then felt sure was to be our own high future. From these two Universities have come by far the most of those men who have made the British Empire and British art and British letters during the years that have seen England circle the world with her pomp of power and her splendor of achievement.

XIII

IN SHERWOOD FOREST

IT was toward the close of the eleven hundreds, and King Henry II was off to the wars in Ireland and with him the Earl of Huntingdon. Back home in his English castle was the Earl's son, Robert. From the tall towers that rose high above the strong gray walls, the boy could look out upon the many acres of his wide estate, where the Saxon serfs plowed the fields and planted at seed time and reaped at harvest. Others of these big, blond men in blouse and stout leathern breeches tended the sheep that nibbled the grass in the fields, or watched the cattle that grazed in the pastures. Looking straight down, Robert could see the low-walled houses of these serfs gathered close around the castle gate, and when he looked afar he could see the thick trees of the King's forest, where the deer and wild boar waited the royal huntsman.

Now across the wind-tossed confusion of the Irish Channel there was another castle, and before its walls were the white tents of the king, and his engines of war and his army, and the Earl of Huntingdon. And upon a day when the besiegers were creeping

nearer, and the arrows were flying fast from the defenders, it came time for Earl Huntingdon to die; and they buried him where he fell. And messengers went speeding home to England, and then the castle seemed a very lonely place for the little boy to stay, for he had no mother, and he was but twelve.

His uncle loved him not, yet the law made him his guardian, and when but three years had gone their way all those broad fields and the castle and the serfs and their little village by the gate no longer belonged to Robert, and they turned him adrift. "Shift for thyself," said his guardian. So Robert set out to find the King.

In those very old times roads were few and such as there were led through many a dark wood where bands of outlaws lived on the deer and the other wild things they found there, and robbed whom they could, for the king's arm was not so strong as now, and human nature being just the same, men moved along the line of least resistance and stole when it was easier than to work; and it was very much easier in England then, where work was a contemptible thing and made hard to do, and the forest offered safety and food and the full opportunity to do as one pleased.

And Robert passed into the wood, and by and by he came all unawares upon a clearing where many men were drinking, with long bows and arrows lying beside them. The fellows were drunk, and one thing

led to another till Robert was made to fight for his life, and the better men among them took his part and one of them was slain. Then Robert drew his bow, and sent an arrow straight through the leader's heart and he leaped into the air and fell forward on his face, and his dead hands clutched the leaves. Then fled Robert and those who had sided with him, and by and by they made of him their leader, and the Earl's son became Robin Hood, the outlaw. But he never forgot his gentle breeding and was a handsome and gallant thief, and a mighty good fellow as well, for he took only from those who had got their gain by wrong, and he helped the weak and the poor, and he kept his men in order. And there in Sherwood Forest he lived with his Merry Men, as the folk for miles about named his band, for they feared him not, and many a romantic adventure befell them there as the years went on.

There was Alan-a-Dale and Friar Tuck and Will Scarlet and they were brave, and not of a bad sort at heart, but different than you and I will ever know, for while human nature is still the same, yet the laws and customs we call our civilization have wrought upon us a necessary work of suppression and restraint so that we do not manifest our nature in just the same way. It is like the same river, but diked and dammed into an orderly progress to the sea.

But time went on even in Sherwood Forest, and age came at last to Robert, son of the Earl of Hunt-

ingdon, and finally the day when the secret passages to the treasure room were needed no more. Maid Marian was dead, and her bower in the greenwood given over to nature to obliterate. The old men gathered for one last cup in the hidden refuge amid the trees. Their voices quavered in the last song. And then they separated, and Robin went his way to an Abbey, and by and by he dropped asleep and did not wake. And the old order changeth continually.

Very old to-day seems Sherwood Forest. The giant oaks that were growing when young Robin Hood passed beneath them appear incredibly ancient. There is something pathetic, and something uncanny, in their huge and almost branchless trunks. They are dying at the top; their proud height is gone; twisted and gnarled, their stumps of limbs reach falteringly, helplessly upward. It is a shivery sort of place now among these passing creatures of the wood. Newer trees are growing vigorously; towns and even cities stand where was but a leafy wilderness when Henry II was on the throne, but the vague ghost of Sherwood Forest can yet be seen on that long drive from Mansfield to those great estates, "the Dukeries," that meet in the midst of the ancient woods.

After the Reformation much of this enormous tract of country came into the possession of Five English Dukes, each property embracing many thou-

sands of acres, with towns and villages, and many miles of roads. Here the titled proprietors built themselves great palaces. Much of the forest was preserved in all its original wildness, and stocked with deer and all that variety of game the English so delight to hunt. Many square miles were converted into parks, and through these, whence led the approaches to their homes, the public roads were changed to private ways to which the public were given access only by sufferance and on occasion. Between the towns the thoroughfares were allowed to retain their public character. At present only two of these five estates remain in the hands of ducal proprietors, but the whole district is still known as the Dukeries, and an idea of its size may be gathered from the fact that the drive which brings you to the most famous bits of the Forest and the most important of the mansions, is thirty miles long.

Thoresby Park, where lives Earl Manvers, is twelve miles in circumference. Clumber Park, the residence of the Duke of Newcastle, is even of greater extent. The house itself is approached by the Lime Tree Avenue three miles in length, and in the adjoining gardens is a terrace a quarter of a mile long, and near by an artificial lake covering eighty-seven acres. Welbeck Abbey is the home of the Duke of Portland, and there are over sixty thousand acres in the property. And so one might go on and pile up statistics of size and cost, but those already quoted will serve

to give a just impression of this extraordinary region.

The palaces themselves are imposing but not beautiful. They remind one in some way of those public buildings at Washington built after the passing of the classic and before was comprehended the art of making a big thing beautiful. They are all of great extent and of a certain stateliness, but the impression they make is one of regret that the expenditure of so much money should have produced so little of charm.

The interiors are gorgeous. The world has been ransacked for centuries to gather for their owners the beautiful and the unusual. There are paintings that are masterpieces, and marbles that are the envy of museums and galleries; there are rugs into which the poetry of the East has been woven; there are carved fireplaces from Italy and France; there are wonderful tapestries from Flanders, vases from China, jeweled bric-à-brac from India, and bronzes and inlay, gold and ivory from the places that make them best.

Three days a week the private roads are opened to the public, and at those times visitors are also admitted to the houses when their owners chance to be absent.

It would become wearisome to enter into detailed description of each one of these remarkable estates, but the Duke of Portland's place is typical of the

rest and to tell of it will give a fairly accurate idea of them all, and of the conditions under which life is lived on these great properties, a life that in certain of its features recalls all that was best in the plantation life of the South in the days before the War, but for which now you would search America in vain to find a parallel.

The property is of such vast and varied extent, and so many diverse activities are required to maintain it, that over a thousand persons are in the direct employ of the Duke. Many of these whose duties are connected with the stables and the gardens live in detached homes that surround the great court across which entrance is had to the mansion. In the palace itself a multitude of servants are continually busy, and these have their own extensive quarters within the walls, their own kitchens, dining-room, and servants' hall. Around the great circle of the boundaries of the Park are fifty-six lodges, each a beautiful cottage, surrounded by masses of flowers, for the Duke offers annually a prize to that lodge-keeper who has the finest garden.

In the courtyard is the engine house, for so vast is the establishment, and so numerous the outlying buildings, that a thoroughly equipped and trained private fire department is in constant readiness for service, the Duke delighting to entertain his house parties by turning in an alarm and bringing his firemen into action.

Not far away is a schoolhouse where free and compulsory education is given by a competent corps of teachers employed by the proprietor. Then, too, there is a chapel where the Duke's chaplain holds regular service, and the organist, whom he also employs, presides at an organ of unusual beauty of tone. If any of his people are sick, he provides physician and nurse, and flowers and fruit find their way daily to the bedside.

Nor does he confine his interest to the people in his employ. He is a believer that every sinner should have another chance, and he stands ready to help to his feet again any ex-convict whose case is brought to him. Not so very long ago he entertained at luncheon those men whom he had helped to prosperity but who had once looked out from prison bars. And in the summer of 1912 he brought from an asylum in the neighborhood twelve hundred crippled children, and from London he brought vaudeville stars to entertain them while they feasted at such a dinner as they had never known before.

Over an edge of his lands is a coal mine, and here the company of which he is the controlling spirit has made a model village. He himself gave the land whereon to build a church, and twenty-five hundred dollars toward its erection, and a sufficient sum which at interest yields nine hundred dollars a year for the curate's salary. Here are no depressing tenements, but separate and charming cottages for the miners'

homes; there is a free club-house that is exceedingly attractive, equipped with swimming-pool, gymnasium, billiard-room, reading-room, and entertainment hall, and around it are bowling green, tennis court and running track. The hours of work are short, the children clean, the people comfortable.

And all this work of public benefaction is not peculiar to the Duke of Portland, but fairly typical of the sense of responsibility shown by very many of the great landed proprietors of England. But again, the old order changeth, and the great estates are breaking up. The change began several years ago; and even as early as 1912 one real estate firm had sold properties which realized more than seven millions of dollars. Since the war the heavy taxation has aggravated the difficulties of the large land-holders, and many of the largest estates have been broken up into smaller holdings or have passed into the hands of the "nouveau riche. Thus the character of English ownership is undergoing an immediate and radical change; a change that will make for individualism, but which will inevitably tend to destroy that close and fine relationship between the rich and those less favored, which has long been a marked characteristic of England's rural life.

The house and immediate grounds are possessed of unusual interest, and the greenhouses are unsur-

passed anywhere. Within their shelter grow great numbers of dwarf fruit trees on which, covered with netting and tied to supporting stakes, immense apples, peaches and pears are ripening. Grapes of many kinds hang in huge clusters, and a wilderness of orchids, roses and curious beautiful carnations, larger than any I ever saw before, are continually in bloom.

The stables are almost regal in extent, for the Dukes of Portland have ever been lovers of the horse, and in one room is the skeleton of one famous racer that actually won his weight in gold. From the earnings of his racers the present Duke not long since built an almshouse that was needed in an adjoining district. The house is so attractive both without and within that it is really more a home for aged people, than it is like those "poorhouses" with which we are familiar in America.

But the great curiosity is the "Subterranean Palace." The fifth Duke was a very eccentric man, and early in his career retired to Welbeck Abbey, which for eighteen years he closed to the public. During that time he employed an average of fifteen thousand men annually, and at an expense of many millions of dollars he constructed a so-called "underground palace," approached by some three miles of underground passageways. The most wonderful of these strange rooms is the picture gallery, which the guide-books proclaim "the most magnificent private

room in England." It is one hundred and sixty feet long, and sixty-four feet wide, and twenty-two feet high, and from the center hangs a chandelier that is a miracle in glass. State balls are held in this queer place, and many banquets have been given here in honor of visiting royalty or other distinguished guests.

Subterranean kitchens and pantries are connected with the other rooms by long tunnels through which a little railway is laid where diminutive cars carry food from the kitchens to the banquet hall.

Now all this sounds very romantic, and I am the last man on earth to shatter an illusion, for I never encountered an illusion yet that I did not find it extremely attractive, but really, the word "subterranean" when applied to these rooms is just a little too great a word, for in fact they are little more than deep-sunken basements, the ceilings not under ground at all. I feel guilty at telling you this, for it would be much finer to think of them as mysterious, splendid caverns, as in fact I always had till I saw them, but they are, alas, much more prosaic than that, though none the less curious and interesting.

You drive back to Mansfield by a different way than that you came, but a way where still stands many a survivor of the Sherwood of long ago. The crippled and twisted limbs of some of these ancient giants rest on the ground as if they were tired with life's struggle and were ready to return to the earth

from which they came, and the thought of them waiting with patience and dignity for the end is just a little saddening as you drive out from their scant shadow into the full light of a day so full of contrast to the time they have outlived.

XIV

THE ENGLISH LAKES

WHERE the northwesternmost corner of England juts out into the Irish Sea, there, set apart, even as is Cornwall, from the rest of the island, rise the Cumbrian Mountains, and held in their numerous and irregular valleys lie the English Lakes, famed by artists and sung by those poets of the last century who, led by Wordsworth, created what has ever since been known as the lake school of poetry. Nowhere else in England is gathered in such small compass such infinite variety of beauty. There are bare, bleak passes over the summits of naked hills where nothing indicates that man has ever been, except the road and the great stone circles of the sheepfolds; there are level pastures carpeted with miles of buttercups and daisies set in long valleys between distant hills; there are dainty villages built as in some great park; there are broad lakes with villa-studded shores and distant backgrounds of mountain peaks; and there are smaller ones where dark and lonesome woods crowd up the mountain sides that spring abruptly

from the black water. There are precipitous cliffs that lift forbidding walls and pinnacles many hundreds of feet into the air, enticing the lover of mountain climbing to attempts that only the expert climber can ever hope to accomplish, and then only with the ropes and guides that the Alps themselves demand.

There is something here for every taste except for the man who loves warmth and sunshine, for never is there any heat, never a day but across some range the rain is driving, never a time when cold mists are not fingering some of the summits. But if you like fishing you can troll the lakes or whip the mountain streams; if you wish society, the hotels are full of people who will be nice to you if you can come properly introduced; if you wish solitude there are many places too remote for the tripper and the tourist; if you have a car there are roads that take to the hills in easy swings, roads that are seemingly always dry no matter how wet the day; if you are intent on literary pilgrimages, all through lake land are the haunts and homes of famous writers, like the shrines of more southern lands; and if you are intent on mere beauty of form and color, there is a view on every hand, and everywhere that singular blue-green color of the north lying along the mountain sides. This color, indeed, is my dominant recollection of the English Lakes, this, and the hard blue light, color and light so at variance with the

mellowing, enriching effects of mist and sun and cloud in Italy that you question at first if it be beautiful. But after many days there comes finally a perception of its own distinct type of loveliness, and while it can never charm as does the color of the south, yet you admit that here it properly belongs in the abiding place of cold and storms. It was mid-July, but the weather, the tone of the sky, the drive of cloud, the cold, pale lighting of the hills, all was of November. There is a harmony between this light and color of atmosphere and the dark chilly green of the forests, so that even to a lover of the south the memory of these northern lakes is of a place that is beautiful, though not of a place that he can love.

Within a square of thirty miles the heart of the district is included, and this area has been organized for pleasure like a miniature Switzerland. Here are sixteen little lakes and many mountain peaks, none of which, however, climbs to a height of more than thirty-five hundred feet, perhaps not even quite so much as that. At the north and south the railroads enter on their way to the coast, and in between is a network of stage-coach routes reaching every part of the district by roads as hard and smooth as a ball-room floor, that pass through miles of cavernous shade of mighty oaks and beeches, out along blue waters, and over summits where great views come and go. From the chief villages on the larger lakes

A Typical View in Lakeland

buses start at regular hours, and their trips are so arranged and so extended that every point of interest is easily accessible. On the lakes are rather primitive little steamers, and the pilot, captain and engineer stand together on an uncovered, unsheltered platform upon the upper deck. The captain gives his orders, the pilot turns his wheel, and the engineer works his levers connected with the machinery down below, all in the open weather.

The hotels, for charm and quaintness and comfort, are unsurpassed anywhere. They are not the big, glaring shelters of Switzerland or of the resorts of our own country, but typical English inns, which means the most thoroughly delightful in the world, each with a distinct individuality gathered from the venerable buildings in which they house themselves, surrounded by their own grounds laid out like parks, and with gardens by the water where people take their afternoon tea when the rain withholds, and with roses and ivy clambering to the chimney-tops. Life moves very leisurely here, too much so for the mere tourist who wishes to be fed before he begins his day. No breakfast till nine o'clock, luncheon at half-past one, dinner at eight, and tea at your order, all very typical of the leisure-loving English race, which none the less has created the world's greatest empire and the world's greatest commerce, and has the knack of quiet and easy accomplishment. Every nation sends its travelers to become for a day

or two a part of the life of these delightful inns, a life that none the less is given its color and definite impress by the English themselves. A Japanese Count and his suite, an Indian Rajah, parties of tourists from all of Europe, and not a few Americans were among the guests that came and went those days we lingered there. And we foreigners scurried breathless about by carriage, boat and automobile while the English went for long quiet walks, or sat at peace on the shore. One day we passed two women, neither of whom could have been under sixty, who, with luncheon in knapsack spent the day tramping a pass, and one of whom said to the other on their return to the hotel that night, "Don't you find it delightful just to get tired?" Others play golf, sail, ride horseback, or climb mountains, and the tennis courts are always occupied, but always these English are at it in the open.

From near-by towns without the district come excursions of children from day school and Sunday school; and chaperoned by tired-looking teachers fill the steamers on Windermere to overflowing. Cook's "personally conducted" trail over the roads in big four-horse brakes; and Americans in automobiles rush up to the hotels, hurry down to the shore for a peep at the water, buy post cards indiscriminately, and surge on again, "doing" the Lakes in two days and proud of the horrible fact. But these are the merest incidents and make not at all for either the

life of the inns, or of the dwellers whose homes are in the villages, on the mountains, or by the margins of the Lakes.

This native life is, of course, very much apart from the life of the summer visitors. Most of the villages and the lands 'round about are owned by a few great landlords. In Windermere and at Keswick, largest of the villages, one can rent a store with dwelling attached for a few hundred dollars a year. There are no factories except one at Windermere, where some forty girls work for wages that a few years ago were pitiably small. Cattle and sheep are raised on the small farms, and the latter, branded with the owner's mark, roam the hillsides at will until time of folding, when they are gathered in the great stone circles that mark the mountain slopes like ruined camps of a vanished army. Boat building is the chief industry, and after a boy has served a five years' apprenticeship he can earn as much as ten dollars a week, whereupon he marries, for, so a shipbuilder told me, he can support a small family very comfortably on thirty-five dollars a month. In the summer every one is at work, for, as one young man expressed it, "You must earn enough money in five months to support yourself for twelve." Then the farmers' daughters go to work in the hotels, and the young men tend the rowboats that line the frequent wharves, or engage as drivers of the coaches or of the carriages that are in much demand.

But in spite of the short season, there is no extortion; moderate tips are satisfactory, and you can live in these quaint inns at very reasonable rates, indeed. There was a shilling extra for the fire which all through that July weather I insisted must burn in my room in the evening, to the amazement of the landlady, to whom rain and a temperature of fifty degrees spelled no discomfort.

A rowboat and rower costs but twenty-five cents an hour, besides a small tip to the oarsman, who must divide that tip with the boat's owner.

From Liverpool through trains run in two hours or so to Windermere, which is not on the lake at all. From the station a steep road flings itself down to Bowness-on-Windermere, a mile and a half away, and at either end it broadens out into the tangled streets of the towns, Windermere on the hill, and Bowness at the shore. All between is like a forest, with bits of open here and there, where churches covered deep with ivy and cottages where the roses climb retire behind tall hedges. Sometimes the road is set deep between steep sides of rock where the water drips and vines swing in the dense shade of great trees that lock arms from the summits. The impression as you swing along on the top of the hotel omnibus is of a moist riot of green, a density of leaf, a vividness of color, and a cleanness and freshness of house and flower and road and of the very air, that make

the world into which you have come seem a very different sort of place.

And just what you would expect to find is the calm old stone inn with its slope of lawn to the water and its flowers and greenery, its immaculate cleanliness, and the perfect service as of some great country house. Looking down the lake, a placid landscape fades quietly into a misty distance, but to the right there are the picturesque peaks of the mountains with that curious blue-green light upon them that makes you shiver with its unfelt cold.

Lake Windermere is indescribably restful; the most perfect type I have anywhere found of an ideal sylvan loveliness. In the still, black shadows cattle stand knee-deep in the water; swans move silently across its surface; on all the banks the lawns and forests of great estates speak of the calm, well-ordered life of those who live out of the reach of care; in the pervading stillness bird voices come distinctly; it is a place to be idle "and invite one's soul."

The village, too, is an interesting place to look upon. On a Sunday it appears to be still asleep at ten A. M. All the blinds are closed, the curtains drawn, the doors all tightly shut. There are no verandas, for English summers do not justify them. The streets are absolutely empty. Listening close you can hear from some remote interior the notes of a hymn played on a piano with the soft pedal drawn. Wandering on there is a sudden burst of vigorous

song, and behold a church, packed to the doors, and with men as well as women. Practically the entire community is at church, for the church-going custom is as firmly fixed in the life of the great mass of Englishmen, as is the habit of five o'clock tea. Now and then complaint is made that the smart set have taken to golf and the motor-car on Sunday, but the old families, the real aristocracy as distinguished from the people who are merely rich and fashionable, they and the great conservative middle class, are persistently loyal to the traditional English Sunday.

This middle class, by the way, is a very interesting study, and without any real parallel in America. Absolute contentment, and a consequent happiness of a mild sort, are their distinguishing characteristics. They are satisfied with that state of life into which it has pleased God to call them; they do not envy the richer or gayer folk; their range of interests and intellectual activity is small; their reading is of a serious sort; their conversation a little dull; and their comprehension of other points of view than their own practically negligible. They are stubborn, reliably so. Now with all these attributes which to our impatient day doubtless appear as limitations, they mingle certain elements that must seem virtues to any of us, and which are the result of the precise things some of us might be presumptuous enough to condemn. They are kindly, they are always on the side of law and order, they are decent,

they are not spiteful, they are earnest, they are frugal and forehanded, they fear God and keep His commandments. And what more do you want of men as citizens? As companions — well, after you have studied them with the interest that a new type always arouses, their lack of complexity rather bores you, for the simple character is never the most interesting.

South of Windermere is Furness Abbey, but vast as the ancient establishment once was, interesting as its broken remains yet are, still it is hardly worth while if you are to see Fountains or Battle or Tintern. Better, if you are economizing time, to push over west to Coniston, most somber, most lonely of the Lakes. If you come to it by train, you go on through the quaint little gathering of low stone houses that is Coniston village to the hotel at the head of the lake, an hotel embowered in laurel, rhododendron and the real cypress trees of Italy, and bordered with great beds of sweet-william of every hue conceivable.

This is a very old inn that sits among the flowers and the trees, and looks forth on the length of Coniston water as it lies between the tree-covered hills that throw their shadows across its still surface. Enormously thick are the stone walls, and very still and quiet are the low, clean rooms. Candles give you light at night, and in the halls, dining-room, and drawing room hang very beautiful paintings, the

gifts of generations of artists who have found in the ancient inn and the beauty of lake and shore an unfailing inspiration.

Ruskin, who lived on a slope of the hills, pronounced Coniston the loneliest and loveliest lake in the world. It is not that, but undoubtedly the loneliest water in England, and is assuredly beautiful to those who feel the charm of silent places decked in low colors which have a chill at the heart in spite of the beauty of form the wooded peaks assume. The light is gray, like steel, black and white are the stooping skies, hard green the forests. The crowds do not come here; the two little steamers ply back and forth half-empty even in mid-season; the inhabitants are not many; village spires do not show above the trees; no great estates garnish the banks with balustrade and lawn and flower; you are off the beaten track and are glad.

One of the two boats is the *Gondola*. Built in 1859, it is none the less mighty comfortable, and its old engines yet work with smoothness and sufficient speed. Very proud of her is the ancient mariner who captains her voyages, and very interestingly he talks of Ruskin and the things that Ruskin said to him, but unfortunately for me the old captain told all these stories to Cooper, the artist, whose studio is in the village, and Cooper has set them fully forth in his book on the Lakes, so the reader who would know them must find them there, not here.

At the other end of the lake, facing the mountains at the north where the lights and shadows are moving continually as in some great kaleidoscope, is the house where Ruskin used to stay when life at home was out of tune, and where most of his writing was done. On a rocky point is what is known as the "bower" where he used to sit on those rare afternoons of sunshine that come to this enchanting lakeland, and here he would enjoy the view of the sweep of lake and the three terraces of mountains that close the distance.

Up to 1910 this charming house was a hotel, but in that year was purchased by an English gentleman who now occupies it as his home, and whose considerate courtesy made gracious the cold, gray day on which he insisted on taking a family of unknown Americans through his historic place. In his rose garden grew eighteen hundred rose trees, and one great meaty flower of the bouquet with which we returned laden to the hotel measured three inches from top to bottom.

Coniston village composes into a perfect picture as you come down upon its little nest of twisting streets. Where the green and white river foams down from the mountains an arched bridge steps across, and beside it stands a branch of the great Bank of Liverpool housed in an old timbered building that blends down in the rear into a confusion of cottage fronts and chimney-pots, ivy and roses.

From the village a valley opens that is exceedingly suggestive of Switzerland. The mountains are, of course, not so lofty, rising no more than twenty-five hundred feet, but a greater height is seldom sensed, and certainly is not essential to beauty, which in this English landscape is presented by the romantic shapes the peaks assume, and the strange blue-green coloring. Yes, I am sure that if I could see but one of the English Lakes I should choose Coniston. Which after all does not mean, O reader, that you would find it to your liking in the least. That would altogether depend.

From Coniston a smooth white road leads to Ambleside through a land where cottages are few, and where great ribs of naked rock seam the mountain side. And Ambleside is at the head of Windermere. But west of Coniston are desolate lakes and real mountains whose sheer ascents and rocky precipices, which drop a thousand feet or more, offer a paradise to those who love the wilderness and feel the exciting lure of mountain climbing. And here among the English lakes are peaks that are no place for an amateur. Men who have scaled the fastnesses of the Alps find among these much lesser heights work to put them on their mettle. It is one of the most surprising things in all this little corner of the land that here, where there is so much of merely simple, sylvan beauty, should be giant cliffs that you must go forth to conquer with guides and ropes and

all the paraphernalia of the mountains of snow and ice.

This western region is not for every one, but only for those to whom the rough and savage mood of nature appeals the most. There is no beauty; it seems a land that of itself is resentful of intrusion, a surly, defiant landscape, bleak, black and bare. I do not like it.

Around Ambleside all is different. Looking down the length of Windermere the long distance softens to a greater warmth of color than is elsewhere to be found in the lake district, unless perhaps at Keswick, and not far away the little lakes of Grasmere and Rydalwater lie sheltered in the hollow of the hills. With Ambleside as a hub, roads spread out in every direction through the most characteristic scenery of the Lake country, so that day after day a new drive is ever waiting. Most popular of these drives is that to Langdale. It takes you by many and varied scenes; through little villages where the public houses, so called, but just plain saloons in fact, are run by women, a woman's name over the door, and barmaids serving the rough men who gather there; along roads margined with brier roses, the air sweet with the perfume of their blossoms of red and white and pink; along a wide, tree-set valley where a river flows between the peaceful farms, and you look across the meadow lands to the broken hills, bare save for the intense green of grass and

moss; and on to the higher ranges among the mists beyond.

Here and there your driver will insist on your stopping for a long walk through the woods to some very wonderful waterfall tumbling down the rocks. But don't! When you get there you will find first of all a little gate, and there you pay three pence and enter on a stony walk that brings you to where a little rivulet trickles fifty feet or so down the hillside. There is not a waterfall worth seeing in all of lakeland, and there is something pathetic in the way these tiny commonplace little streams are thus paraded. You feel sorry and ashamed for them in their helplessness, for none of them is big enough to prevent the imposition, an imposition on the poor little cascade as well as on you. Stick to the highway instead, and by and by you will come to where the savage Langdale Peaks are guarded by a bleak and lonely valley, in the emptiest part of which Wordsworth stayed in the little cottage, "the Solitary," a cottage as bare as the country that surrounds it. After this you come down into a most curious valley entirely surrounded by precipitous, treeless mountains. Through the valley a river runs, and stone fences set off the absolutely level fields of vivid green, and the bright gold of a million buttercups. Dungeon Valley they call it, and literally it is a hole in the hills, with apparently no way of exit. Presently a lid of fog stretches over it from

side to side and end to end, a level roof some five hundred feet above you, and with its coming the world seems utterly shut away, and there is a fear of the fog and a longing to find the white road again back to the places of life. But this is a far drive, and all the scenery that lies gathered close around Ambleside is dainty and full of charm. For instance, coming back to town from a walk up Rydal way you meet a charming road and follow on under towering trees and by English gardens, and by English homes that are covered with ivy to the roof's tip, till you come to a gate that an old man opens to you for a penny. From here you see a lane all sweet and green down to the river, and the odd stepping-stones men of long ago planted in the stream. And right here, where the current bubbles through, and the breeze follows after up among the thick green treetops, as they stand in the clean, clear water, and where, as through a window 'mid the trees, comes up the fair spire of the church at Ambleside, right here you seem to come upon the secret of England's beauty, and hear it sung to you by the broken notes of bird song coming down to you from the blue.

At Ambleside, too, you begin to wonder if ever there is a place where Rome was not, for just over across from the landing is what is left of a Roman camp, and the road you will pass over to-morrow on your way to Keswick was put there two thousand years ago by Roman hands. And yet it was all so

remote then, has been so remote ever since that you wonder why Rome came this way, and what the work was that her legions found to do in this wilderness. It would be interesting to pause right here and trace the history and recount the legends of these few square miles of lake and mountain country, far aloof from the England where destiny took shape. It was a life of adventure and superstition that marked the years, but every foot of English soil has so much of history and tradition, as well as natural charm, that nowhere can we tarry long to look below the surface of to-day. So come along over the Roman road, a good stiff climb from Grasmere to the naked summit of the pass that lets you down again into the vale of St. John, a vista of perfect beauty, closed by a long range of faded, blue-green mountains, and encircled on either hand by sharp slants of brown and rocky heights. Down below are great groves of trees and miles of buttercups, clover and daisies, and many whitewashed houses.

That day the sun shone warm, and all the long afternoon the air was sweet with clover and the smell of grass and growing things, and the life of nature was abroad and entered even into you, and you thrilled with an exultant, vibrant love of Mother Earth and the life she shared with you.

From St. John's Vale on to Keswick the world took on its most alluring form, that of diversified yet ever serene and peaceful rural beauty. The wild-

ness, the barrenness, was gone away, and what was left was just the utter loveliness of a land that soothes. And with the slanting of the sun came the fitting climax of the day, the descent into the beautiful valley of Derwentwater, with Keswick at rest amid the trees.

Keswick is a quaint and interesting market town a mile from Derwentwater, and on the northern edge of the district. As you walk in terraced gardens of the Keswick Hotel you look across the wide space where lies the town, to the exquisitely irregular profile of distant mountains that look very far and very huge on the blue horizon. None of the mountains is close upon you here, but all retire behind thin veils of color, and they, the valley they shelter, and the lake that lies at their feet, compose into one of the two or three most beautiful spots in England. And in saying this I am not shaken in my preference for Coniston, for many other elements than beauty may enter into and determine one's choice of a place, and so I still say I would rather visit Coniston than any other lake if I could see but one, though frankly conceding that Derwentwater is the lovelier as indeed it is the happiest in its mood of them all.

It is easy to get from Keswick into the very heart of the hills, for there the drive to Buttermere takes you. It was another rare day of sunshine when I went that road, and all the atmosphere that lay upon the hills was softened by a mellowness as of

Italy. By and by we came to a hill so steep that the carriage went empty on its way, and we climbed along a path sunk deep in the woods, where a brook roared at the boulders in its way, and the lichens grew on the stones. Clear of the hill, and we came down across tremendous scenery where the sheep gathered on the open, treeless slopes, and we could watch the cloud shadows follow each other over miles and miles of the world. There was not a house, not a human being, not a sound, in all these silent places but seemed all too big for such a little land as England. And in the midst of this great loneliness lies Buttermere, a little lake that seems enchanted by the splendor of the ragged mountain shapes that brood above it, so still does it lie while it watches them.

It is good to come back at evening into all the green life of Keswick, though that night as I walked along in the sweet scent of the dark, and saw the moon finally swing up over the hills and cover them with light, I thought of the lake as it lay in that moonlight with only those hills for company, and I would have given much to be back, for there, and at such an hour, strange things must be a-doing by the fairies and the little people of the woods who surely live all alone by the enchanted lake in this far heart of the hills.

By rail and coach you journey to Ullswater, but the spell of the lakeland's beauty fades before you

Mountain Climbing in the Lake District

come to Patterdale, the principal town along its shores. It may be the barrenness and the commonplace outline of the great hill across the lake from the hotel; it may be because the really great mountains that from a distance loom to such imposing height are no longer seen, but for one reason or another, Ullswater, though famed as of the best, seems the least interesting of all the English Lakes. It really is not worth-while. The town is but a handful of dull houses, where life seems to have come to a complete pause. Few but English people visit the big hotel, and a lonely American, stranded there on a Sunday was made to feel very much out of it and apart. Clearly the right sort of people go there, but their very presence has made of the place such a one as Bamburgh, where the mere tourist is distinctly not wanted.

No boats on Sunday, and no coaches or cars move along the roads that form the only connection with the outside world. You wait until half-past nine for breakfast, and soon after, every one sedately goes to church. The whole day is most profoundly quiet. Dressed in rather queer color combinations, the English women and their somber-clad men sit in still rows on beaches by the lake, moving at five o'clock to little tables on the lawn where they silently drink their tea. At six the place is empty, but at seven-thirty every one reappears in evening clothes, and, to the dreadful noise of a gong, the only sound

above a whisper that has been heard all day, march solemnly in to dinner.

It has all been extremely well bred, and eminently correct, but as they all go to bed immediately after dinner, a suspicion arises that they have all found it just a bit of a bore after all.

No, I wouldn't guide you to Patterdale to spend Sunday — or any other day for that matter.

XV

THE SHAKESPEARE COUNTRY

IF this mid-England were not beautiful, I do not think I would care for it merely because Shakespeare was born and for a time lived there. An ancient town where yet persist undisturbed the homes and ways and all the outward shell of the lives of men of long ago, enables you to re-create those lives, because it gives to your very gaze the expression of that life; for buildings, streets and towns arose in answer to men's thoughts, to meet their ways of living, and as a man thought, and as he lived, so was he. But merely to say Ben Jonson passed this way, or here came Shakespeare, does not enable you to comprehend those men. The room where Shakespeare had his birth, the house where for a while he stayed, the settles where he sat, these things reflect his time and his generation, but not himself. For he, with the other great, belonged not to their time, but to all time, after the manner of genius. It is easy for the imagination to revive the average man of any period by the help of the environment he made for himself, to picture his comings and goings, and understand the why of his

doing things, and to apprehend his point of view. But a genius is outside his period, and that period does not reflect him; so to know the sixteenth century is not to know Shakespeare, and I have found the interest of his home purely impersonal, an interest because it re-creates the age, though for me it fails to visualize the man. And I have found the country round about of interest because it is beautiful, and not at all because the poet wandered there.

Perhaps one more illustration will make my meaning clearer. The University Club in New York enables the visitor to imagine Stanford White because its beauty reflects the temperament of that artist who created it. It reflects his personality and embodies his genius in a concrete way. It tells the manner of man he was. So if Shakespeare had built himself a home he would inevitably have breathed into it something of his personality that would have enabled us to see, as in a mirror, the man himself. But this he did not do. All we see in Stratford are the surroundings he found ready to hand, and for that very reason they do not reflect *him*, but simply the customs and habits of his age.

So you will forgive me if I make no effort to inject into this chapter something that I did not find.

If the historic associations of Stratford are rather meaningless to you, then will you find it a dull town, because the present-day human interest is so overwhelmed by the great name that it seems submerged

and lost. Undoubtedly children are born there, and the tragedies of death, and the greater tragedies of life, are daily moving to consummation among the people, but somehow you cannot sense it, for the whole seems but an incident, an impersonal incident, even to the church and the birthplace and the cottage across the fields. And besides, it is hard to find the village for the tourists. I never knew of anybody who went to Stratford and did not meet his second cousin or his old chum, John Smith of Chicago, and thereupon they talk shop, and their wives tell about a little room on the third floor back in the Rue de Something in Paris where you can buy ostrich feathers for only a little more than you would pay in New York, even if you add the cost of the taxi that takes you there, and they forget all about Shakespeare. And you simply cannot get the atmosphere of a foreign town where you never meet anybody but Americans.

Around Stratford the Avon is beautiful, as its smooth waters wind through a landscape that is all meadows and trees, and flowers and peace; where low hills brood on the horizon, and roads between the hawthorn hedges lure to their summits. Truly the things worth while that this bit of the world has to show are not its show places. And yet so few people go where they are. I suppose this is because most of us who go a-traveling are not travelers but tourists, and the distinction is a very patent one.

There is a good deal of the tramp in every traveler. He harks back to the days when Time was young, and cities were not at all; to the morning of the world, when the race adventured forth among the tall pine trees, or followed the winding paths of loitering cattle by river bank and field — a time when all the wind was sweet with the smell of lush grass and the flowers that bloomed, and all the world was country. It is the stir in the blood of this olden time that makes the traveler. The tourist too may follow the long white roads of the sea, but he thinks of the ship rather than of the waves which follow and which lure, and his ways are to cities and to galleries and to the things of men and of the present; while the traveler, he within whom moves the spirit of great migrations and of wanderings long forgot — he fares along the country ways, under the open sky, and feels akin to the winds that wander there. And to him comes the joy, as to a boy, of the half-formed sense of some impending adventure waiting where the woods are thickest, or the road drops over the hill. In the country one is never alone. Nature, man's next of kin, is always with him, always showing him the joy of the sky and driving cloud and the life of things, and the beauty of them. But in the city street loneliness is pressed upon one by the crowd of unknown and indifferent faces. It really is the call of our remote ancestor, the cave man, that takes us into the unknown places of the

world, and perhaps the man who hears it not, and so journeys placidly up and down the beaten ways where the great hotels are found, is the better civilized, because furthest from his origin; but none the less, the keen zest of exploration and the joy and romance of the world are for the cave man and the tramp, and the modern who is just a little of both.

Now I am not writing a guide to the Shakespeare country, for the guide-books are legion, and many of them are good, and the use of some of them is essential. And again you do not have to be a real cave man or even a tramp to know and love this heart of England, but you do have to have in your soul just a little of the impulse that makes the tramp, and if you do not love it, why waste time with it? Better go your other ways in peace. But if you do love this sweet rural land and the smell of the clover close by and the look of the hills beyond, why then I will give you a hint of how to be happy.

Time was when I should have said to begin your ramblings at Coventry. But that was long ago, for now it is a city of a hundred thousand people, most of whom are busy making motor-cars and sewing-machines, thousands of them, and the smoke of their torment ascends continually. So let us start at Warwick, a town that acts, but does not look, important; on the contrary it is full of that charm of other days and the impress of forgotten lives. There is a broad street and a pleasant inn, and where

the Avon flows, a castle, of which Howard Pyle might have been the architect, for Pyle was temperamentally a medievalist, even if he was born in the nineteenth century.

The Earl of Warwick still lives in this great feudal fortress, the most beautiful and impressive in England and in such of the world as I have seen, but he lets you enter for a suitable consideration while the family retire to the inner fastnesses. Nowhere is a place like this, stronghold, home and museum all in one. But too many have seen it to justify a reiterated description. Perhaps not so many have found that quaint row of cottages which you reach by a turn near the castle, where, if you are fortunate you will find one where a gate in the hedge lets upon a magic garden of fox-gloves and Canterbury bells, and pink and purple columbine. There was a sweet-faced old lady to give you tea in a dainty china cup, and who, if you were interested, would take you into her low-roofed parlor and showed you her picture of the Countess, and tell you of how she, too, sometimes came to the little garden for a bit of tea. And when you left you had seen an interior that has been a home for centuries, and a typical English garden, and had met a typical English woman, loyal without envy to those to whom fate has given a higher social place. I think you can easily find the cottage and the garden of flowers, but the little old lady is no longer there.

Before setting forth from Warwick upon the journey through that sweetest of English landscapes, the valley of the Avon, a journey that will begin at Warwick and end where the Avon joins the Severn at Tewkesbury, you will of course go on to the beautiful red ruin of Kenilworth. I acknowledge the temptation to take this storied spot in hand and retell the tale of its days, and add the story of Warwick, and repeat again the date of Shakespeare's birth at Stratford, but who could write of Kenilworth after Sir Walter Scott, and who could give fresh charm to another description of those other of the most-written-of and first-seen spots in Britain! Better I think to get us back to the Woolpack at Warwick and thence start on a journey, not often taken, which will bring us to the quiet old heart of England, where for centuries life has moved peacefully as the Avon that loiters through it.

The Thames is too conscious, too artificial with its prim lawns and tea parties and house-boats. The Wye is here and there too wild and lonesome. But the Avon is decked throughout its length in a perfect and a natural beauty. It is not the Sunday best, it is just the actual reality of every-day English life and English scenery that it reveals to you. For centuries this mid-region was but little troubled by wars and discords, and security fixed upon all the landscape a definite impress of serenity, a serenity that the present has not yet disturbed, for

when once you begin to follow the stream you seem to wander back in a most delightful and mysterious way into a story-book land of long ago. The world is very silent and very green. It is the world of Pan, and here by the still waters and in the shade that the mighty trees throw out into the afternoon the god yet lives. To the south the dim barrier of the Cotswolds shuts the world away, and leaves for the few of us who come this road to play with him, the winding Avon and its valley of delight.

The villages are all of long ago, with timbered houses and casement windows making pictures among the flowers and trees that are so different and so lovely that you wish to forget time and your itinerary, and just stay on and on. Who can forget Fladbury, at rest on the river bank, but whose beauty, after all, is just a little inclined to smartness. Or Cropthorne, with a post-office that has gone into many a picture, the thatched roof of which is cut into broad scallops above the dormer windows, and whose timber and plaster sides are all but hidden by the vines and flowers. And Cleve, with its mossy mill and tumbling waters.

Most charming spots of all are Little Comberton and the hamlet called Elmley Castle, the castle itself being but a memory. But come to think of it, that is precisely what both these little villages are; just thoughts their builders had long, long ago, and which seem a bit shy at being found here in this very

different time. I cannot tell which is the more beautiful, but to come to either of them across the fields is to experience a sense of just keen delight. To detail would be but to tell again of hedge, and ivied church, and shaded common, and quaint old houses. But the spell lies in the way these all are gathered under the trees into so perfect a picture that you cry out, "Ah, *this* is England!"

And so you go the miles, by river or by road, that run to Tewkesbury, taking as many days to it as you will. You can do it easily in a day by automobile and see nothing. And through all the valley are the old towns and homes and churches and the wide fields and pleasant waters, and not a city on the way. And this is Shakespeare land, for it is the country that he knew.

Tewkesbury is the one disappointment I found in England. I had read of it as full of the best of olden architecture, but while there are, here and there, some splendid old houses, you have to hunt for them among blocks of most uninteresting buildings, and the town as a whole is dull and trivial. The abbey among the trees is a gem, but all the while your mind is turning back to the open, sunlit country you have left behind, and you are in a hurry to go.

Better if you can leave it out, and make direct for Liverpool and home across the sea, carrying undisturbed the memory of that happy, peaceful valley, key to the real beauty of the land you came to look

at, of that distinct beauty of its own no other land can show, the beauty of fields and woods and streams and villages. Mountains and lakes, castles and cities all Europe can offer you, but England alone can give to the lover of "just country," his very heart's desire.

THE END

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5th ed. -- New York : R. M. McBride, 1926, c1923.
6 304p. : ill., plates ; 20cm.

Includes index.

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